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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne

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Current History

Conservatism in Control

One aspect of both the Republican and the Democratic presidential conventions will not escape the notice of observers of national political tendencies. It was reflected very clearly in the general atmosphere of the gathering at Chicago, and, inferentially, at least, by the curiously platinous platform adopted there. In the general deliberations at St. Louis it was also in evidence, and it was given spectacular prominence by the even now famous telegram of Judge Parker, which made known, by very definite implication, that candidate's adherence to, and determination to support the gold standard. The aspect referred to bespeaks the present control of both parties by their respective "conservative" elements, and, what is even more significant, the virtual identity of those elements despite the difference of their party affiliations. As no one need be told, there were certain radical differences of kind between the political creeds of the two great parties both in 1896 and in 1900. In each of those campaigns the Republicans represented what are generally termed the "conservative" financial policies—the policies which were openly and strongly advocated by the great moneyed interests of the country, and particularly of Wall Street. Of course, it was no less apparent during those campaigns that a considerable percentage of the Democratic party favored these "conservative" policies, this element being especially strong in the East. But this attitude toward the financial world was essentially Republican in its origin; the Republican party as such un-

doubtedly was facing, if not leaning toward the great capitalistic interests. The Democratic party as such, on the other hand, in 1896 and 1900, was faced squarely in the opposite direction; less was said about the financial question in 1900 than in 1896, but the attitudes of the party and of Wall Street toward each other were unmistakable. This year, the innocuous Republican platform would not alarm a financial rabbit, to say nothing of a Wall Street bull. The money plank commits the party to the gold standard with unqualified definiteness; the trust plank is ludicrously indefinite and shuffling and the tariff plank says, in effect, that at all events only Republicans can be trusted to handle that question, since "a Democratic tariff has always been followed by business adversity; a Republican tariff by business prosperity"—a statement which conveys an absolute untruth. Whatever the intent of all this may have been, it can scarcely be denied that its import must be highly gratifying to the capitalists. Turning to the Democratic party, what do we find? No longer a difference in kind, so far as expressions about financial policies are concerned, and in the light of Judge Parker's telegram, but little of degree, either. It was due solely to the determined and skilful opposition to the gold plank by Mr. Bryan, in the Committee on Resolutions, that it was finally omitted from the platform. And Mr. Bryan afterwards reported to the convention (during the debate on the form of the answer which should be sent to Judge Parker) that the Committee refused to consider every other plank he proposed which involved any kind of monetary reform. Un-

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questionably this omission of the gold plank (by a vote of 35 to 15) was more of a victory for the radical element than was the defeat of Mr. Bryan's propositions a victory for the conservative element. But it is no less clear that the effect which the radicals intended this omission should have has been initiated to a considerable degree by Judge Parker's declaration: "I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established and shall act accordingly if the action of the convention to-day shall be ratified by the people."

Viewed in the large, and chiefly because of its explicit opposition to Republican policies, the Democratic platform, as it was adopted by the convention, has a perceptible degree of radical coloring, and doubtless some of these colors will be displayed during the campaign. Then, too, there was the significant defeat of the gold-plank movement as a suggestion of the strength of the radical element. But as against these, and as clear expressions of conservatism, we have the signal defeat of Mr. Bryan's demand that the Kansas City platform be indorsed, and of his plans for various monetary reforms, and, most important of all, the definite and emphatic gold standard *credo* of the party's nominee. All of these reflect the very decided "conservative" coloring of the convention's proceedings and incidental history—a conservatism which in nature and significance is identical with that which pervaded the deliberations of the Republicans. Just what effect this conservatism will have upon the Democratic vote, it is too early yet to predict. That it will placate and bring back into the Democratic party in the East many votes which had either strayed to other parties or were not cast at all, is certain; but it is also highly probable that there will be much dissatisfaction and some defection among Western Democrats, to whom the gold standard means general financial oppression, and an inability to see agricultural and industrial operations excepting from the floor of the Stock Exchange.

**Lines of
Democratic
Attack**

are to be found in the department of Current Discussion in this number of CURRENT LITERATURE. Although it is probable that other

Various views of the Republican presidential and vice-presidential candidates and of the party's platform

issues will appear as the campaign proceeds, it is certain that during the next three months we shall hear much of those which are already outlined. It has been said that President Roosevelt himself will be the issue of issues, and, inasmuch as national politics during the past three years have been either purely or substantially Rooseveltian in character or general color, that generalization is sufficiently accurate. Of the counts in the indictment which will be drawn up against the President, the one which accuses him of political impetuosity probably will be the most emphasized. It is already apparent that his opponents will make much political capital out of the very obvious contrast between the cautious and rather negative policy of McKinley, and the positive, if not aggressive methods of his successor. A skilful speaker or writer could easily point to this contrast without implying commendation of McKinley, and with the effect of making Roosevelt a rather ominous figure. In other words, there will be not only assertions that the President has broken the spirit of his pledge to adhere to the McKinley school of politics, but that, absolutely, he is a dangerous, because a headstrong and masterful man. Nor will it be difficult to establish at least the plausibility of these charges. To go no further, the President's utterances concerning our attitude toward Central and South American nations is one the political unwisdom of which it would not be difficult to point out. For, to say nothing of the curious kind of international law which is implied, it can hardly be denied that there is a veiled threat in his declaration, "If a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States. All we ask is that they shall govern themselves well and be prosperous and orderly. Where this is the case, they will find only helpfulness from us." Such a dictum, with all that it may fairly be taken to imply, would, of course, be little short of ludicrous, but for its source and the evident seriousness with which it is pronounced. The President may expect to hear this unfortunate utterance quoted against him very often during the campaign; it will be frequently cited as evidence of his "unsafeness," and there will be much insistence upon the danger of permitting its author to infer from his

election that the country approves of this proposition to police neighboring republics or would-be republics.

That the general good faith of the President's politics will be attacked, also, seems certain. And here again, his opponents will be able to cite facts and to describe conditions. To begin with, there was the famous holding up of the Northern Securities Company, and the historic decision of the Supreme Court declaring it to be an illegal combination in restraint of trade. Here was an achievement which Mr. Roosevelt's supporters could have paraded with great gusto as an evidence of his attitude toward the trust question; but scarcely had Justice Harlan finished reading the decision of the majority of the Court, when Attorney-General Knox, who at the instance of President Roosevelt had begun the proceedings against the Northern Securities Company, is heard declaring that "the Government does not mean to run amuck." This utterance traveled as widely and as swiftly as did the decision itself. Democratic and independent editors everywhere commented on it, and for the most part, these comments were in the vein of the assertion of the Springfield Republican (Ind.), which declared that the expression of the Attorney-General amounted "to an admission that the prosecution of the Northern Securities Company was for political effect, and for no other purpose whatever." So, too, when the President's supporters "point with pride" to his remarkable and quite commendable act of causing the appointment of a commission which should arbitrate the differences between the anthracite mine owners and their employees, with the result that that desperate and devastating struggle was ended, his opponents will promptly ask why he has not taken some similar action in the case of the more protracted, and, in many of its aspects, immensely more serious strike of the Colorado metal miners, and this, it seems to us, is a perfectly fair question. There was no precedent whatever for the move which resulted in the appointment of the Anthracite Coal Commission, so the President made one, and the country applauded him for doing so, the applause quite drowning out, for the moment, at least, the protests of those Democrats who foresaw what effect the act would have in the approaching Pennsylvania elections.

But, it will be insisted, if the President was not afraid to act entirely on his own responsibility in order that the Pennsylvania miners might go back to work and the country might have coal, why should he shirk or shrink from a similar act for the benefit of Colorado? A good many people who do not live in Colorado (and doubtless a few who do) would like to see a little more clearly than they do now the legal right of the Governor of that State to cause the suspension of a writ of habeas corpus; and they would like to have explained to them the legal or moral justification of the Citizens' Alliance and the State militia for forcibly deporting workmen simply and solely because they are members of a labor union. Why, it will be asked, doesn't President Roosevelt appoint, or cause to be appointed, a commission which shall investigate these very startling conditions? These, we take it, are some of the points at which we may expect to see Democratic attack directed during the next few months.

Secretary Taft's Ideal for the Philippines

It was greatly to Secretary Taft's credit that a commission of cultured Filipinos should have been sent to this country this summer to prevent the islanders from being misrepresented to our people by the semi-savages on exhibition at the St. Louis fair. As about five-sixths of the Filipinos are Christians, his sense of fairness demanded that the Christian majority should be represented by such men as they might themselves select—though of course uncompromising advocates of immediate independence were not placed upon the commission. However, the commissioners, at the dinner given them in Boston, practically declared that independence with American protection against seizure by other powers was the real desire of the Filipino people. It is this kind of protection that we have long given to the older countries of Spanish America and have recently extended to Cuba. The Filipino commissioners seem everywhere to have made a favorable impression—their resemblance to Japanese causing them occasionally to be cheered as such in the railway stations and on the streets. At the dinner given them in New York by the Chamber of Commerce, their spokesman expressed their high appreciation of the fact that few Americans in America sympathize with the policy of Philippine

exploitation demanded by so many American residents in the Philippines "who through their press daily insult and attack us with calumnies, stating that we are not able to govern ourselves and that we are an inferior race, always needing subjugation and subjection." What the Filipino's spokesman said at this dinner, however, was of less interest than the statements of Secretary Taft and of President Schurman. The latter, who was the head of the first Philippine Commission, declared that "if we were able to prepare the Cubans for independent government in twenty-four months and the residents of Panama for a republic in twenty-four hours, it seemed the height of folly for intelligent Americans to maintain that it would take years of training to prepare the Filipinos for the same privileges." Secretary Taft, consistently with his previous utterances, combated the plea that we should treat the Philippines as we have treated Cuba, but held forth another ideal toward which Filipinos and Americans might work. He said:

What I cherish in my soul as a hope is that they will become so attached to America that they will consent that the same light bond which connects Canada with England may always remain to remind them of the great good which association with the United States has done for them.

In this ideal there is nothing of oppression or of exploitation. England does more for Canada than Canada for England—the mother country paying all the cost of the armament which protects both. Canada is bound to England only by the ties of loyalty and has a government resting on the consent of the governed as truly as any country in the world. But this method of treating Canada and Australia is impracticable as a method of treating a subject people of another race. India is less capable of self-government than it was a century ago, and unless human nature in America differs from human nature in Great Britain, the longer we maintain alien rule in the Philippines, the more difficult will it be for us to abandon it—unless by present pledges, such as we gave Cuba, we keep alive and promote good feeling between the Filipinos and ourselves. Race feeling is one of the strongest and most persistent forces in the world, and if American rule continues long there is danger that American officials in the Philippines may come to take the same contemptuous attitude toward the Filipinos

as is already taken by other American residents there. The very force which has brought about England's present relations with Canada serves to prevent the establishment of such relations between ourselves and the Philippines. Between people of the same race race feeling promotes respect and loyalty; between people of alien races the same feeling promotes contempt and hatred.

Colorado's Carnival of Crime

In the Current History department of CURRENT LITERATURE for July, the recent lawlessness in the Colorado mining regions was described and commented upon, and in the Current Discussion department of the present issue will be found further consideration of the remarkable conditions which followed the assassination with dynamite of the non-union miners at Independence. The attention of the reader is called particularly to the discussion of the State Supreme Court's decision, which, in effect, sustained Governor Peabody's suspension of the habeas corpus proceedings in the case of President Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners. The exact significance of this decision received relatively little attention in the Eastern press, chiefly because a day or so after it was handed down, Governor Peabody announced that "order" had been restored in the troubled districts, and withdrew the militia, with the result, of course, that President Moyer was released from military custody, the legality of which the habeas corpus proceedings had challenged.

No less startling than this remarkable decision of the State Supreme Court were the attitude and overt acts of the Citizens' Alliance immediately after the dynamiting of the non-union miners at Independence. Wholesale and utterly lawless deportations of men who were suspected of being fomenters of the strike had before been effected by the militia, acting nominally under the orders of Governor Peabody and his official representative on the spot, Adjutant-General Bell, but often actually taking their orders, directly or indirectly, from the Citizens' Alliance. And these representatives of "law and order" had attempted to defend their lawlessness by citing the entirely dissimilar practice of the police authorities of cities of ordering criminals or suspicious persons to leave the town. No clear-headed

person will need to have pointed out to him the difference between these Colorado deportations, carried out by armed and desperate men, and the act of a police official who warns a pickpocket to get out of town or take the consequences. No intelligent man, innocent of crime or of any intention to commit a crime, could be "bluffed" into leaving New York City or any other community in which the ordinary processes of law could be invoked. It is quite conceivable, however, that even a man who was entirely innocent of law-breaking would find it expedient to leave New York if he were escorted to a railroad station and put aboard a train by a dozen or so policemen and citizens brandishing six-shooters and a rope.

But that sort of thing isn't happening these days in New York or any other city outside of Colorado. Equally and even more absurdly untenable is the argument of General Bell and his supporters that if their orders to shoot and kill any man who resists them are to be taken seriously, they certainly may forcibly deport men whose presence is considered a public menace. It is almost incredible that intelligent men cannot see the essential difference between these two operations. In another paragraph in this department, reference is made to the likelihood that President Roosevelt may be criticized during the coming campaign for having ignored this truly alarming situation in Colorado, whereas he found a way to interfere during the coal strike in Pennsylvania. It has been reported that the Bureau of Labor of the Department of Commerce has begun some sort of investigation of what has been happening at Cripple Creek, but it does not appear that this was prompted or is being insisted upon by the President. General Bell, we believe, is a personal friend of the President; they were Rough Riders together. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Roosevelt has seen fit privately to remonstrate with his sometime comrade for his rough riding over political and moral theories, respect for which makes up the main difference between this country and Russia.

The Deportation Outrages The capstone for this amazing and ominous structure of utter lawlessness was added by the friends of "law and order" immediately after the brutal affair at Independence, when the Citizens'

Alliance ordered and brought about the forcible deportation into Kansas of several hundred miners, upon no charge whatever, except that they were members of the Western Federation of Miners. We have seen no better estimate of this performance than the one written for the Cincinnati Post by the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio. In the Current Discussion department of CURRENT LITERATURE for June, we quoted from a series of letters written by Dr. Gladden just after he had made a personal investigation of conditions in Colorado. The present letter opens with the assertion that "since Fort Sumter was fired on nothing more ominous has happened in the United States than is now taking place in Colorado." And Dr. Gladden continues, in part, as follows:

At the outset it was announced by the leaders of the Citizens' Alliance that its single and definite purpose was the extermination of the Western Federation of Miners. That, in itself, was an unlawful and nefarious purpose. The Western Federation of Miners has a perfect right to exist. There is no indication of criminal or unsocial intent in its constitution. To say that this organization should not be permitted to disturb the peace or to injure persons or property, would have been commendable; for the Citizens' Alliance to say that it should not exist involved a usurpation of power which is simply astounding. They assume that they, being a wholly irresponsible private organization, with no color or semblance of legal authority, have the right to do this. It is a most monstrous assumption. All the desperate deeds of the miners and their sympathizers must be judged in the face of the fact that they are confronting and resisting this kind of an organization. When the dynamite was exploded the other day, and a dozen non-union miners were killed, and several more were maimed for life, every right-minded man was filled with horror. There must be swift and sure retribution, and the Miners' Union must be the first to find and convict the miscreants. Their very existence depends on their power and their determination to put a stop to such enormities.

No fair-minded man supposed that the thing which every impulse of decency and manliness called on the miners to do the miners would be prevented from doing. But that was just what happened. There was a momentary outcry of horror from the men of the Miners' Union; they disclaimed responsibility for the diabolical deed; but before they had a minute to deliberate, the edict went forth that they should be driven from the State. It is evident that their co-operation in the detection and punishment of the assassins was not wanted; nay, it was plainly determined that they should have no opportunity of manifesting their disapproval of this crime. Now, I do not believe that anybody, outside of Colorado, can be made to believe that the Miners' Union of the Cripple Creek District is responsible for that dynamite outrage. The miners of the

Cripple Creek District are, as I am told, a very decent body of men. They are mostly Irishmen, Cornishmen and Scandinavians; they are not assassins by birth or breeding. There must have been some desperado or desperadoes in that district who plotted this outrage, and who probably supposed that it could serve the interests of the Miners' Union. But the members of the union are not imbeciles, and they could not have helped knowing that such a crime would be a terrible injury to them. To hold them all responsible for it, to give them no chance to disavow it, to punish them all, untried, as the perpetrators of it, is a species of justice peculiar to Colorado. Nothing resembling it has ever been seen in this country before. It is evident that the ruling purpose of the Citizens' Alliance finds expression in all this. The crime of crimes is membership in a labor organization. It is not murder and assassination that they want to prevent; it is the organization of labor.

What a performance is this on Friday of the forcible closing of the Portland mine! Mr. Burns, the manager of that mine, it seems, has not been in entire accord with the "Law and Order" forces of the Citizens' Alliance. In his mine, conducted on the principle of the "open shop," union and non-union men were working peacefully together. He refused to discriminate against union men. This was his offense. The Citizens' Alliance therefore decreed that his mine, which was working prosperously, must be closed, and the military, who are the simple tools of the Alliance, marched to the mine, took possession of it and ordered all of its 500 miners to abandon the union or leave the district. And Governor Peabody, on the day when this thing is done by his troops, at the dictation of a mob, has the nerve to send this despatch to a Columbus newspaper: "I beg to say that law and order are being rapidly established in the affected district." If this is the establishment of "law and order" what, in heaven's name, must lawlessness and disorder look like in Colorado? I wonder if this Governor and his Adjutant General and the motley mob of Citizens' Alliances are so infatuated as to suppose that labor organizations, suppressed after this manner, will stay suppressed very long? I saw a miners' union "exterminated" 20 years ago in the Hocking Valley; every man who came back to work was made to sign an ironclad contract that he would never, never, never belong to another union, and within 90 days every man in the mines was back in the union, and it was far stronger than it had ever been before.

But this union is objected to because it has Socialistic tendencies. It is for this reason that the Citizens' Alliance proposes to exterminate it. I do not know how much foundation there may be for this accusation, but of this I am perfectly sure: there will be ten times as many Socialists in Colorado when this struggle is ended as there was when it began. Nobody ever gave trade unionism such a boom as Mr. Baer, of the Reading Railroad, gave it, and if Socialism ever becomes dominant in this country its advocates will point to Governor Peabody and Adjt.-Gen. Bell and the Citizens' Alliances of Telluride and Cripple Creek as the people who forged the weapons with which it won its first great battle.

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| Let No | |
| Guilty Man | |
| Escape | |

There can be no reasonable doubt that the loss of life as the result of the burning of the "General Slocum" was greatly magnified as a direct consequence of the boat's inadequate equipment in respect to life-preservers and apparatus for extinguishing fire. The New York reporters had found out enough to make this sufficiently apparent before the hulk of the vessel had stopped smoldering, and the testimony before the coroner's jury served simply to strengthen that conviction. There was popular approval, therefore, of the verdict of the Coroner's jury, which resulted in the arrest on the charge of manslaughter of the officers and directors of the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, which owned the "General Slocum," the captain and crew of the vessel, the commodore of the Knickerbocker Company's fleet and Henry Lundberg, the Federal steamboat inspector, who only about a month before the disaster had examined the vessel and had pronounced her equipment and general condition to be in accordance with the law. The evidence taken by the coroner concerning the condition of the "Slocum's" fire hose and life-preservers was not such as would inspire confidence in Inspector Lundberg's thoroughness and general reliability. And that official's reputation has suffered still further by the statements that the Danish vessel "Norge," which struck a reef and sank off the coast of Scotland on June 28, had many rotten life-preservers aboard. The investigation of the "Slocum" disaster by no means began and ended with the Coroner's inquest. The manslaughter charges of his jury were turned over to the Federal Grand Jury, inasmuch as such matters came within the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. President Roosevelt caused a commission to be appointed who should investigate all phases of the catastrophe, and Secretary Cortelyou, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, ordered a reinspection of all passenger-carrying boats in the harbor of New York. The local steamboat inspectors at first refused to obey this order, but finally yielded, and about twenty inspectors from various parts of the country had, by the middle of last month, begun what it was promised, would be a thorough overhauling of all vessels subject to Federal inspection. Furthermore, the Board of Steamboat Inspectors at New

York began an investigation of the conduct of the crew of the "Slocum," and although inquiries by these officials have not served any very useful purpose thus far, this one is taken as at least an indication that the members of the board feel the need of defending themselves.

At this writing it seems probable that the momentum of public indignation aroused by these revelations may be sufficient to cause the actual arraignment and trial of some of the persons named by the Coroner's jury, and it is earnestly to be hoped that this will come to pass. There has been, and naturally will continue to be some difference of honest and intelligent opinion as to whether Captain Van Schaick acted wisely in running his burning vessel more than a mile up the river instead of putting her ashore at some one of the half a dozen points where, his critics insist, a landing could have been made.

Immediately after the catastrophe, and also as a witness before the Coroner's jury, the captain defended his course; and his defense did not lack support. But, in any event, this question is of minor importance, in view of the very serious charges concerning the known inadequacy of the boat's life-preservers and fire-extinguishing equipment. The commander of a vessel in such a terrifying crisis could hardly be held criminally responsible for the results of bad judgment. The all-important question is whether those who were responsible for the condition of the boat knew that many; if not most of her life-preservers were, because of their age or faulty construction, in reality nothing less than life-destroyers, and that she had inadequate and imperfect appliances for fighting fire. The Federal regulations concerning these details of a steamboat's equipment are explicit, but it appears to be already proved that they had not been enforced. Who is to blame for this? That is the question. Admitting that the fire broke out so suddenly, and spread with such rapidity that it could not have been fought down at once (and there will always be grave doubt about this), who is responsible for the fact—if it be a fact—that the hose provided for such emergencies was insufficient in quantity, and of such inferior quality that it burst and became useless as soon as water was forced into it? And who is responsible for the fact that many of the life-preservers were unfit for use to

the point of being actually dangerous to their wearers, and that most of these preservers—the sound as well as the rotten ones—were lashed into racks beyond the reach even of women, to say nothing of children? And why were the life-boats and life-rafts so firmly secured to the davits and the decks that they could not be, or at least were not, launched? These questions represent conditions which the officers of the steamboat company, the steamboat inspector, and all other persons directly or indirectly responsible for the disaster should be called upon to explain.

President Roosevelt did well to appoint a commission (consisting of General Wilson and Commander Winslow) to investigate this disaster, and no doubt the report of that commission will be thorough and honest. But such an investigation should not cause the regularly constituted authorities to relax their efforts. Let no guilty man escape. As the New York Evening Post says:

Heretofore our political scamps have usually possessed warm hearts, but if the facts in the "Slocum" case are what has been hinted, we have infamy carried to the limits of the most cynical brutality. Corruption which touches the pocketbook—and that by indirect means—may pass comparatively unnoticed; but corruption which launches hundreds of our neighbors into eternity with one sweep, and before our very eyes, makes us ask what sort of government we are living under.

Australia's Conservative Labor Premier.

The new labor ministry in Australia—brought into power a few months ago by the coalition of labor members and free traders in favor of compulsory arbitration in all trade disputes, including those between the government and its employees—is showing a moderation not expected of it by its enemies. The new premier, Mr. Watson, recognizes that his party represents only a minority of the people, and that no measure can be pressed with permanent advantage to his party unless it has the support of the more liberal element in the other two parties, and therefore fairly represents public opinion in the commonwealth. He is indeed helped in maintaining this attitude by the fact that his introduction of an extremely radical measure would instantly bring about a coalition between the protectionist and free trade members of the Parliament which would retire his ministry. Nevertheless, the general

bearing of Premier Watson toward all factions and questions is distinctly statesman-like—the bearing of a man who regards himself as the official of a people and not of a party. His conservatism has called forth some bitter attacks from the socialist wing of the Labor party, led by Tom Mann, but the trades-unionists as a body are standing by their premier. According to a recent Australian letter in the New York Times, the following resolutions were adopted at the May day labor celebration in Melbourne:

That this meeting is in entire accord with the workers of every land in demanding one adult one vote, a tax upon land values, exclusive of improvements; the legislative enactment of a normal maximum working day of eight hours or less, and a just wage in all trades and callings; the establishment of Federal old-age pensions, Federal and State departments of labor, Federal bank of issue, the initiative and referendum; the settlement of industrial disputes by courts of compulsory conciliation and arbitration, the abolition of child labor, and advocates all legislation that will ameliorate the condition of the workers.

That this mass meeting of workers send fraternal greetings to their fellows assembled on this day; assert with them their desire for peace, and are opposed to militarism in all its forms—their determination to overthrow wage-slavery and capitalism, and establish by their united efforts that international co-operative commonwealth in which all the instruments of industry will be owned and controlled by the whole people, and equal opportunity be given to all to lead healthy, happy, human lives.

These resolutions were brought before Premier Watson by a deputation of labor leaders, to whom he replied that his ministry supported nearly every one of the measures mentioned, but that caution was necessary in endeavoring to give them effect. "You can," he said, "demonstrate that a particular step is a good one, and this will lead further and further on in the direction in which we wish to travel, but to attempt to bring about a collective commonwealth before the people have been prepared and imbued with a proper sense of their responsibilities toward their neighbors would be worse than useless, because it would bring disaster in its train, and dismay and disappointment to the most optimistic in our ranks." The fact that such should be the attitude of the first "labor" premier the world has known, combined with the fact that in Germany, France, and Belgium, wherever the Socialist party has developed great popular strength or obtained control of local governments, it has shown a conservatism unlooked for a few years ago,

strengthens the hope that class warfare may be avoided, and that constructive social reforms may take the place of destructive social revolutions.

**Important
Copyright
Decisions**

Three significant and interesting decisions, involving certain apparently flagrant cases of literary piracy of which the Edinburgh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (that is, the original "Britannica"), "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" and Appleton's "Universal Cyclopædia" (formerly "Johnson's Cyclopædia") were the victims, have recently been handed down by the United States Circuit courts for New Jersey and for the Southern District of New York. The defendants in the cases were the Werner Company of Akron, Ohio, and New York; the American Newspaper Association, A. J. Saalfeld, of Akron and New York, and the New York Tribune. These concerns have been publishing or selling certain so-called editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," under such titles as "Americanized" edition, the "Werner" edition, and the "New Werner Supplement." The case concerning the Appleton publications (in which the widely-known house of D. Appleton & Company of New York was the complainant), displayed clumsy and flagrant plagiarism in the "New Werner Supplement" from the Appleton cyclopædias before mentioned, and especially from the "Cyclopædia of American Biography." A large number of instances of this plagiarism were set forth by the "deadly parallel" process, and so obvious was the infringement that the defendants admitted it in court, with the result that they were ordered to destroy the sheets and melt down the plates containing the infringing matter, and to pay the complainants \$2,000. The Encyclopædia Britannica Company was the complainant in a similar case against the Tribune Association, which has been selling or giving away with subscriptions a so-called "Americanized Encyclopædia Britannica." This suit involved infringement of several copyright articles—notably the biographies of Garrison, Lincoln and Longfellow and the historical treatments of the United States, Illinois and Indiana—which appeared in the Edinburgh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The plagiarism in all these articles was more or less apparent, and the

exhibits in court not only brought out these infringements, but showed that the so-called "Americanized" edition actually contained less matter concerning America than does the original "Britannica." As a result, an injunction was issued, the effect of which is to stop the sale by the Tribune of the "Americanized" edition. By a third decision, the Werner Company has been restrained from the further sale or distribution of the so-called "Encyclopædia Britannica" published by that company and distributed by the American Newspaper Association containing the infringing articles. In this case the complainant was the Encyclopædia Britannica Company, which now controls the Ninth or Edinburgh edition of the "Britannica," and as in the previous cases certain distinct and well established instances of copyright violation were charged. The articles involved included those on Georgia,

Honduras, Indian Territory, Lafayette and Louisiana. The charges of plagiarism were supported by affidavits from President Hadley of Yale, Miss Ida M. Tarbell, Henry Cabot Lodge, Dr. Rossiter Johnson, Hamilton W. Mabie, Professor Barrett Wendell and others, to whom the articles in question were submitted. As to the article on Lafayette written for the Werner reprint of the "Britannica" by the Rev. Martin L. Williston, Professor Wendell says that "more palpable effort to appropriate material without bodily transference of exact phrase than the Werner article shows, would, in his opinion, be inconceivable." Altogether it seems apparent that the Appletons and the Encyclopædia Britannica Company have made out a clear case of literary piracy of a very reprehensible type, and it is to be hoped that the result will be a complete and final suppression of the offending publications.

Current Discussion—Both Sides

Edited by George Gladden

Judge Parker's Decisive Utterance As had been generally expected for at least a month before the Democratic convention at St. Louis, Judge

Alton B. Parker was nominated for the presidency, and such was the lack of any organization of the opposition to him, that the nomination was accomplished on the first ballot. But the radical element, the character and possible effectiveness of which was discussed in the Current History department of CURRENT LITERATURE for July, developed such strength under the resolute and resourceful leadership of William Jennings Bryan in the Committee on Resolutions, that the conservatives were forced to agree to the elimination of the gold plank in the platform, with the result that the document contains no declaration whatever as to the money question. It was quite generally admitted that this omission constituted at least a moral victory for Mr. Bryan and his followers. Its actual effect is made a matter of debate by Judge Parker's prompt and emphatic declaration that

he regarded the gold standard as "firmly and irrevocably established," and his announcement that he should "act accordingly if the action of the convention shall be ratified by the people." This declaration—the first expression of any kind that had come from Judge Parker—created almost a panic in the convention, but the cooler heads prevailed, and the convention finally voted to send to Judge Parker this statement:

The platform adopted by this convention is silent on the question of the monetary standard because it is not regarded by us as a possible issue in this campaign, and only campaign issues were mentioned in the platform. Therefore there is nothing in the views expressed by you in the telegram just received which would preclude a man entertaining them from accepting a nomination on said platform.

This action was taken despite the vigorous protest of Mr. Bryan, who insisted that since such a statement was tantamount to open approval of the gold standard, the party was bound in good faith to insert a definite gold plank in the platform.

The adoption of the platform of course preceded the nomination of the candidate, and the omission of the gold plank caused much journalistic excitement. The New York Times (Dem.) promptly declared that "on Bryan's platform, Judge Parker will never be elected. He must make his own and make it promptly if he would stay the tide of defection," and when it became known that Judge Parker had declared for gold, and had asked that his name be withdrawn if his position proved unsatisfactory to the majority of the convention, the Times commended his stand in these words:

It reveals the great strength of the man's character, the high quality of his mind. Above all, it shows that he has a conscience. He renounces the proffered distinction if it cannot come in honor and on conditions that leave his convictions unfettered. Judge Parker is to-day the object of the world's admiring attention.

In the same vein are the comments of the Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.):

That Judge Parker was a man of sound principles and honorable character was generally assumed from his judicial reputation; his attitude toward the nomination has revealed his positive qualities in a way to command universal admiration. He did not assume to dictate to the convention, but he was resolved that there should be no misunderstanding. He regards the gold standard as "firmly and irrevocably established," and would act accordingly if elected President. As the platform was silent on the subject, he insisted that his views be made known to the convention, and if not satisfactory to the majority, that another candidate be chosen. There is no such example in our political history of a candidate thus willing to decline a nomination to the Presidency, unanimously and hopefully tendered him by his party, if it exacted any concealment of his convictions, any surrender or compromise on vital principles.

And the New York World (Dem.) says also that "never in our political history has a candidate for President, already nominated by his party, shown greater courage, finer fidelity to principle or stronger elements of leadership than Judge Parker did in this dispatch," and that "the party can now enter upon the campaign with courage and hope. It has a candidate who is the antithesis of Roosevelt in temperament and opinion, and quite the equal of the strenuous President in moral courage and political sagacity."

The Buffalo News remarks that "the consequences of such a declaration are not easy to guess. It appears to open a breach in the party deeper than the one seemingly

healed over yesterday." The New York Tribune (Rep.) finds this fault with Judge Parker's action:

The course which Judge Parker thus took at the last moment was much more creditable than a prolongation of his strange silence would have been, and was sure, while it remained imperfectly understood, to excite the admiration of men of all parties who respect moral courage. But we cannot doubt that on deliberate reflection they will feel that an earlier definition of his views would have furnished a more signal proof of courage and good faith. It seems to be necessary to say, as respectfully as may be, that Judge Parker played a shrewd game of politics. By maintaining his own silence and permitting his accredited agents to create an erroneous impression of perfect docility on his part, he secured an otherwise improbable, if not impossible, nomination, then made a spirited offer of withdrawal, which was virtually certain to be declined, and thus gained for himself an advantage of position which he could not do without, but which the convention never intended him to have.

It seems strange enough to find the Tribune agreeing with Mr. Bryan, for on the floor of the convention hall Mr. Bryan said:

I think it is a manly thing for a man to express his opinion before the convention adjourns. It would have been manlier to have expressed it before the convention met. It is a manly thing to express his opinion before the delegates act finally upon his position, but it would have been a manlier thing had he expressed his opinion before the voters throughout this country went to their caucuses and their primaries and sent instructed delegates here.

On the other hand, the New York Evening Post (Ind.) commends Judge Parker in glowing terms, saying, in part:

Such clear and shining courage was never before seen in a Presidential candidate. In Judge Parker's person the old joke about the man who would rather be right than be President expires. That man actually exists. Taking his political life in his hands, Alton B. Parker put away the Presidency unless it were offered to him on terms squaring with his own convictions. No wonder the country was thrilled. No wonder that Europe rubbed its eyes. A man had arisen, towering above the puny politicians. Nothing so fine is known to our political annals. Better than act of Congress does it establish the gold standard beyond cavil or dispute. The business world at last emerges from its long dread. One courageous utterance has instantaneously and magically changed the whole aspect of the campaign. It has transformed dejection into the highest hopes. To-day it is the Republican party that is thrown into confusion. It appears that your charging colonels are not the only ones in whom civic courage may be bred. That product seems to thrive even better on the banks of the Hudson than on San Juan Hill. Already it is plain that

the kindling hope and zeal put into the hearts of young men by Grover Cleveland are to be renewed under the inspiration of Judge Parker's leadership.

The New York Journal of Commerce says:

We may hope that Judge Parker's character will be equal to all the tests that are to come, but we must recognize that for the most part they are yet to come, and absolute assurance is not to be drawn from the first one applied. The higher expectation is raised, the greater the chance of disappointment and the danger of reaction in sentiment.

Naturally, fair-minded editors will feel inclined to revise to some extent at least their estimates of the Democratic nominee in the light of this very definite and significant expression from him, and therefore we shall not quote from editorials that were written before Judge Parker's famous telegram was made public. The same is true of the Democratic platform, thorough discussion of which, together with some consideration of other aspects of the remarkable St. Louis convention, will be a feature of our September issue.

**Roosevelt
and
Fairbanks**

The expected nomination of President Roosevelt to succeed himself was accomplished by the Repub-

lican convention at Chicago, on June 23. There was but one ballot, and although a great uproar followed the announcement of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, many of the newspaper correspondents declared that, for the most part, the proceedings of the body were otherwise rather spiritless and stupid. The selection of a vice-presidential nominee was not settled upon until a day or two before the convention, when it was made known that Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana had been chosen by the leaders, and had accepted.

Naturally, very emphatic indorsement of President Roosevelt's candidacy comes from acknowledged party organs, but, on the other hand, not a few of the papers, which often are independent in their political utterances, commend the nomination. The Pittsburgh Dispatch (Ind.) says:

As a party choice, none more sagacious, none instinct with more elements of popularity and exultant strength, none possessing more courage, the frankness and honesty that magnetize, could have been made. He has deviated not a hair's breadth from the impulses of a noble character or from the promptings of a profoundly informed statesmanship.

And the Chicago Evening Post (Ind.), speaking of the President's promise to carry out the policies of McKinley, says: "To one of his temperament and methods it was no light task to follow where another had blazed the way; but, in the words of Mr. Root, 'he has approved himself of the same elemental virtues, the same fundamental beliefs,' as those which shaped the course of William McKinley." And the Post adds:

Such is the man chosen to lead the Republican party in this presidential year. A man of courage, a man of sincerity, a strong man, a man who frankly takes the people into his confidence, tells them what he believes to be right, and that he intends to follow the right at any cost.

So, too, the Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.) says:

He has stood in the full glare of publicity, and his countrymen have recognized in him a man of courage and integrity; an impulsive, radical, self-poised, dominating man. It is true that he has not been always, either in doing or saying, conservative, expedient, infallible in judgment, but he has been honest, patriotic, and the country knows it. The president was not nominated by the leaders, but in spite of them.

And the Hartford Courant (Rep.) contributes this estimate of the President:

He is a man, a statesman and a gentleman. He has the original energy, and he has also what Emerson called "the incomparable advantage of animal spirits." This has been made a reproach to him by some thin-blooded and very precise persons. It is one of the reasons why he is so well liked by Americans who are not thin-blooded—the young men especially.

On the other side, we have such estimates of Mr. Roosevelt as this, from the Richmond Times-Dispatch (Dem.):

Never were two men thus intimately associated more unlike in traits of character. McKinley was gentle, cautious, deferential, tactful and retiring; Roosevelt was strenuous, reckless, self-opinionated, impetuous, aggressive and boastful. His administration has been a reign of terror. He has kept the financial interests of the whole country in mortal dread lest he should at some unexpected moment, and in his own spectacular way, spring a sensation that would create a panic. He has kept the nation in constant fear of war with some foreign power. With the olive branch of peace extended, he tore into shreds the traditions of the South and outraged their sense of propriety by inviting a Southern negro to his table, and followed this up by appointing negroes to high positions in Southern territory. We have recalled that when Roosevelt took the oath of office . . . he pledged himself to carry out McKinley's policy. But if he should be elected on his own account, he would no longer be restrained by that pledge. His second administration would be a Roosevelt

CURRENT DISCUSSION—BOTH SIDES

administration, without any restraint whatever, and it would be a menace to the peace and prosperity of the nation. Mr. Roosevelt is the most dangerous man who ever occupied the office of President.

More temperate, and therefore on the whole, more effective are the comments of such independent papers as the New York Evening Post and the Springfield Republican. The Post says, in part:

Can political power be retained by the same means by which it was acquired? It is the dictum of an ancient historian that it can be; but Lord Acton disputed it. President Roosevelt must soon put it to actual test. He has made himself master of the machine of his party; it remains to be seen if he has of its heart. On some his electric vivacity palls after a time; others tire of his appalling hortatory gift; but no one can fairly deny that the President is a man personally fascinating to most people who meet him. And as for courage, a careful study of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches and writings would show that his controlling impulse is to hedge. He never makes a vehement statement without vehemently qualifying or withdrawing it. No impartial estimate of President Roosevelt as Executive could deny him great energy in the dispatch of business. The difficulty is that it is often too great. He has not pondered the maxim that he governs best who does it with the least noise. President Roosevelt's joyous nonchalance in letting nothing alone, in attacking everything light-heartedly, is the true root of distrust in him as a President. This is what men have in their hearts when they say that he is not "safe." That is why business men are made nervous by him. Another thing they dread, as do many conservative-minded and tender-conscienced citizens, is all kinds of foreign embroilments if he is given a "mandate" from the people to carry out his big-stick notions of this country's destiny. Not for a moment do we forget what is praiseworthy in him. In spite of his soiling himself with Addicks and Quay and Platt and Lorimer and every successful boss, he has done much to improve the tone of the public service. His instinct of fair play has led him to take a manly stand for the negro. But when all this is said, when all his engaging personal traits are fully admitted, he has aroused grave and pervasive fears lest the Republic take harm if confided to his charge.

Speaking of the significance of the President's political prominence, the Republican says:

Are we beginning, or have we already entered, a Roosevelt era in the Republican party? The party has had what may be called its eras. In any event the party has certainly reached a fresh epoch in its history. The future of the party under the Roosevelt domination cannot fail to be interesting. That there will be a "domination" if Mr. Roosevelt remains in the titular leadership is to be expected because of the masterful character of the man. His election as President in November next is the last great

event now necessary to clinch, in his own mind, his title to be the supreme party leader; and that event, it is needless to say, is confidently anticipated. It must not be supposed that because the President's natural disposition to dominate is thus pointed out it is intended to impute such a tendency to him as a fault. Surely no man, having gained such a position as the President would occupy after an election by the people, would have a better right to assert his leadership over his own party followers. Yet when once he is settled in his place as the leader and, if you choose, as the boss, no one should anticipate that the Roosevelt domination is likely to go unchallenged within his own party. There are already signs that a powerful anti-Roosevelt combination of Republican politicians is in process of formation that will sooner or later force a contest for party supremacy. His defeat this year would not end him as a Republican of much popular strength. It is easy, therefore, to be confident that there will be a good deal of Roosevelt in the Republican party after 1904, whether or not we are in the first stages of a Rooseveltian era.

Senator Fairbanks's candidacy receives much less attention, of course, though some of the comment indicates pretty clear ideas as to his qualifications. The Philadelphia Public Ledger speaks of the Senator as "a man of ability and excellent repute" who "will no doubt strengthen the ticket in the Middle West, and especially in Indiana." And the Chicago Evening Post says he "possesses those qualities which have come to be peculiarly demanded of one who fills the honorable position of Vice-President of this Republic—dignity, tact, conservatism, experience in public affairs." The New York Evening Post, when it was announced that Mr. Fairbanks's name would be presented to the convention, made these remarks:

As a form of life insurance for President Roosevelt, the nomination of Senator Fairbanks as Vice-President would be intelligible. Certainly the maddest anarchist would never think of killing Roosevelt to make Fairbanks President. For other grounds for his selection, however, one would search in vain. He is all compact of negative qualities. Without warmth or color or personality, having neither initiative nor eloquence, identified with no public policy, and known only as a rich manipulator of the Indiana Republican machine who never commits himself, and who, instead of dying in the last ditch, would always be found on the first fence, Senator Fairbanks could add nothing to the Republican ticket except a weight to be carried.

And the Springfield Republican sees something distinctly comic in the juxtaposition of three such distinct types as "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Hitt and Fairbanks. Says the Republican:

"Uncle Joe" everybody seems to like, and all of us comprehend that he is a type, now rare and soon to be extinct, of the frontier politician of former days. To such a man a certain license is permitted. Mr. Hitt's plaintive little candidacy had a sincerity all its own that commanded respect. Between these two extremes stood Fairbanks, more or less mysterious, apparently unfathomable, and all the time facing the crisis of his life without quite knowing what to do. There are those who think that Mr. Fairbanks really wanted this nomination as Vice-President, but they only add to the gaiety of the occasion. No one can examine his career—note again the fact that he was born in Unionville Center, and in Ohio, that he now hails from Indiana and has the Republicans devoted to his advancement—no one can calmly examine this career and fail to see whither Charles Warren Fairbanks believed he was headed.

**Platform
of the
Republicans**

The platform adopted by the Republicans at Chicago came in for its share of comment, approbative and otherwise, and a few papers took occasion to disparage all such documents. The New York Evening Post (Ind.), for example, remarks that "a certain amount of claptrap must be allowed for in every national platform. Parties would not be parties if they did not, on dress parade, indulge in more or less humbug and boasting." As to the residuum in this particular deliverance, the Post says:

To begin with, bear in mind that President Roosevelt is on record in his life of Benton as a convinced free-trader. If that be dismissed as a youthful folly, knocked out by him by the necessity of getting office at the hands of protectionists, recall his public speeches as President in 1902. Thus we have a tariff-revising nominee upon a tariff-worshiping platform, and a bold and forthright candidate standing upon a mixture of trickery and hypocrisy. All the tariff and trust parts of the platform are conceived and expressed in so low and mercenary a spirit, bent on catching votes at any price and wheeling men into campaign contributions, that one asks wonderingly if the intention can possibly be to make the campaign on such issues. What do we find the convention doing with the prayer of 7,000 college presidents, bishops, philanthropists and reformers, that it speak a word of hope to the Filipinos? Throwing it into the waste-basket. Suppose 7,000 manufacturers had united in asking a tariff favor! The Republican party would have bowed obsequiously to its masters. We can only judge Republican professions of solicitude for the negro by Republican deeds in his behalf. The party has taken no decided step to recognize him as a man, fully entitled to his political rights.

The New York Journal of Commerce (Commercial) cites the declaration that "rates of duty should be readjusted only when conditions have so changed that the

public interest demands their alteration," and says:

It is a virtual abandonment of the doctrine that protection, however high and undiscriminating, can only do good and not harm. Such a declaration could only come from a consciousness that the time had come or was at hand when a "readjustment" of the tariff should be made in response to a demand of the "public interest." This looks distinctly like hedging upon the Republican tariff policy of the past, and the declaration that "this work cannot safely be committed to any other hands than those of the Republican party" is an implied promise that that party will undertake it.

On the other side, the Chicago Evening Post (Ind.) says:

It is absolutely true, as the platform says, that the real object of the Democratic party "is always the destruction of the protective system," and it is an admitted and recognized fact that the overwhelming majority of the American people insist, with the Republican party, upon "the maintenance of the principles of protection." The platform reaffirms this principle in strong terms. Revision is neither commanded nor declared to be necessary, but the principle bearing on the subject is laid down in entire accordance with Republican doctrine. The reciprocity paragraph is an unmistakable victory for the adherents of the Buffalo platform. It is a hopeful, liberal, enlightened utterance. There is no anti-trust or anti-corporation plank in the platform—an omission upon which the whole business community will congratulate itself.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch (Ind.) also commends the platform, as follows:

Unequivocal loyalty to the protective idea was demanded by every true Republican, and on that essential point the pronouncement rings clear and true. No promise is made as to the policy in the colonial dependencies, but reliance is had upon a recital of the steady progress made toward giving the Filipinos self-government. In this plank no harm could have resulted from a more generous use of formulative words. The reference to the treaty with China involves pardonable pride, but it was not felicitous to connect too closely with this Oriental interest the idea of holding the remote islands.

Speaking of the tariff and reciprocity planks, the Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.) says:

It is at least an acknowledgment that there is no special sanctity in a tariff once enacted; that duties may be changed, under changed conditions. What these conditions may be, or whether the public interest now demands such readjustment, there is no suggestion. The resolution on reciprocity is even more feeble than that of 1900, and contrasts painfully with McKinley's bold declaration in his last great speech that "the age of exclusiveness is past."

The Atlanta Constitution (Dem.) attacks the platform as follows:

The farmers are prosperous, it is true, but they would be more prosperous if they could buy their

agricultural implements as cheaply as the American implement trust sells them in foreign countries. The "consistent protective tariff" the Chicago platform boasts of is responsible for the trusts that have so reduced the purchasing power of the average American citizen that he is about as poverty-pinched to-day as during the "panic" of '93, with the difference that he is working twice as hard to keep poor now. The South got a slap in the face in the shape of the Crumpackerian threat to reduce its representation because of local suffrage laws. Perhaps a Republican Congress will not undertake to overrule the United States Supreme Court in this connection.

The Springfield Republican (Ind.) handles the "prosperity" and other planks in this way:

Is it not a little too greedy to deny to the Almighty some share of credit for the revival of business following 1897? Providence, rather than the Republican party, caused the great crop failures in Europe, the famine in India, our own enormous harvests, the discovery of gold in the Klondike, which combined to create conditions singularly favorable to the revival of prosperity in the years following McKinley's first election. But this platform ignores Providence entirely. "We met these happy conditions vigorously, effectively and at once," it modestly says. In referring to the Spanish War, the writers of this platform make the surprising claim that it was a Republican war. It is said that "we then found the country, after four years of Democratic rule, in evil plight. . . . The administration's attitude toward Spain was feeble and mortifying"—referring to the administration of Cleveland and Olney. Again: "We refused"—that is, the Republicans refused—to "palter longer with the miseries of Cuba. We fought a quick and victorious war with Spain. We set Cuba free." Compare that, with its insistence on "we," the Republicans, with the plank in the same party's platform four years ago: "And while the *American people*, sustained by this Republican legislation, has been achieving these splendid triumphs in their business and commerce, *they* have conducted and in victory concluded a war for liberty and human rights. No thought of national aggrandizement tarnished the high purpose with which American standards were unfurled. It was a war unsought and *patiently resisted*."

Coming on the heels of Mr. Root's substantial declaration in favor of Philippine independence, on the Cuban model, the utter absence from the platform of any forecast of policy toward the Philippines is a disappointment. The significance of this silence might be interpreted in various ways. In our own view, it denotes a growing conflict of opinion within the Republican party and a real strengthening of the feeling voiced in Mr. Root's speech.

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| Despotism in Colorado | The cruel and cowardly murder of fifteen or more non-union miners at Independence, near Cripple Creek, Col., by an explosion of dynamite, was reported and commented upon in the |
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Current History department of CURRENT LITERATURE for July. The press of the country at once resounded with denunciations of the crime, and the Western Federation of Miners promptly deplored and denied all responsibility for the brutal affair. But before the editorial pens which had written these denunciations were dry they were called upon to characterize the deportation by the military authorities of working as well as striking miners; the enforced resignation of civil officers under threats from the same authorities; and, what was even more significant, a most remarkable decision of the Supreme Court of Colorado. This decision concerned the habeas corpus proceedings which were instituted when President Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners was imprisoned at Telluride by the military authorities, and the order of Governor Peabody that the time-honored legal remedy should not be invoked without his permission. The Supreme Court of the State held that the governor may declare any part or all of the State to be in a condition of insurrection; that he may order the militia to suppress such insurrection, and that the soldiery may use any means to carry out this order, even to the utter disregard of the civil authorities and of established laws.

Of this decision, the Denver Republican, which has vigorously supported Governor Peabody from the first, says:

The court denied the petition of Moyer for a writ of habeas corpus. It placed its decision upon the broad ground that there must be some power in the State to determine whether an insurrection exists and to adopt whatever measures may be needed for its suppression. It did not make the civil authority subordinate to the military. On the contrary, it declared that, following the suppression of the insurrection, all persons arrested by the military should be turned over to the civil authorities for trial and punishment. It has taken a sound position which will commend the decision to the approval of every thoughtful citizen.

"This decision," says the Springfield Republican, "is one of the most extraordinary in the annals of American jurisprudence, and deserves more attention than it is receiving outside of Colorado." And the Republican continues:

The case immediately before the court involved the power of the governor to suspend the writ or the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus. The Constitution of the United States provides: "The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless, when, in cases of rebel-

lion or invasion, the public safety may require it." Now, it is not stated here, to be sure, whose is the power to judge when the public safety may require it. But English precedent, for one thing, compels the conclusion that that power belongs to Congress and not to the President. This view appears never to have been questioned in the United States until 1861, when President Lincoln suspended the writ at the outset of the rebellion. At the close of the rebellion this power lapsed. The Colorado constitution is like that of the United States in this particular: "The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall never be suspended unless when, in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it." This provision is embodied in the Colorado Bill of Rights, and does not specify whose is the power to judge when. But unbroken precedent in relation to the similar Federal provision affords a guide for determining where the power is lodged, which no ordinary State judicial tribunal would venture to ignore or set aside. A majority of the States have their habeas corpus provision in the same form as does Colorado, but their constitutions also frequently and expressly provide, like that of Ohio, that "no power of suspending laws shall ever be exercised except by General Assembly." Nevertheless here comes the Supreme Court of Colorado holding contrary views and extending them to the point of declaring that it is within the power of the State executive at any time, and for any part or the whole of the commonwealth, in his own judgment and will exclusively, to set aside a civil government and all constitutional restraints upon arbitrary power, and that all features of the exercise of this power are beyond the jurisdiction of the court. The Czar of Russia does not ask for nor exercise greater power than this. It appears to be not too much to say that one of the principal needs of the State of Colorado, now shown to be so much in need of all that stands for law and order and Anglo-Saxon civil government, is a change in the personnel of its supreme court.

The reappearance of the State troops at Cripple Creek immediately after the dynamite outrage at Independence was the signal for the resumption, upon an even more drastic scale, of the deportation proceedings. Not only were striking miners ordered to leave the State, or actually escorted over its borders by the troops, but in one instance all of the union employees in a certain mine were loaded into a train, and under a military escort were taken over the line into Kansas, and dumped on the prairie like so many cattle. Although this deportation was pretty generally condemned, it did not lack its defenders. The Denver Republican, for example, said:

No intelligent man can deny that if the authority to kill or to imprison exists, the far more mild authority to deport exists also. This authority to deport is exercised in every city of the Union by the police. It is a common thing for the police of a city to run men belonging to

the criminal classes out of town. This power is exercised by the police for the good of society and the prevention of crime. It differs in no particular from that exercised by the military when unruly and lawless men are deported from a community where the governor declares a state of insurrection against the authority of the State either exists or is threatened.

The Cleveland Leader, speaking of the declarations of Adjutant-General Bell, remarks:

When he says that these offenders must be driven from the State, he places Colorado in an exceedingly bad light. The duty of punishment rests upon the State within whose confines the crime itself was committed. Why should Colorado deport its offenders, any more than its paupers, to Kansas, or any adjacent commonwealth? Neither will Colorado shine excused before the Union if its accused residents are tried by court-martial and deprived of the right to the due processes of law and the proper opportunities for defense that belong to civilization and that should not be alienable by any governor's proclamation. This does not apply to rioters with arms in their hands and murder in their hearts, to dynamiters caught in the act, or to criminals who are only prevented from accomplishment of evil by summary justice.

Similarly, the Pittsburg Dispatch says that "the despotic manner in which without trial or even definite charge, but upon the mere fact of being union miners, citizens were deported and dumped, starving, upon contiguous States will remain as a disgraceful record for Colorado long after Bell has vanished."

Further discussion of this topic will be found in the department of Current History.

The "General Slocum" Catastrophe

The calamity visited upon New York City through the burning of the excursion steamboat "General Slocum," and the consequent loss of more than 900 lives, most of the victims being women, young children and infants, called forth a cry of horror throughout the country, and this expression was quickly re-enforced by stern demands for an investigation which should place the responsibility for the disaster where it belonged. What has been done toward this end is described in the Current History department of this issue of CURRENT LITERATURE. Immediately after the catastrophe, General Uhler, of the Steamboat Inspection Service, had something to say about "political juggling" which makes it possible for steamboat companies to violate the law with impunity. As to this, the Chicago Evening Post says:

General Uhler knew all this before the disaster, yet he was silent. Did he call the attention of Secretary Cortelyou to the state of things he now deplores and condemns? It is absurd to speak as he does of the "corporations bamboozling the Government." If the inspection service had done its plain duty without fear or weakness there would have been no bamboozling—and perhaps no disaster.

If it should be found that the inspection was a mere perfunctory matter the people responsible should be punished. If, on the other hand, it is shown that the inspection was a careful and reasonable one, then there should be an explanation of the condition in which some of the life-preservers were and the failure of the fire apparatus to work. The main lesson of the disaster is the demonstration that wooden excursion steamers, with wide decks, undivided by bulkheads, are little better than fire-traps, no matter in what condition they may be in the matter of seaworthiness and repair. These terrible fire-traps should not be permitted to carry thousands of excursionists.

The Hartford Times asks: "Was it impossible for the proper authorities to know that the excursion steamer 'General Slocum' would burn like tinder, and that the internal construction and arrangements of the vessel were such as to make the danger of fire very great?" As to this, the Boston Herald says that wooden boats are built because they are cheaper and can, therefore, carry passengers at proportionately smaller rates, and continues: "The main fault is one which we cannot in any degree overcome so long as we are as a people prepared to take risks. The 'General Slocum' was probably as well-equipped a boat as others of her class."

Similarly the Philadelphia Public Ledger says that there "are few boats, upon any American river, that might not burn as rapidly as did the 'General Slocum' if a fire started in the bow while the boat was steaming against a high wind." As to the charge that the life-preservers were rotten, the Ledger adds:

That is probably true of the life-preservers on many steamers, which naturally deteriorate with age and exposure. Yet, as a matter of fact, how many passengers on any steamboat would know how to reach a life-preserved or to put it on, under the excitement of imminent peril? Official inspection can and should assure a sufficient number of these appliances in good condition, but unless each passenger were fitted with a life-preserved on going aboard, the proportion of lives preserved by them is likely to be small. In a crowd of terrified children any such reliance must be futile.

The Boston Journal, on the other hand, is less clear as to the inevitability of a disaster of such proportions, and says:

Once again, and in piteously emphatic fashion, is the miserable inadequacy of the life-preserved system on excursion steamers brought home to us. On the "General Slocum," as on most others of its kind, the life-preservers were lashed to the ceilings of the decks, out of reach of any but tall men and women. Carried in such a way, they never are and never can be easily and quickly procured in a time of terrible emergency. Panic undoubtedly did its share of the gruesome work yesterday, but it is perfectly evident that had life-preservers been absolutely at hand, as they should have been on such an occasion, scores of lives would have been saved.

The Cleveland Leader voices a common demand that whoever is responsible, even in part, should be punished, when it says:

It is too much to expect that in every case of disaster at sea the captain and crew of the stricken vessel shall show absolute judgment, commendable coolness, and preservative heroism. It is not too much to ask that officers charged with inspection of vessels shall rigidly conduct official investigation and shall show neither fear nor favor in securing absolute adherence to the rules laid down by the United States for the preservation of life to those who have embarked upon the waters. Punishment is for example as well as for reformation, and no false sentiment of mercy should obtain lodgment in the breasts of those whose duty it is to prosecute the guilty in the present case.

Mr. Hearst as a Journalist "Collier's Weekly" has published a discussion of the journalistic policy of William Randolph Hearst which

it will be worth while to review in the light of Mr. Hearst's presidential aspirations. The eulogy of Mr. Hearst's character and motives, and the exposition of his newspaper policy is supplied by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, who is believed to be the author of most, if not all, of the editorials in Mr. Hearst's New York papers. The reply to this presentation is by Mr. Norman Hapgood, one of the regular contributors to "Collier's." In part, Mr. Brisbane says:

Hearst has succeeded in spite of wealth, a most unusual thing in this country. He has done more than any other man in the United States to spread among the people genuinely democratic ideas. He is the only man of large fortune that has persistently attacked special privilege regardless of everything, save his desire to transform democratic generalizations into realities. Different in other ways from many of our popular politicians, he is a man of speculative mind, one who thinks deeply on abstract questions. He is many miles removed from the typical American handshaking politician. He does not drink, smoke, or speculate, lives most simply and plainly, yet he is presented to the public as a man of the worst possible habits by those who know him not

at all, or deliberately misrepresent him. Many foolish persons, not a few editors among them, actually say that Hearst lacks ability as a newspaper man, does not have his own opinions, does not edit his own newspapers; "that he hires brains to do the work for him." It is ridiculous to be compelled to affirm that the most successful newspaper man in America understands his profession. He directs minutely every detail of his newspapers—editorial, reportorial, telegraphic, and mechanical. All the other Hearst editorial writers can testify to the fact that Hearst initiates and directs the policy of his newspapers, that those editorials on national questions which attract the greatest attention are either written verbatim by him, or are paraphrases of his telegraphic or verbal instructions. He is cordially hated by the lawbreakers in Sing Sing as well as by the lawbreakers in Wall Street. He has thousands of friends among the poor people, whose battles he has honestly fought.

Mr. Hapgood begins by calling attention to a certain kind of headline (much used by Mr. Hearst's and other similar papers), such as "Czar's Death," in gigantic type, and "Foretold by Gypsy," in very small type, which, he says, is "intended to bunco each buyer out of one cent." Continuing, Mr. Hapgood says:

Mr. Hearst, believing wealth unpopular, makes a display of attacking wealthy men. He always holds them personally responsible for everything that is done by the corporations of which they are a part. He wishes every rich director put in jail. He attacks Mr. August Belmont for being president of the Jockey Club, which he describes as an institution for the promotion of gambling. Well, what is the New York American? In the morning week-day issue of the day on which I write, half of the front page is given to racing, all of the second page, except half a column of advertising, all of one other page, except a little advertising about old doctors who cure diseases of men, and a few inches of prize-fighting and other "sports." This page includes "tips," telling how to bet, furnished free to its readers by the American. It also includes advertisements trying to induce people to send money on the chance of winning large amounts by guessing the winning racers. And Mr. Hearst is so very noble in his attacks on racing and on Mr. August Belmont! In this very issue I find a pure-minded editorial accusing President Clowry of being a criminal because the Western Union furnishes to pool-rooms news about the races. I open the Evening Journal, edited by Mr. Brisbane for Mr. Hearst, to see what view of life it encourages in the people. On the principal news page I find articles on the following topics: Murder, 8; bigamy, 2; other crimes, 6; accidents, 7; insanity, jilting, and spirit revelations, Japanese monkeys and how they are now breeding from patriotic motives; eighteen articles, mostly the smaller ones, covering foreign and domestic news, from the port at which Cornelius Vanderbilt's yacht is stopping to the largest fish ever received at Fulton Market. In space this page of "news of the world condensed," giving the general scope

of the paper's interest and influence, devotes about six columns to crime and horror, and about one to those other interests of life on which it deems its readers worthy to be informed. If Mr. Brisbane would allow me to write one of his editorials for him, I should contribute this:

LISTEN.

To the billion readers in our Hearst family, ONE WORD.

Let them EXAMINE this paper.

They will find over a page of advertisements by quack doctors, of a kind which reputable papers will not print.

They will find masses of advertisements on patent medicines. One contains 44 per cent. of alcohol. One, advertised as "safe," contains over 35. We KNOW they are poison.

We aid and abet clairvoyants, palmists, astrologers, and card-readers. Why do we carry all these schemes to CHEAT THE POOR?

Did you ever study proportion?

Neither has the poor savage of Australia; but we have, and our morality is determined by the ratio of cost to what we get out of it.

As it is in these petty swindles, so is it in the larger bunco games of politics.

We defend the poor when it PAYS.

We cheat the poor when it PAYS.

THINK IT OVER.

Governor Pennypacker's appointment of Attorney-General Philander C. Knox to succeed M. S. Quay as senator

from Pennsylvania aroused much discussion, not alone of the general significance of the appointment, but of the conditions under which it was made. These conditions involved the open advocacy of the appointment by Henry C. Frick, a millionaire director of the steel trust, and by President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and also Governor Pennypacker's act of making the appointment virtually on his own responsibility. Critics of this act declare that it is squarely against the spirit of the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, under which, it is declared, the State Legislature has the sole power to fill vacancies of this kind. The substance of the Governor's defense of his act is as follows: "The expense of calling a special session is very considerable. At the present time there are seventeen vacant seats in the Pennsylvania Senate and House, and in each one of these instances special elections would have to be held. The Capitol is in course of construction and is not fit for occupancy."

As to this excuse, the Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.), says: "No weaker, lamer, more puerile excuse than that for doing a wrong thing has ever been presented to the intelligence of an American Commonwealth."

There was also much criticism of the obvious prominence of Mr. Frick and Mr. Cassatt. Even the usually very conservative New York Journal of Commerce remarks this feature of the case and adds: "It raises an interesting question as to what United States senators are to represent and by what power they are to be chosen. Whatever that power may be, it is pretty sure to be served by the men who owe their advancement to it." The Springfield Republican (Ind.), says:

All agree that Messrs. Cassatt and Frick could have made a much worse choice. When we think, indeed, of the subservient tools of corporate power they might have placed in the Senate with the cheerful consent of the regular politicians of Pennsylvania, the selection of Mr. Knox deservedly commands considerable approval. But whether President Cassatt and Mr. Frick have or have not served the public interest, the mere fact that they were the paramount influence in the governor's choice of a senator has a significance that cannot escape attention. Evidently these men, or the special concerns behind them, rule Pennsylvania. No one will err seriously in making this assumption.

Speaking of the protest against the appointment by President McKinley of Mr. Knox as attorney-general, on the ground that he would prove to be simply "the attorney of the trusts," the Boston Transcript (Ind. Rep.), says:

How completely Mr. Knox has overthrown this conception of his character and policy is now a matter of history. As attorney-general he directed the proceedings in the merger case, and secured from the Supreme Court a decision which is epochal in defining the extent of the Federal powers in preventing restraint of interstate commerce. Mr. Knox deserves a place among the great attorney-generals, for his name must ever be associated in history with this decision, which could not have been obtained by any law officer who was not a first-rate lawyer.

The Boston Herald (Ind.) admits that the appointment of Mr. Knox will give Pennsylvania "a man of truer senatorial character and more power in proper statesmanship than the State has had for a long space of time," but goes on to say:

He has never, so far as we know, quarrelled with the party bosses, or in any other way exhibited an independent spirit. Now he accepts an office at their hands, with what engagements or understandings the public does not know. The record of the past indicates that he must humbly serve or be cast out. In the whole proceeding the people have been ignored. They are simply vassals of the great capitalists and the managing bosses.

On the question of what actually may be expected of Mr. Knox, once he is established

as senator from Pennsylvania, there are many opinions, optimistic and pessimistic. The Boston Advertiser (Rep.), for example, says:

Philander Knox, the trust buster, goes into the United States Senate, chosen by Senator Quay, before the latter's death, apparently. He will be out of the Department of Justice, and, therefore, cannot be offensive to Wall Street in his present position. Nobody expects that he will be succeeded by a lawyer equally able and eminent.

And the Philadelphia Public Ledger, taking exception to this view, replies that "Mr. Knox having been always faithful in his personal, professional and official relations, there is no excuse for the assumption that at this late day he is going to sacrifice his good fame and sell his high character to the representatives of any sinister interests." The Pittsburg Dispatch (Ind.), which supported the proposition to make Mr. Knox the successor of Quay, says:

While we can hardly regard the State engineers as guided by the exclusive desire to give the State the highest grade of Senator, they must be credited with the fact that for whatever motives they have selected a candidate who will put the Senatorial representation of the State on the highest plane of ability and character. In doing so they have advanced their standing with the best citizenship of the State.

Mr. Bryan, in the Commoner, takes the following characteristic view:

The fact that he was urged by Frick and Cassatt makes it plain that he is to be put in the Senate as a representative of the trusts, just as he has been their representative in the cabinet, and the fact that President Roosevelt is glad to have him there is further evidence (if any further evidence were needed) that the President has no intention of interfering with the trusts.

The Minneapolis Tribune (Rep.), discusses the subject calmly in these words:

The President has had no more efficient aid in carrying out his public policies than the attorney-general. In order to help carry out these policies in the courts and before Congress, Mr. Knox had to break with the wealthy men and corporations whom he served through most of his professional life. The natural supposition was that he must have broken at the same time with the practical politicians who share with rich men and corporations the control of Pennsylvania politics. That is what makes his choice for senator to succeed Quay a little remarkable. But it was not a choice of the first intention. The men who controlled Pennsylvania politics turned to Mr. Knox only as a last resort, because they could not agree among themselves and feared the success of a man they thought more undesirable. It is an interesting question whether he will give new color and meaning to the politics of the State, alter his public views and standards to those that have prevailed in its politics, or be retired quietly at the end of Senator Quay's term.

Books on Vital Issues

American Imperialism*

MR. Colquhoun brings to his elaborate discussion of our American imperialism a profound acquaintance with many elements of the problem and a brilliant reputation for success hitherto in dealing with problems of a similar character whose bearing on our own is not imaginary or remote. One thing is sure—he has written a very interesting book. We may resent its criticisms, we may hold back from his conclusions, but we are bound to be impressed with the force and spirit of his work and with the sobriety of many of his particular judgments. There is a difference in imperialists, as in deacons, and those who are least attracted to his general conception of the duty of the strong nations to coerce and assimilate the weak will find much to approve in the manner in which this conception is developed and applied. A gross appetite for fulsome praise of everything American will not be satisfied with the feast that Mr. Colquhoun has spread. There are more "bitter herbs" than "jellies smoother than the creamy curd." It is his opinion that "a nation imbued with so many elements of greatness as the Americans, and with so large a measure of success behind them, needs criticism far more than lesser people," and this he endeavors to supply. The details of his criticism will be extremely offensive to "patriotism" of a familiar type.

Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Colquhoun "predicted the shifting of the center of gravity of world affairs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." Ten years later he "embodied the same idea in a book which urged the cutting of an Isthmian Canal under American auspices." To-day we see his prediction coming true—Russia and Japan engaged in a tremendous struggle, America's part in which may have to be taken in some sort before long. The initial chapter is a study of the racial constituents

of the American people, which is remarkable for its understanding of things commonly ignored among us. "The race fusion of which Americans speak with pride has not been a constant assimilation of all elements to the American type but the steady modification of that type by fresh elements." There is no lack of frankness in Mr. Colquhoun's recommendation of the way which seems to him the best that we can take, especially in view of the color with which the negro darkens the problem: "If the American would acknowledge freely and honestly the break-down of the democratic system, would accept his position as the dominant factor in a great republican empire, would cease to endeavor to square his theory with his practice, he might still advance along the paths of progress, might achieve the freest and most liberal form of government, but would still not be debarred from dealing justly with alien and subject races." Yet there is no easy condonation of the treatment at present meted out to the negro in America, North or South. "The exhibition of the strongest civic virtues, the highest talents and the most disinterested ambition do not secure a negro in America from treatment which the humblest subject of the British crown, black or brown, might resent."

The American imperialist will take much comfort in the chapter which represents the career of the United States from the first as "one of masterful, irresistible expansion, not for lack of space or opportunity at home, but because of sheer force, initiative and nervous energy." The Civil War called a halt to this advance, but during the last decade it has been resumed and pushed to Oriental bounds. The situation thus created means that "it is in the direction in which she has been least successful in the past that much of America's energy must be expended in the future," if she is to insure to her weaker peoples "that stability, progress, and general prosperity which it should be the aim of every strong people to bestow upon the weaker ones" subject to their control.

*GREATER AMERICA. By Archibald R. Colquhoun, author of "Overland to China," "Russia Against India," "China in Transformation," etc. With maps. Harper & Brothers, publishers, London and New York. \$2.50.

A brace of chapters on "Pacific Expansion" brings us close home to our status in the Philippines. Neither the imperialist nor the anti-imperialist will find these chapters pleasant reading. Mr. Colquhoun has little patience with the latter. He considers him a marplot, making the work of Philippine regimentation more difficult than it should have been. The concessions made to the anti-imperialist, he considers some of the worst mistakes made by our Philippine government. But it has made many others, and even Governor Taft's account of Philippine conditions is "red and rosier red" in comparison with Mr. Colquhoun's pitiless depreciation of the results so far achieved. "There have been displayed by American officials in the Philippines a devotion, ability, and disinterestedness which reflect the highest honor on themselves and their country; but the conditions under which they held office, and, above all, the demands made on them by public opinion in America, have seriously hampered them in constructive work. "What was wanted was less idealism and more common-sense—a curious criticism to make on American achievements, but nevertheless true. If the average American could see in the expansion of his race its true significance, if he could rid himself of the idea that he alone possesses the touch-stone of freedom, if he were less concerned with the ethics of government and more with its practical justice and incorruptibility—if, in fact, he ceased to masquerade as the apostle of liberty and were content to appear simply as a peace-and-order-loving Anglo-Saxon, he would immensely simplify the task he has set himself."

Incidental to this general accusation, there is a good deal of criticism and comment that deserves serious attention. The exclusion of the Chinese is condemned as a palpable injury to the prosperity of the islands; so, too, is the prevention of Trust combinations. "American capitalists no longer care for the smaller forms of enterprise; nor are the conditions favorable to these. . . . There is no place in modern America for anything small or modest."

A chapter on "The Cubans and their American Friends" makes considerable deductions from the lofty praise with which we have celebrated our treatment of Cuba. As for the future of the island, "one thing is certain—without American energy and capital Cuba cannot be developed, and with-

out the fullest share of reciprocity and a secure and stable government, this capital will not be invested in the island to any appreciable extent." Mr. Colquhoun cordially accepts what he calls "the sordid American view, that, "finding her position becoming more embarrassed and confused, Cuba will herself ere long ask for incorporation as a State in the American Union." "There is at least one section, whose voice is unheard, who would bitterly resent incorporation—the negroes." Should Palma "yield to economic pressure and decide to ask for admission to the Union, he will earn eternal obloquy from a large section of his countrymen and will probably witness again the horrors of war. Under whatever circumstances, it is hard to see how the farce of Cuban independence can be prolonged much further."

But the American imperialist who "wants the earth" will get scant encouragement from Mr. Colquhoun as he goes on to consider what our chances are of annexing other islands of the Caribbean Sea and other portions of the Western Continent besides those already ours. The economical and strategical changes that will result from the completion of the Isthmian Canal are eloquently described and the prospects of our absorbing more territory in North and South America are considered carefully. The view of these prospects is distinctly minimizing. We are not to expect much more insular addition from the Caribbean archipelago, nor much, if any, from South America, nor the annexation of Canada. Our economic policy is doing "its level best" to discourage Canadian sympathy, yet at this point Mr. Colquhoun's British courage is kept up only by the loudest whistling, and his arguments are nowhere else so little convincing as they are here. A few years of generous reciprocity, aided by the rush of American settlers into Western Canada, would give his thoughts a very different flow. Little remains for us to absorb but Mexico and the Central American States, with their alien populations that would be a fresh menace to our democratic homogeneity. "It is a foolish ebullition of spread-eagleism which insists on the unbounded sovereignty of the United States on the Western hemisphere. A great nation is never greater than when it recognizes its true limitations, and the United States has to strain herself to the utmost to be successful in what she has already undertaken."

Such a deliverance may be very shocking to the complacency of the typical imperialist, but the chapters, "How Greater America Is Governed," "Americans in the Tropics," "Problems of Expansion," "Civil-service Reform: the Employment of Natives" show that Mr. Colquhoun does not reckon without a host of actual difficulties pressing for a solution in the conduct of our imperial régime. He is absolutely regardless of the sensibility of such politicians as Mr. Grosvenor in his insistence that an efficient civil service, divorced from politics and patronage, is the *sine qua non* of our successful government of the Philippines and other insular or remote dependencies. The apologists who would fain persuade themselves that we are "from seeming evil still educating good" in our Malayan possessions point with special pride to the organization of the civil service in the Philippines. It is Mr. Colquhoun's chilling and yet confident persuasion that the system has many serious defects. It furnishes no sufficient attraction to men who might be tempted by good pay, regular furloughs, and the prospect of a pension for their premature old age. It multiplies unduly examinations for petty posts and the details of clerical work. It confuses the functions of the civil-service board, which unites, as it should not, the offices of examination and appointment. Lastly, the staff of officials has too little permanence, character, and superiority to political influence.

The Isthmian Canal will precipitate us on fresh problems. "There will certainly be a great drain on the negro population of the West Indies both for the work of construction on the canal and for police duties." "But the West Indian negro will require different treatment and handling to that usually meted out by Americans to negroes.

. . . It is again the question of a high class of officers. In every part of our own empire we have found this to be the case, and it has come to be idiomatic with us that it takes a gentleman to deal with 'niggers.' Only by the very best can Greater America be worthily served."

An elaborate chapter, "Asia in Transformation," deals with matters that are now more engrossing to the student of world-politics than any other in the public view. "Asia in Transformation," we are told, "is synonymous with the expansion of Russia." The history and potentiality of this expan-

sion are set forth in a luminous and striking manner. "Great as has been her material progress, she remains to this day a semi-civilized giant." Simultaneously with the expansion of Russia there has been a transformation of conditions in the Pacific Ocean. Some brilliant pages are devoted to the day of the American "clippers" and the heroic measures adopted by Great Britain to offset their daring rivalry. "The second period of America's activity in the Pacific has led her back to contend once more, on very different terms, for the markets of the Far East." New factors of tremendous energy are now present on the scene, expanding Russia and reborn Japan. Mr. Colquhoun's sympathies are undisguisedly with the island nation. Meantime, "the worst thing that can happen to China, the dismemberment which began on the last occasion of conflict in the Far East, seems once more possible, unless Japan is successful in putting an end to Russian ambitions. . . . Neither Britain nor the United States lifted up their voices against the brutal crushing of Finland, but in the case of Japan there are not only sentimental or moral grounds, but more solid ones, which could be made the basis of at least remonstrance." (Notice that with Mr. Colquhoun the "more solid grounds" are never moral but industrial and commercial.) In her fury of expansion, Russia has the tacit sympathy of Germany and can count on the neutrality of France. It is Mr. Colquhoun's fixed opinion that England and America are bound alike by their interests and sentiments to sympathize with Japan and, if necessary, to interfere on her behalf. For Russia's sake, as well as for Japan's, this is a thing to be desired. "Her friends wish that Russia might cease to be hag-ridden by destiny, which she believes, with Oriental fatalism, points her on to the subjection of Asia." A concluding chapter deals with our foreign relations, special attention being paid to those with Germany. But the climactic emphasis is on the demand for an Anglo-American alliance, "not, perhaps, an actual paper treaty, but a strong and tangible yet unwritten bond." Great Britain would profit much by such an alliance; America is much or more, Colquhoun *judice*.

Mr. Colquhoun's book can be read to the last page without flagging interest. It is, however, vitiated by his truly British confidence that there is no way but England's

way of doing the right thing, by his contempt for political idealism, by his assurance that the best way to teach a boy to swim is to keep him on dry land. And while he applauds our American imperialism, the sincerity and courage with which he declares its difficulties and defects, and confesses its oppugnancy to our traditional standards and ideals, are convincing of something

quite different from that which he deliberately exalts; namely, that a more excellent way would have been for us to content ourselves with the continental integrity of our territorial expanse, making that the scene of a consistent realization of a democratic polity affording equal rights to citizens of every color, speech, and race.

John White Chadwick.

Russia, Her Strength and Her Weakness.*

THE eyes of the civilized, and possibly those of the uncivilized, world have for some months been fixed upon the war between Russia and Japan. A large nation, occupying one-sixth of the earth's land-surface, with a population of 130,000,000, was attacked by one with a territory of only about an eightieth of the size, and a population but little over one-third. It is difficult, at this stage of affairs, to forecast the issue, but it is, nevertheless, true that the smaller nation, barely, as yet, allowed a rank among the great ones of the world, has for months been able to inflict defeat and humiliation upon her greater rival.

The spectacle must have set people thinking about the real condition of Russia, to whom has, for years, been accorded the position of one of the mightiest governments on earth. It is, therefore, opportune that "Russia, Her Strength and Her Weakness," by Wolf von Schierbrand, has appeared.

Time was when "a brilliant court, a large army, and the total subjection of every class of the people were necessary to enable Russia to play the rôle of a great power." These three things exist still, but we judge of national greatness by a very different standard to-day, and such a standard as every great nation, except Russia, would call for. Mr. von Schierbrand is able to apply from a close study of and intimate acquaintance with Russian conditions. In addition to what is evidently very careful personal observation, the author appeals to statistics and available reports and state-papers; and, although the conclusions are damaging to Russian prestige, the reasoning is clearly impartial.

The arrangement of the book is such as to render it conveniently useful to the student of political history. The writer begins with

a short account of the phenomenal expansion of Russia from the time of Peter the Great, comparing and contrasting it with that of the United States. This expansion has been one of aggression solely, until lately. "The century (the nineteenth) was drawing towards its close when Russia, for the first and only time, drew the sword for the safeguarding of important and tangible interests. And the twentieth century had opened when, at the Boxer risings in China, she stood shoulder to shoulder with the other great powers of the world, though again isolated from them both by material and moral considerations. Out of that conflict, indirectly, grew the war with Japan."

The author then proceeds to discuss Russia as a world-power, and concludes that, while the enormous extent of its dominion may be a source of strength, its weakness lies in the deficiency of means of communication, in the want of homogeneity in its population, in differences of religion, and in race-strife; in the lack of enterprise and steadiness of energy in the native Russian, in the rotten state of its finances, and in the absence of sound principles of industrial and agricultural development. Each of these points is made the subject of close study in various chapters. Then are added two chapters, one on the evils of Russian Bureaucracy and the other on the Chief Reforms needed, and these are very able presentations of existing defects and possible future remedial measures.

The appearance of the volume has been spoken of as "opportune," but we would go further. To any one who desires to fully appreciate the position of Russia and the effect of the present struggle upon her position among the nations, nay, even upon the consideration which will be shown her in future developments of diplomacy and commerce, a study of the work is well-nigh imperative. Any close observer of the

*RUSSIA, HER STRENGTH AND HER WEAKNESS.
By Wolf von Schierbrand. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.60.

course of events during the last half-century, whether in the field of finance, of diplomacy, of internal government, or of the development of ideas of freedom and human progress, must often have been inclined to put his thoughts into such language as this of Mr. von Schierbrand: "The word of Napoleon I, *Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare* (Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar) was literally true, and, moreover, is true to-day. It was and is the make-believe, the sham, by which Russia has maintained her prestige toward the outer world. In the interior remains the old misery, the beggarly poverty, the corruption, the ignorance, the formal observance of Church dogma, the arbitrary power of the bureaucracy." And this is the result not of the will of the sovereign, peace-loving as he is but lacking in self-assertion and confidence in his people, but of ministers who desire an exhibition of so-called greatness.

Whatever may be the final outcome of the Russo-Japanese War, it is certain that Russia has lost her prestige which she gained when she drove Napoleon I from her borders, and that, curiously enough, history is "repeating itself" in reproducing a modern instance of disaster following an advance beyond a reasonable distance from the base. Even if she is ultimately victorious over her small rival, it will take decades of prosperity to undo the consequences of her cupidity, and those decades must see a very different mode of procedure to that which the last three centuries have witnessed. The civilized world has grown beyond the stage of autocracy and bureaucracy. The strength of a people is not measured to-day by the strength of its battalions alone. Such, and much more, is the "moral" of "Russia, Her Strength and Her Weakness."

Robert Blight.

A Plea for the Simpler Life*

Fifteen years ago there was published a little book, unobtrusive in appearance and make-up, and treating of a subject which was then only casually mentioned by the general reader, but which lay close to the hearts of a thinking few. In the years that have followed, that subject has grown in importance in the minds of the multitude, and this present reprint of the original little brown book in enlarged and embellished shape is symbolic of the development and expansion of the ideas it upholds. Those ideas are, briefly speaking, the ideas of the average natural man who yearns to escape from the slavish work and artificial life of a city to the comparatively free work and natural life of the country. That this new cult has taken firm hold is shown not alone by the increasing number and popularity of publications devoted to the studies and pursuits of outdoor life, and by the "Nature Libraries" of leading publishers, but also, and even more to the point, by the actual move to the country and suburban homes of both the millionaire estate holders, and of the citizen of more modest income. Much is to be said of course, and truly, as a reason for this move, of the increasing expense of living in the city, of its discomforts and

perils even. The impelling motive, however, in the minds of a large percentage would, we believe, be found to be an increasing distaste for the contracted artificial over-strenuous life of the town, and a correspondingly increasing love for the freer, saner and simpler life of the country. It was such a motive that drove the author of the present work to take a step so radical as that of abandoning a fairly lucrative position as newspaper correspondent and miscellaneous writer in the town, in order to take up an untried and uncertain method of life in the country where he and his family might live "in the sunshine" a life that would give "bread and butter, and contentment, if not fortune."

"Life to the average man," says Mr. Hubert, "means hard, anxious work, with disappointment at the end, whereas it ought to mean pleasant work, with plenty of time for books and talk. There is something wrong about a system which condemns ninety-nine hundredths of the race to an existence as bare of intellectual activity and enjoyment as that of a horse, and with the added anxiety concerning the next month's rent. Is there no escape? Throughout years of hard toil I suspected that there might be such an escape. Now, having escaped, I am sure of it. So long as I can get

* LIBERTY AND A LIVING. By P. G. Hubert, Jr. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.20.

a house and garden for three dollars a week, so long as oatmeal is less than three cents a pound, so long as the fish bite and the cabbages grow, I shall keep out of the slavery of modern city existence. I shall live in God's sunshine and enjoy my children's prattle, my books and papers."

The author's early experiments in his attempt to flee the town are diverting chapters, indeed, and bring home the sorry truths of the comic illustrators of suburban life. These were tentative moves, however, and not until the ideal home was discovered at last on the south shore of Long Island, does the absorbing interest of the history begin. Here at last the author discovered the life for which he yearned—the three primal factors of which were to live in the sunshine, to enjoy his family, and to lead the intellectual life of books and papers and music along with that of the daily physical life of gaining a living. What this life was in detail the reader may learn for himself from the book—a pleasure of which we would not deprive him. We may, however, enjoy the privilege of suggesting at least what lies in store by saying that one chapter is called "My Bees;" another "We Go a-Fishing;" a third "My Garden," and a fourth—subtle

thought of summer bloom and winter blaze—"Dead Trees Love the Fire."

The book is in short an appeal to the man imprisoned in city life to come out and live the free life of the natural man in God's country, and however visionary and Utopian the author's scheme of living may appear to the hardheaded business man, he cannot truthfully be charged with blind and fatuous enthusiasm. He states clearly the dangers of cutting loose from town drudgery; he foresees and fore-answers the arguments of his critics; he draws a truthful picture of the family life on his farm day by day, summer and winter; he declares fairly what he loses and what he gains; and even forewarns the reader of inflammable mind not to catch fire too quickly, unless—and here is the great If for every one who inwardly dreams of such an existence—he possesses "an uncommon capacity for enjoyment in nature, books, and very simple living." With these qualifications as a safeguard against the inevitable dulling effect of ordinary life on a farm, the tired city slave need not fear to flee for refuge to Mother Nature, and in a country home find the true joys of living denied to the "paddlers in the social slush."

S. A. C.

THE TWO TIDES

By Edith M. Thomas

CHILD, I beheld thee, one night, swept in by the Tide on this known shore of Being;
Naked thou wert, and unfain to be here, and thine eyes were averse to all seeing;
Bitter and small was thy first-uttered cry, and filled with unnamed desolation—
Thou, so encompassed by Love and by Joy in their marveling proud salutation!

Child, in thy turn, thou shalt see me, rapt by the refluent Tide swiftly flowing;
All sound shall be stopped from these lips save only the last sigh of breath in outgoing;
The face thou shalt watch will grow strange, the word thou wouldest hear—it shall not be
spoken!

Then shalt thou sweep the dim seas for a beacon, and storm the locked heavens for token!

O child, in that hour of the Ebb, left alone on the ignorant shore, crying, "Whither?"
I charge thee, Remember, naught didst thou know of the Tide that once brought thee
hither,

Loath to thine heritage—thou, the darling of Life, whom the banquet invited;
So much, and no more dost thou know, what awaiteth the outbound pilgrim benighted,
What sovereignty royal—what dream beatific fulfilled in Youth's restoration—
What galaxy crowding in welcome—what guest-rites—what marveling proud salutation!

Scribner's Magazine for July.

Cartoons upon Current Events



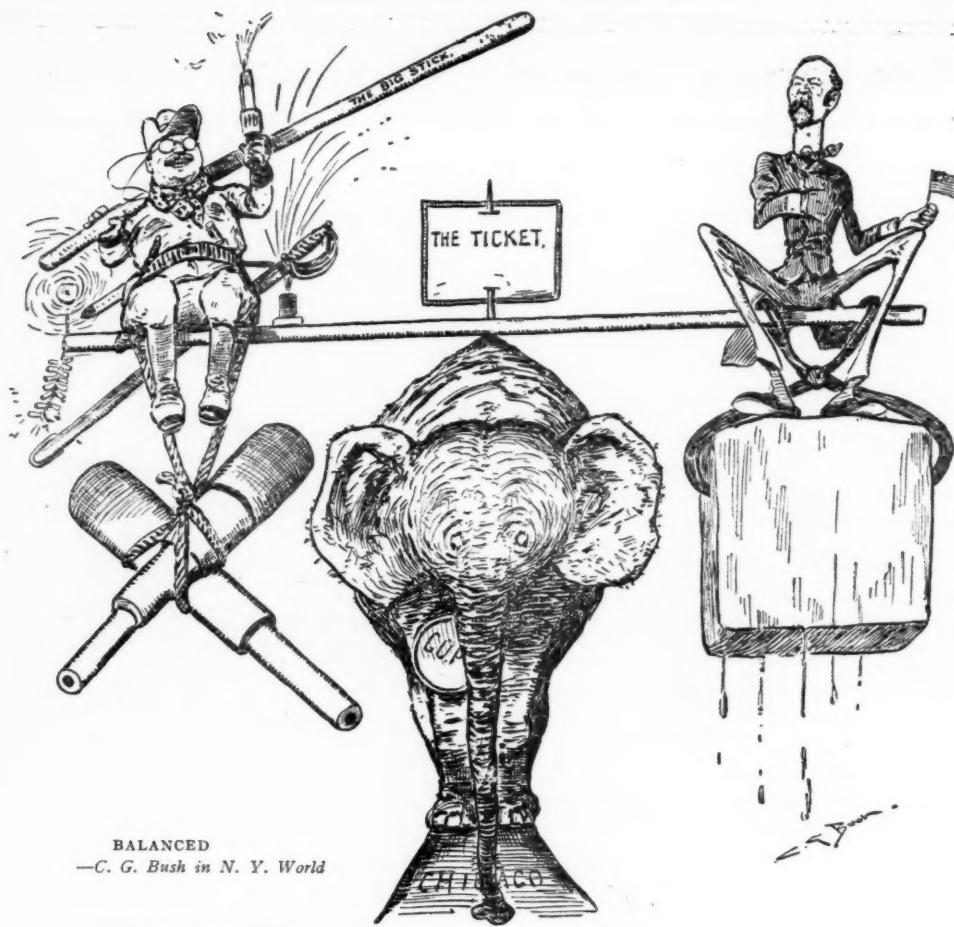
JAPAN, THE PHOTOGRAPHER: "DO YOU WISH A REAR VIEW OR——?"
 RUSSIA: "NO SIR, THIS IS ABOUT THE ATTITUDE I WISH TO BE TAKEN IN."
Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



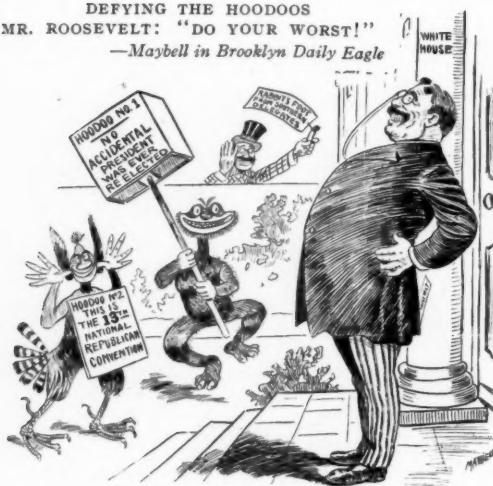
JIM BLUDSO
 —Ch. Nelan in New York Globe

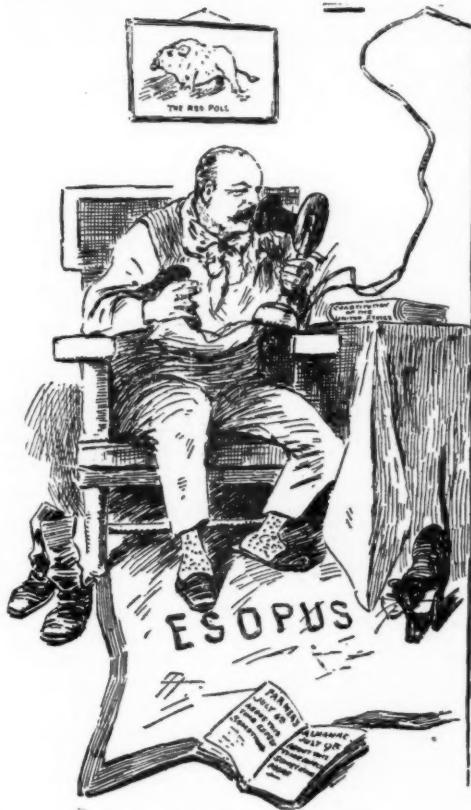
THE CRAB ADVANCES BACK WARD
 —Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle

CARTOONS UPON CURRENT EVENTS



DEFYING THE HOODOOS
MR. ROOSEVELT: "DO YOUR WORST!"
—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle





"YES, I HEARD YE, JUDGE!"
—C. G. Bush in N. Y. World



HOW TO TEST LIFE PRESERVERS.
—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle



SEASONABLE COSTUMES FOR AUTOMOBILES.
—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle

CARTOONS UPON CURRENT EVENTS



BETTER LOOK A LITTLE NEARER HOME, SAMUEL

—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

OUR NEW ADDRESS

—C. G. Bush in *N. Y. World*

ANOTHER SUFFERER.

JOHN BULL: "I SAY, I'M UP AGAINST A BLOOMIN' YELLOW PERIL, TOO!"

—Maybell in *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

People in the Foreground

Miriam
Michelson

Elsewhere in this issue we have reviewed, and reprinted a chapter from, "In the Bishop's Carriage," which takes high place among the leading works of fiction published during the last few months. The book and the author's name are much on the tongues of the reading public, and the personality of the author of so fresh and so promising a work is of interest to all who have enjoyed its pages.

If there be one among those who read this notice who hails from California let him "point with pride" to Miss Michelson, for she, too, is a native of the Golden State, and one of whom the State may well be proud. California has already made good in the literary world by sending out such writers from among her women as Gertrude Atherton, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins (Mrs. Emery Pottle), Geraldine Bonner, and now may be added the name of Miriam Michelson. Until the publication of "In the Bishop's Carriage," in the early spring, Miss Michelson's name was not a familiar one outside of journalistic circles, but with its appearance her name has at once been added to the list of those whose work will henceforth demand serious attention.

A long apprenticeship in the world of journalism has stood Miss Michelson in good stead in her preparation for authorship, and not many successful writers can look back upon such varied experiences as have fallen to her lot.

Miss Miriam Michelson comes of a family of newspaper people. She has both a brother and a brother-in-law on the editorial

staff of a New York paper. Her first work was done for "Arthur McEwen's Letter," a remarkable weekly published by her brother-in-law in San Francisco some years ago. After this she went into daily journalism in rather a special way, interviewing a murderer one week and Paderewski the next. She journeyed to Hawaii as a special correspondent for a San Francisco paper and to Kansas for a Philadelphia

one. The latter expedition was made when Mrs. Nation was at her zenith. Miss Michelson got up at five in the morning during a blizzard to accompany that strenuous lady on a smashing raid, being particularly favored with a "tip" to the exclusion of all other newspaper people. She "scooped" the newspaper world again by getting an interview with Mrs. Soffel in the hospital at the little town in Pennsylvania where the Biddle brothers were shot to death. All this while she was writing dramatic criticism of a very fearless and truth-telling sort for New

York and Philadelphia dailies. The newspaper work finally began to tell on her health, and she went abroad for an extensive tour. On her return to New York she wrote "In the Bishop's Carriage."

This novel had its germ in a short story published in Ainslee's Magazine about a year ago. It attracted the attention of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, and at their suggestion was developed and expanded. It is the first novel Miss Michelson has yet published. Her delightful fantasy in the February McClure's "Prince Roseleaf, and the Girl from Kansas," seems to embody



MIRIAM MICHELSON

results of her visits to the tomb of Napoleon and the home of Carrie Nation.

Miss Michelson has a sister who lives in San Francisco, and a brother who is head of the Department of Physics in the Uni-

of Dedham. His father, Loriston M. Fairbanks, was born in Vermont, but lived in Massachusetts, and emigrated thence to Ohio, and settled on the small farm near Unionville, where the subject of this sketch



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THE HONORABLE CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

versity of Chicago. She divides her time accordingly between California, Illinois and New York. Just at present she is in the far West.

**The Republican
Nominee for
Vice-President**

Charles Warren Fairbanks, the Republican vice-presidential nominee, was born on a farm, near Unionville Center, Union County, Ohio, in 1852. He is a direct descendant of Jonathan Fayerbanks, an Englishman, who came to Massachusetts in 1636, and settled in the village

was born. They were poor people—so poor, indeed, that the first cradle of the infant, Charles, was a sugar trough, hewn out of a log. The boy got such education as the neighboring country schools offered, and as he was of studious disposition he determined to go to college. As a lad on his father's farm he had learned to handle tools, and to do rough carpentering; and with this facility as his only means of paying his expenses, he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware. Odd jobs of carpentering and close economy, served to

keep him in college, and he graduated in 1872 with good standing, and with the reputation of being a young man of clear brain, sober mind and much quiet determination. Immediately after he graduated he began to study law, and in 1874 he was admitted to the Ohio bar. Soon afterward he removed to Indiana, and began to practise in Indianapolis, which has since been his home. His practice increased rapidly, and good fortune favored him, too, for it came about that Judge Gresham, who was then on the Federal bench, took an interest in the young lawyer and gave him much encouragement and assistance. In 1884, he had become actively interested in politics, and, although in 1893 he was defeated as the Republican caucus nominee for the United States Senate by David Turpie, the Democratic candidate, in 1896, and again in 1903, he was elected to the Senate. In 1896 Senator Fairbanks became politically conspicuous as an advocate of the nomination of McKinley, and he was sent to the St. Louis convention at the head of a solid delegation instructed for that candidate. He was temporary chairman of that convention, and was in good part responsible for the prominence given to the "sound money" issue of that campaign. In 1898 President McKinley appointed him a member, and he was afterward made chairman of the American and British Joint High Commission for the settlement of the Canadian controversy, and in 1900, at the Philadelphia convention, the Indiana delegation made plain their intention to present Mr. Fairbanks as a presidential nominee this year. It was evident that his supporters kept to this purpose up to the time of the elevation of Mr. Roosevelt to the presidency, and the obvious and rapid growth of his influence. And it is now understood that Mr. Fairbanks' friends are planning to present him as the presidential nominee in 1908.

Senator Fairbanks is a man of great wealth—a millionaire several times over, in fact. He has five children—a daughter, who is the wife of Ensign John W. Timmons, of the United States Navy, and four sons—Warren C., secretary of the Oliver Type-writer Company; Frederick C., a graduate of Princeton and now studying law in the Columbia Law School; Richard, who is in his third year at Yale, and Robert, who is preparing for Princeton at Phillips-Andover.

Doctor
Alice Luce

Doctor Alice Luce, or Miss Luce, as she is better known in this country, who has recently taken over the charge of the Willard School for Girls in Berlin, Germany, is peculiarly fitted for her position and work.

She is a graduate of Wellesley College, and was the first woman to take a degree at Heidelberg University. Upon her return from Germany, where she has spent several years, she was appointed Professor of English at Smith College, and later at Wellesley, at which latter college she received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Five years ago she was called to be the Dean of the Woman's Department of Oberlin College, which position she resigns this month, to take charge of the Willard School.

She is a woman of rare charm, apart from her intellectual ability, which is of the keenest and most brilliant calibre, and it is a satisfaction to know that America is to be represented in Berlin's social and mental life by such a fine type of our womanhood.

It is the chief aim of the Willard School to provide an attractive home for American girls who may wish to make foreign travel and an intimate acquaintance with foreign life take the place, wholly or in part, of a college course in America. In such a school, they may, for one or two years, share the life of a cultivated German home under the most favorable conditions. Here they may not only receive thorough training under native teachers in modern languages, in art, music, literature and history, but they may thus prepare themselves, in the most natural way, for intelligent travel. It is believed that such training is better suited to the needs of many girls than a college course. While naturally less inclusive, it is thorough in directions in which no American college can pretend to rival it. The obvious advantage of such an introduction to foreign life for young women of social aims need not be insisted upon.

The school is also suited to the needs of girls who are preparing themselves for an American college, and who wish to gain their preparation in modern languages abroad. Courses are therefore offered in all subjects required for entrance to the best colleges.

It is believed, moreover, that many an

American college student may profitably interrupt her work for a year to take, in such a school, special courses which shall be counted toward her collegiate degree. To this end, the school offers advanced as well as elementary courses, and even seminar courses under the most competent direction.

The life of the school is naturally conformed a far as possible to German customs, but all proper regard is paid to the peculiar

certain that in no other European capital could one or two years' residence be made educationally more profitable.

Albert
Bigelow
Paine

The distinction which attaches to the appointment as biographer and executor of the literary or artistic remains of a man who has done great work in the world, is almost as notable as doing great work one's self. The appointee shines, as it



DOCTOR ALICE LUCE

needs and tastes of American students. They have all the freedom and comfort that they could enjoy in any carefully guarded and generously ordered American home. The opera, the theater, concerts, art galleries, and special exhibitions are considered an important element in education, and are freely enjoyed by the students under proper supervision. In such advantages Berlin is peculiarly rich, and it is

were, with reflected glory. In the present instance, however, the executor had done considerable shining on his own account, for Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine was a well-known figure in the literary and journalistic world before he was appointed by the late Mr. Thomas Nast to set in order his papers and sketches. The rich field of reminiscence and anecdote afforded by these papers and the fine tact and judgment with which they

have been edited by Mr. Paine do not need to be pointed out to those who have been following the instalments of his work in "Pearson's Magazine" for the last four months. Incidentally in connection with these papers Mr. Paine has carried on an animated discussion in the newspapers with various correspondents who have as-

from his editorship of the League Department in "St. Nicholas," the work by which undoubtedly he would prefer most to be known and by which he is in fact best known is his numerous stories and magazine contributions. Of these perhaps the most familiar are "The Van Dwellers," and its sequel "The Commuters," recently pub-



ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

sailed his statement that Mr. Nast was the first artist to familiarize the people with the accepted figure of Santa Claus—a discussion which must have caused both Mr. Paine and his publishers to wink a merry eye.

Although Mr. Paine's name is familiar to many throughout the land from his former connection with the Children's Department of the New York Sunday Herald, and later

lished, both of which should be read by all would-be suburbanites as well as those who already carry a commutation ticket in their pockets.

The dominant note of Mr. Paine's work is cheerfulness and a constant look toward the bright side of things—in short, a joyous and breezy philosophy which one would do well to cultivate.

Dr. Wolf von Schierbrand Students of political science and of international relationships have found much to their liking during

the past year or two in the volumes published by Dr. Wolf von Schierbrand. A notice of one of his latest books, "Russia, Its Strength and Its Weakness," will be found in this issue of CURRENT LITERATURE in the department Books on Vital Issues.

Dr. Wolf von Schierbrand is descended from an ancient German family whose members have distinguished themselves in almost all the great events of their nation's history for many generations. He was born in Dresden in 1851. Having served in the German army throughout the Franco-German war, he came to the United States in 1872 and applied himself to journalistic work, in the course of which he formed connections with a number of prominent papers in New York, St. Louis and Chicago. In the year 1886 he went to Teheran, as secretary to General F. H. Winston, who had been appointed United States Minister to Persia.

For a term of seven years, beginning in 1894, Mr. von Schierbrand was the chief correspondent in Berlin for the Associated

Press and also the special correspondent of the New York Evening Post. He entertained pleasant personal relations with the ex-Chancellors, Prince Bismarck and Count Caprivi, as well as with their successors, Prince Hohenlohe and Count Bülow. An article in "The Century" of May, 1902, gave the substance of some interesting conversations held with these statesmen, several of the topics of peculiar interest to Americans.

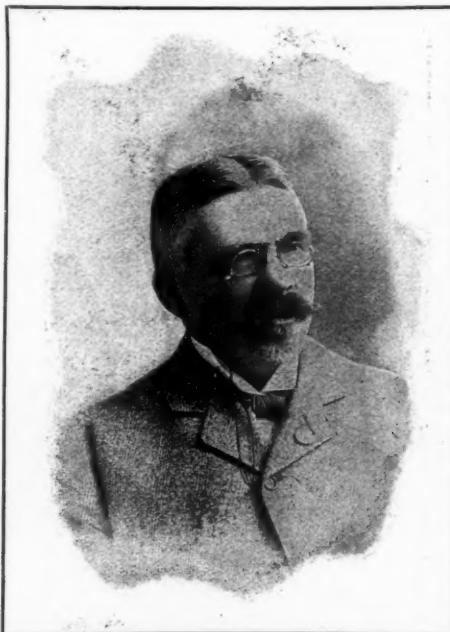
While in St. Petersburg, Prince Ukhtomsky (recently on a visit to this country), seriously maintained in conversation with Dr. von Schierbrand, the advisability and

feasibility of once more depriving the Russian peasantry of freedom and plunging them back into serfdom. "Our peasants don't know what to do with their liberty," Prince Ukhtomsky said on that occasion, "and will feel much happier in their old relations."

During this period he met continually and knew well personages high in all departments of the government. The vigor and directness of his letters and articles, and his courageous criticism of the government and the Emperor himself finally led to his leaving Germany. Dr. von Schierbrand is now a resident of New York City.

Interviewing [the Chancellor of the German Empire in his night-shirt is a thing which, in its way, is probably unique. Mr. von Schierbrand once did it. It was in the fall of 1894, at a late hour of the very day when General Count Caprivi, then the controlling statesman of Germany, had, after a stormy meeting with the young Kaiser, handed in his resignation. Mr. von Schierbrand, in his capacity as correspondent of the Associated Press, had heard the news during the evening, and at ten o'clock presented himself at the Palace of the Chancellor. The silver-haired valet was doubt-

ful, but the American journalist, used to direct methods, prevailed upon him, by something by which in the gleaming fitful glare of a lantern looked suspiciously like a gleaming gold coin, to take the visitor's card to his master who, at once in his debonair and soldier way, shouted through the half-open door: "Come in, come in." And, nothing loth, the visitor followed the invitation. In his bedroom, just on the point of retiring for the night, he found General Caprivi in his night-shirt. A spirited interview ensued which, an hour later, was flashing across the Atlantic.



DR. WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND

In the Bishop's Carriage

NANCE OLDEN is a refreshing person to meet in these days of conventional heroines of fiction and the drama. She is the wholly unconventional heroine of "In The Bishop's Carriage," one of the cleverest books of the season, which, from start to finish, never gives the reader a dull moment. On the contrary, she is continuously and unvaryingly interesting and, at times, startling. For the vivacious young woman is nothing more nor less than a clever thief who, in the opening of the story, is exploiting with one, Tom Dorgan, as pal and partner.

The first half of the book is taken up with the varied experiences of these two in "working" an unsuspecting community, and it is upon this portion of the story that the critical reader's appreciation will be best bestowed. For one cannot help admiring the author's ingenuities of plot and counterplot and the imagined experiences in the world of "crooks" which hold the reader's attention by their realism, but which would in all probability make a real "crook" grin. Indeed, there is a delightful femininity about both the author's point of view and about the heroine, which suggests the swaggerings and bombast of a sweet girl graduate in her college play. One feels that it is far from being the real thing, but that it is most cleverly imagined, and that one would not have it otherwise.

With the imprisonment of Tom Dorgan, after one of their raids, begins a new exist-

ence for Nance who, in a perilous moment, discovers, or rather, has discovered for her, a talent for acting, which turns the stormy current of her life and brings it eventually into happy quiet waters by a pretty romance which is better left for our readers to discover for themselves. Incidentally, this episode throws a strong light upon the life of the stage and upon the inner workings of theatrical syndicates of which the author has had opportunities for close observation during her journalistic career. In fact, the chief characters of the theatrical world to whom we are introduced are but thinly veiled sketches of easily recognizable personages of more or less prominence.

The author's style, determined for her in a way by the social status of her heroine who relates the story herself, is crisp and concise, and never relapses from a sustained tone of vivacity and good humor. Miss Olden skates perilously near thin ice in spots, but it is to the author's credit that good taste is never affronted and difficult situations are handled with tact and skill. Nance must surely have been of Irish extraction, for from no less warm-hearted and impulsive a race could her laughter, her tears, and her quick wit have sprung.

She is a charming girl masquerading as a "crook" and, however boldly she may bluster, the discerning reader detects through the disguise the charm of gentle womanliness.

S. A. C.

[We have, with permission of the publishers, reprinted below the first chapter of the story, which, in justice to the author be it stated, has necessarily been subjected to editorial condensation. A notice of Miss Michelson and her portrait is printed in the department, People in the Foreground, in this issue.]

A Chapter from "In the Bishop's Carriage."* By Miriam Michelson

When the thing was at its hottest, I bolted. Tom, like the darling he is—(Yes, you are, old fellow, you're as precious to me as—as you are to the police—if they could only

get their hands on you)—well, Tom drew off the crowd, having passed the old gentleman's watch to me, and I made for the women's rooms.

The station was crowded, as it always is in the afternoon, and in a minute I was strolling into the big, square room, saying slowly to myself to keep me steady:

*IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE. By Miriam Michelson. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. \$1.50. Copyright 1903, by Miriam Michelson. Copyright 1904, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"Nancy, you're a college girl—just in from Bryn Mawr to meet your papa. Just see if your hat's on straight."

I did, going up to the big glass and looking beyond my excited face to the room behind me. There sat the woman who can never nurse her baby except where everybody can see her, in a railroad station. There was the woman who's always hungry, nibbling chocolates out of a box; and the woman fallen asleep, with her hat on the side, and hairpins dropping out of her hair; and the woman who's beside herself with fear that she'll miss her train; and the woman who is taking notes about the other women's rigs. And—

And I didn't like the look of that man with the cap who opened the swinging door a bit and peeped in. The women's waiting-room is no place for a man—nor for a girl who's got somebody else's watch inside her waist. Luckily, my back was toward him, but just as the door swung back he might have caught the reflection of my face in a mirror hanging opposite to the big one.

I retreated, going to an inner room where the ladies were having the maid brush their gowns, soiled from suburban travel and the dirty station.

The deuce is in it the way women stare. I took off my hat and jacket for a reason to stay there, and hung them up as leisurely as I could.

"Nance," I said under my breath, to the alert-eyed, pug-nosed girl in the mirror, who gave a quick glance about the room as I bent to wash my hands, "women stare 'cause they're women. There's no meaning in their look. If they were men, now, you might twitter."

I smoothed my hair and reached out my hand to get my hat and jacket when—when—

Oh, it was long; long enough to cover you from your chin to your heels! It was a dark, warm red, and it had a high collar of chinchilla that was fairly scrumptious. And just above it the hat hung, a red-cloth toque caught up on the side with some of the same fur.

The black maid misunderstood my involuntary gesture. I had all my best duds on, and when a lot of women stare it makes the woman they stare at peacock naturally, and—and—well, ask Tom what he thinks of my style when I'm on parade. At any rate, it was the maid's fault. She took down

the coat and hat and held them for me as though they were mine. What could I do, 'cept just slip into the silk-lined beauty and set the toque on my head. The fool girl that owned them was having another maid mend a tear in her skirt, over in the corner; the little place was crowded. Anyway, I had both the coat and hat on and was out into the big anteroom in a jiffy.

What nearly wrecked me was the cut of that coat. It positively made me shiver with pleasure when I passed and saw myself in that long mirror. My, but I was great! The hang of that coat, the long, incurving sweep in the back, and the high fur collar up to one's nose—even if it is a turned-up nose—oh!

I stayed and looked a second too long, for just as I was pulling the flaring hat a bit over my face, the doors swung, as an old lady came in, and there behind her was that same curious man's face with the cap above it.

Trapped? Me? Not much! I didn't wait a minute, but threw the doors open with a gesture that might have belonged to the Queen of Spain. I almost ran to his arms. He gave an exclamation. I looked him straight in the eyes, as I hooked the collar close to my throat, and swept past him.

He weakened. That coat was too jolly much for him. It was for me, too. As I ran down the stairs, its influence so worked on me that I didn't know just which Vanderbilt I was.

I got out on the sidewalk all right, and was just about to take a car when the turnstile swung round, and there was that same man with the cap. His face was a funny mixture of doubt and determination. But it meant the Correction for me.

"Nance Olden, it's over," I said to myself.

But it wasn't. For it was then that I caught sight of the carriage. It was a fat, low, comfortable, elegant, sober carriage, wide and well kept, with rubber-tired wheels. And the two heavy horses were fat and elegant and sober, too, and wide and well-kept. I didn't know it was the Bishop's then—I didn't care whose it was. It was empty, and it was mine. I'd rather go to the Correction—being too young to get to the place you're bound for, Tom Dorgan—in it than in the patrol wagon. At any rate, it was all the chance I had.

I slipped in, closing the door sharply be-

hind me. The man on the box—he was wide and well-kept, too—was tired of waiting, I suppose, for he continued to doze gently, his high coachman's collar up over his ears. I cursed that collar, which had prevented his hearing the door close, for then he might have driven off.

But it was great inside: soft and warm, the cushions of dark plum, the seat wide and roomy, a church paper, some notes for the Bishop's next sermon and a copy of *Quo Vadis*. I just snuggled down, trust me. I leaned far back and lay low. When I did peek out the window, I saw the man with the brass buttons and the cap turning to go inside again.

Victory! He had lost the scent. Who would look for Nancy Olden in the Bishop's carriage?

First thing I knew, I was dreaming you and I were being married, and you had brass buttons all over you, and I had the cloak all right, but it was a wedding-dress, and the chinchilla was a wormy sort of orange blossoms, and—and I waked when the handle of the door turned and the Bishop got in.

Asleep? That's what! I'd actually been asleep.

And what did I do now?

That's easy—fell asleep again. There wasn't anything else to do. Not really asleep this time, you know; just, just asleep enough to be wide awake to any chance there was in it.

The horses had started, and the carriage was half-way across the street before the Bishop noticed me.

He was a little Bishop, not big and fat and well-kept like the rig, but short and lean, with a little white beard and the softest eye—and the softest heart—and the softest head. Just listen.

"Lord bless me!" he exclaimed, hurriedly putting on his spectacles, and looking about bewildered.

I was slumbering sweetly in the corner, but I could see between my lashes that he thought he'd jumped into somebody else's carriage.

The sight of his books and his papers comforted him, though, and before he could make

a resolution, I let the jolting of the carriage, as it crossed the car-track, throw me gently against him.

"Daddy," I murmured sleepily, letting my head rest on his little, prim shoulder.



NANCY AND THE BISHOP

That comforted him, too. Hush your laughing, Tom Dorgan; I mean calling him "daddy" seemed to kind of take the cuss off the situation.

"My child," he began very gently.

"Oh, daddy," I exclaimed, snuggling down close to him, "you kept me waiting so long I went to sleep. I thought you'd never come."

He put his arm about my shoulders in a fatherly way. You know, I found out later

the Bishop never had had a daughter. I guess he thought he had one now. Such a simple dear old soul! Just the same, Tom Dorgan, if he had been my father, I'd never be doing stunts with tipsy men's watches for you; nor if I'd had any father. Now, don't get mad. Think of the Bishop with his gentle, thin old arm about my shoulders, holding me for just a second as though I was his daughter! My, think of it! And me, Nance Olden, with that fat man's watch in my waist and some girl's beautiful long coat and hat on, all covered with chinchilla!

"There's some mistake, my little girl," he said, shaking me gently to wake me up, for I was going to sleep again, he feared.

"Oh, I knew you were kept at the office," I interrupted quickly. I preferred to be farther from the station with that girl's red coat before I got out. "We've missed our train, anyway, haven't we? After this daddy dear, let's not take this route. If we'd go straight through on the one road, we wouldn't have this drive across town every time. I was wondering, before I fell asleep, what in the world I'd do in this big city if you didn't come."

He forgot to withdraw his arm, so occupied was he by my predicament.

"What would you do, my child, if you had—had missed your—your father?"

Wasn't it clumsy of him? He wanted to break it to me gently, and this was the best he could do.

"What would I do?" I gasped indignantly. "Why, daddy, imagine me alone, and—and without money! Why—why, how can you—"

"There! there!" he said, patting me soothingly on the shoulder.

That baby of a Bishop! The very thought of Nancy Olden out alone in the streets was too much for him.

He had put his free hand into his pocket and had just taken out a bill and was trying to plan a way to offer it to me and reveal the fact to poor, modest little Nancy Olden that he was not her own daddy, when an awful thing happened.

We had got up street as far as the opera-house, when we were caught in a jam of carriages in front; the last afternoon opera of the season was just over. I was so busy thinking what would be my next move that I didn't notice much outside—and I didn't want to move, Tom, not a bit. Playing the Bishop's daughter in a trailing coat of

red, trimmed with chinchilla, is just your Nancy's graft. But the dear little Bishop gave a jump that almost knocked the roof off the carriage, pulled his arm from behind me and dropped the ten-dollar bill he held as though it burned him. It fell in my lap. I jammed it into my coat-pocket. Where is it now? Just you wait, Tom Dorgan, and you'll find out.

I followed the Bishop's eyes. His face was scarlet now. Right next to our carriage—mine and the Bishop's—there was another; not quite so fat and heavy and big, but smart, I tell you, with the silver harness jangling and the horses arching their backs under their blue-cloth jackets monogrammed in leather. All the same, I couldn't see anything to cause a loving father to let go his onliest daughter in such a hurry, till the old lady inside bent forward again and gave us another look.

Her face told it then. It was a big, smooth face, with accordion-plaited chins. Her hair was white and her nose was curved, and the pearls in her big ears brought out every ugly spot on her face. Her lips were thin, and her neck, hung with diamonds, looked like a bed with bolsters and pillows piled high, and her eyes—oh, Tom, her eyes! They were little and very gray, and they bored their way straight through the windows—hers and ours—and hit the Bishop plumb in the face.

My, if I could only have laughed! The Bishop, the dear, prim little Bishop in his own carriage, with his arm about a young woman in red and chinchilla, offering her a bank-note, and Mrs. Dowager Diamonds, her eyes popping out of her head at the sight, and she one of the lady pillars of his church—oh, Tom! it took all of this to make that poor innocent next to me realize how he looked in her eyes.

But you see it was over in a minute. The carriage wheels were unlocked, and the blue coupé went whirling away, and we in the plum-cushioned carriage followed slowly.

I decided that I'd had enough. Now and here in the middle of all these carriages was a bully good time and place for me to get away. I turned to the Bishop. He was blushing like a boy. I blushed, too. Yes, I did, Tom Dorgan, but it was because I was bursting with laughter.

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed in sudden dismay. "You're not my father."

"No—no, my dear, I—I'm not," he

stammered, his face purple now with embarrassment. "I was just trying to tell you, you poor little girl, of your mistake and planning a way to help you, when—"

He made a gesture of despair toward the side where the coupé had been.

I covered my face with my hands, and shrinking over into the corner, I cried:

"Let me out! let me out! You're not my father. Oh, let me out!"

"Why, certainly, child. But I'm old enough, surely, to be, and I wish—I wish I were."

"You do!"

The dignity and tenderness and courtesy in his voice sort of sobered me. But all at once I remembered the face of Mrs. Dowager Diamonds, and I understood.

"Oh, because of her," I said, smiling and pointing to the side where the coupé had been.

My, but it was a rotten bad move! I ought to have been strapped for it. Oh, Tom, Tom, it takes more'n a red coat with chinchilla to make a black-hearted thing like me into the girl he thought I was.

He stiffened and sat up like a prim little schoolboy, his soft eyes hurt like a dog's that's been wounded.

I won't tell you what I did then. No, I won't. And you won't understand, but just that minute I cared more for what he thought of me than whether I got to the Correction or anywhere else.

It made us friends in a minute, and when he stopped the carriage to let me out, my hand was still in his. But I wouldn't go. I'd made up my mind to see him out of his part of the scrape, and first thing you know we were driving up toward the Square, if you please, to Mrs. Dowager Diamonds' house.

He thought it was his scheme, the poor lamb, to put me in her charge till my lost daddy could send for me. He'd no more idea that I was steering him toward her, that he was doing the only thing possible, the only square thing by his reputation, than he had that Nance Olden had been raised by the Cruelty, and then flung herself away on the first handsome Irish boy she met.

That'll do, Tom.

Girls, if you could have seen Mrs. Dowager Diamonds' face when she came down the stairs, the Bishop's card in her hand, and into the gorgeous parlor, it'd have been as good as a front seat at the show.

She was mad, and she was curious, and she was amazed, and she was disarmed; for the very nerve of his bringing me to her staggered her so that she could hardly believe she'd seen what she had.

"My dear Mrs. Ramsey," he began, confused a bit by his remembrance of how her face had looked fifteen minutes before, "I bring to you an unfortunate child, who mistook my carriage for her father's this afternoon at the staiton. She is a college girl, a stranger in town, and till her father claims her—"

Oh, the baby! the baby! She was stiffening like a rod before his very eyes. How did his words explain his having his arm round the unfortunate child? His conscience was so clean that the dear little man actually overlooked the fact that it wasn't my presence in the carriage, but his conduct there that had excited Mrs. Dowager Diamonds.

And didn't the story sound thin? I tell you, Tom, when it comes to lying to a woman you've got to think up something stronger than it takes to make a man believe in you—if you happen to be female yourself.

I didn't wait for him to finish, but waltzed right in. "Oh, mummy, you don't know how good it feels to get home. Out there at that awful college, studying and studying and studying, sometimes I thought I'd lose my senses. There's a girl out there now suffering from nervous prostration. She worked so hard preparing for the mid-years. What's her name? I can't think—I can't think, my head's so tired. But it sounds like mine, a lot like mine. Once—I think it was yesterday—I thought it was mine, and I made up my mind suddenly to come right home and bring it with me. But it can't be mine, can it? It can't be my name she's got. It can't be, mummy, say it can't, say it can't!"

Tom, I ought to have gone on the stage. I'll go yet, when you're sent up some day. Yes, I will. You'll be where you can't stop me.

I couldn't see the Bishop, but the Dowager—oh, I'd got her. Not so bad an old body, either, if you only take her the right way. First, she was suspicious, and then she was scared. And then, bit by bit, the stiffness melted out of her, her arms came up about me, and there I was, lying all comfy, with the diamonds on her neck boring rosettes in my cheeks, and she a-sniffing over me and patting me and telling me not

to get excited, that it was all right, and now I was home mummy would take care of me, she would, that she would.

She did. She got me on to a lounge, soft as—as marshmallows, and she piled one silk pillow after another behind my back.

"Come, dear, let me help you off with your coat," she cooed, bending over me.

"Oh, mummy, it's so cold! Can't I please keep it on?"

To let that coat off me was to give the whole thing away. My rig underneath, though good enough for your girl, Tom, on a holiday, wasn't just what they wear in the Square. And, d'ye know, you'll say it's silly, but I had a conviction that with that coat I should say good-by to the nerve I'd had since I got into the Bishop's carriage,—and from there into society. I let her take the hat, though, and I could see by the way she handled it that it was all right—the thing; her kind, you know. Oh, the girl I got it from had good taste, all right.

But I got a lucid interval just then, and distracted their attention. I stood for a moment, my head bent as though I was thinking deeply.

"I think I'll go now," I said at length "I—I don't understand exactly how I got here," I went on, looking from the Bishop to the Dowager and back again, "or how I happened to miss my father. I'm ever—so much obliged to you, and if you will give me my hat, I'll take the next train back to college."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said the Dowager, promptly. "My dear, you're a sweet girl that's been studying too hard. You must go to my room and rest."

I began to think about the Correction again as I followed her upstairs, and after she'd left me I just sat waiting for the doctor to come and send me there. I didn't much care, till I remembered the Bishop. I could almost see his face as it would look when he'd be called to testify against me, and I'd be standing in that railed-in prisoner's pen, in the middle of the court-room, where Dan Christensen stood when they tried him.

No, I couldn't bear that; not without a fight, anyway. It was for the Bishop I'd

got into this part of the scrape. I'd get out of it so's he shouldn't know how bad a thing a girl can be.

While I lay thinking it over, the same maid that had brought me the tea came in. She was an ugly, thin little thing. If she's a sample of the maids in that house, the lot of them would take the kink out of your pretty hair, Thomas J. Dorgan, Esquire, late of the House of Refuge and soon of Moyamensing. Don't throw things. People in my set, mine and the Dowager's, don't.

She had been sent to help me undress, she said, and make me comfortable. The doctor lived just around the corner and would be in in a minute.

Pew! She wasn't very promising, but she was my only chance. I took her.

"I really don't need any help, thank you, Nora," I said, chipper as a sparrow, and remembering the name the Dowager had called her by. "Aunt Henrietta is too fussy, don't you think? Oh, of course, you won't say a word against her. She told me the other day that she'd never had a maid so sensible and quick-witted, too, as her Nora. Do you know, I've a mind to play a joke on the doctor when he comes. You'll help me, won't you? Oh, I know you will!" Suddenly I remembered the Bishop's bill. I took it out of my pocket. Yep, Tom, that's where it went. I had to choose between giving that skinny maid the biggest tip she ever got in her life—or Nance Olden to the Correotion.

You needn't swear, Tom Dorgan. I fancy if I'd got there, you'd get worse. No, you bully, you know I wouldn't tell; but the police sort of know how to pair our kind.

In her cap and apron, I let the doctor in and myself out. And I don't regret a thing up there in the Square except that lovely red coat with the high collar and the hat with the fur on it. I'd give—Tom, get me a coat like that and I'll marry you for life.

No, there's one thing I could do better if it was to be done over again. I could make that dear little old Bishop wish harder I'd been his daughter.

What am I mooming about? Oh—nothing. There's the watch—take it.

The Woman's Book Club

When a Maid Marries*

This book is a reprint from "Collier's Weekly" of papers which enjoyed the distinction of being voted, while in course of publication, the most interesting feature of the magazine. As may be seen by the title, they deal with the apparently inexhaustible subject of maidens and matrimony, and, although one might suppose the theme incapable of further development, it is only fair to say that the author has treated it with an absence of sentimentality and a degree of common sense that makes the book very good reading.

There are eleven of these papers, dealing with the girl in her father's home as well as after she has gone into one of her own. In the first one called "Interfering Parents" the author recognizes the fact that when the question of the marriage of a daughter arises, the anxiety of parents is as to the man's status as a "provider," while the girl thinks only of the romantic side of the question. This difference in the point of view is apt to be fraught with unhappiness unless both sides can realize that there is a desirable middle ground which generally proves to be the right one. Miss Hart deprecates the belief that opposite natures are apt to be the happiest in marriage; "The theory of opposites may be scientifically correct; but for everyday wear it is a good deal more comfortable getting on with similars."

The early life and training of the woman of fifty years ago is contrasted with that of to-day. To the young woman of that time were entrusted "the family tradition and recipes for that crowning glory of a woman's life, the making of jam that jelled. Then they were married." The evolution of the modern woman she lays to the demands of the modern man. "The woman who cooked began to pall. . . . The wife who could serve was not so essential as the wife who could interest." This is a new view of the case. No one has hitherto suggested that the appearance of the New Woman is thus the result of the law of supply and demand. In direct opposition to the theories

of Mrs. Gilman, whose views were commented upon in the July number of this magazine, Miss Hart says that "probably no science has progressed so rapidly in the last few decades as that of training young minds and shaping youthful character into maturity," and believes that one result of this new training is the recognition of the fact that girls cannot be brought up now upon the old restricted lines. She strongly deprecates a rigid system of chaperonage, because it is fatal to the development of character and points out that it is generally the father who is the conservative element in a girl's bringing up, the one who is loth to give her freedom of thought and action.

One chapter is devoted to the eligibility of men, and women are urged to select their husbands on account of their enduring qualities. "We do not live with a man's style, nor even with his manners." Here we think the author is at fault. Harmony of manner is of the greatest importance. One of the reasons why the Carlyle ménage was such an unhappy one was that, as someone has pointed out, Mrs. Carlyle was a gentlewoman born and bred, while her husband, with all his genius, continued in many respects to be what he was born, a Scotch peasant. Miss Hart speaks also of the difficulty of finding out, before marriage, whether a man is mean or not; a difficulty only equalled by its importance, for she says very truly that celibacy has no charms for a woman in itself. "Self-support and independence are what appeal to her. She compares her lot with that of the ordinary married woman she knows, and her preference is for the life independent—albeit the life lonely—rather than the life of humiliation and petty economies."

Miss Hart does not insist (for which we are grateful) that before a girl is ready to be married she must be able to be a cook, a perfect laundress, a first-class dressmaker and thoroughly up in the latest methods of "child-culture" and domestic science. Given a certain degree of intelligence and character and a woman can adapt herself without difficulty to any situation in which she may

*WHEN A MAID MARRIES. By Lavinia Hart. Dodd & Mead. \$1.50.

find herself. "Men prate too much about the lack of bread-raising and floor-sweeping accomplishments in the modern girl. Good bread and clean floors do not make houses homes." This is true, but it is hard to deprive a man of a well-worn grievance.

A chapter containing much plain sense is the one entitled "The Family Funds." "Money," Miss Hart declares, "is the domestic evil. Nine out of every ten upheavals in the household . . . result, directly or indirectly, from friction with regard to money matters." The desirability of giving girls allowances that they may learn the value of money, the objections made by the average father to such an arrangement, the willingness of many a husband to pay unlimited bills while he sees no reason to give his wife a regular sum, all these familiar questions are touched upon and thus summed up, "There are three ways to learn the value of a dollar: The first is to spend it, and see what you get for it. The second is, to earn it, and see what you give for it. The third is to save it, and yearn for all the things it might buy if you were weak enough to spend it."

"The trouble is, we are too easily crushed when we discover that marriage is not

heaven. If we could muster up courage sufficient to survive that first shock, we would find that although it is a condition of the earth, it is freighted with possibilities for practical paradise." In order to help her fellow-mortals to attain this paradise the author suggests some rules for the wife's conduct towards her husband which are very good. "Don't make the evening repast a confessional for household troubles. He has troubles of his own. You may be one of them." "Don't antagonize his men friends. They may be better than they look." The club habit in men she denounces, and calls the modern club "an incubator for selfishness."

As long as the world lasts we shall probably have endless books on marriage with advice as to the proper behavior for women in and approaching that state, but there is one point which most of these writers overlook, and that is the fact that a woman practically has little choice in the matter of a husband. Her selection is limited to one of those who may ask her in marriage and until custom shall allow her to take the initiative it seems rather superfluous to write books containing elaborate directions as to "how to select a husband."

Mary K. Ford.

The Singular

Miss Smith.

"The Singular Miss Smith,"* by Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, is a story in which is set forth that characteristically modern and sincere desire on the part of the rich to know, from the inside, something of the life of those less fortunate than themselves.

Anne Smith is a rich young woman of twenty-seven who has tried society and finds herself sufficiently "singular" to take little interest in it. The story opens at a meeting of the Ontological Club, where the women, after listening to a paper by Dr. Aurilla Robinson-Cobb on "The Primal Relation of Woman to the Evolution of the Cosmos," are to discuss the more practical question "Why do American women of the laboring class decline, as a rule, to enter domestic service?" Anne Smith's practical suggestion that the working women themselves might answer that question if called upon to do so meets with scant approbation from the other members of the club, and she goes

home, pondering upon the difficulty of really giving help to those who need it. The upshot of the matter is that Anne determines to find out for herself what domestic service is like, so, putting her aunt off the track by saying she is going away for a visit, she arrays herself in a ready-made suit, bought at a bargain sale for \$9.38, and goes to a respectable boarding-house where breakfast, dinner and a room can be had for fifty cents a day. She next visits an intelligence office of the plainer sort and obtains a place as general servant for twelve dollars a month with a lady who has "changed six times a'ready since September" and "helps some with the cookin'."

The two chapters which describe Anne's experiences in the home of Mrs. De Peyster Jones are the best in the book and should be studied by every woman's club which finds itself agitated by the manifest reluctance of the working girl of to-day to enter domestic service. Slovenly, disorderly, demanding impossibilities in the way of work, talkative where she should be reserved, holding up

*THE SINGULAR MISS SMITH. By Florence Morse Kingsley. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.25.

her preceding servants for example or warning, ignorant of the first principles of well-ordered living, Mrs. Jones belongs to that half-baked class of society of which Selma in "Unleavened Bread" is such an admirable example. The description of Anne's bedroom is not exaggerated, and may serve as one explanation of why good servants are so hard to obtain. "Anne's dismayed eyes glanced from the weakly apologetic smile on the woman's face to the rickety bedstead, with its lumpy straw mattress protruding through the soiled and ragged sheet. A tangle of frowzy bedclothes trailed on the floor, which in its turn exhibited a motley array of crumpled ribbons, rusty hairpins, burnt matches, empty bottles and a pair of shapeless shoes." Anne's modest request for a comfortable bed and a suggestion that her work be systematized for her, results in her dismissal (without wages) before her week is out, and she returns to Mrs. Buckle's boarding-house.

Anne's next situation is much pleasanter, being with a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ely, who are just beginning housekeeping in a small flat. She is treated with kindness and almost affection by the little bride, which she contrives to repay by effecting a reconciliation between Mrs. Ely and her father, for this had been a runaway match. After the reconciliation Mr. Hilton takes his daughter and her husband abroad for a year and Anne, after a short stay at home, starts out again. She returns to Mrs. Buckle's, and while waiting to get a place earns her board by helping with the housework. Here, after one or two minor adventures, she falls in with a socialistic foundryman, who, recognizing her intelligence, talks to her with freedom and enjoyment, and these conversations give the author an opportunity to express some of her own views.

"'No one has a right to be idle.'

"'How about people who are born rich?' I asked enviously. 'They never work, and they have everything.'

"He scowled. 'It is impossible for anyone to escape the law of give and take,' he said; 'and because the so-called rich try to do it, the world's in confusion.'"

An experiment of this kind cannot last forever. Anne returns to Beacon Street, and wakes up to the fact that she is in love with William Brown, the foundryman. "I know now for all time that beauty and money

and education do not weigh a feather's weight in the balance of reality"—a statement which shows the desperation of her case.

Finally, Anne goes abroad with her aunt, catches a glimpse of William Brown at the station in Birmingham, where he appears to be addressing the navvies, runs across the Elys in the manner peculiar to story-books and on the voyage home discovers that the foundryman is a steerage passenger on the same ship and has met with an accident which promises to prove fatal. Anne hurries to him, and in three days' time (he having nearly recovered in the interval) they are married, Anne still thinking him a mechanic, he under the impression that she is a ladies' maid. Before landing these mysteries are cleared up, however. Anne stands revealed as a property-owner and he as a professor of sociology and ethics at Harvard. It is rather discouraging to a believer in training and environment that these two people should have seen enough of each other to fall in love and that neither should have suspected the other's gentle breeding.

Some of Mrs. Kingsley's hits at Boston's intellectual vagaries are very good. The Ontological Club hears the usual number of lectures. "The woman who lectured on reincarnation to-day said she knew for a fact that St. Paul and Napoleon Bonaparte were one and the same person." "We all sat silent for half an hour in the Club this afternoon, with a fat, calm Hindu man, who looked something like an idol, on the platform. We were trying to 'concentrate' the way he did." "They have been having a course of lessons on Astrology by a greasy-looking old man who lectures in a red cloak trimmed with ermine and covered with embroidered constellations, dragons, and things. He says he is a reincarnation of one of the three wise men." Even if Beacon Street had not been mentioned this list of *savants* would have betrayed the city of Anne's residence.

Some of the minor characters are well drawn, Mrs. De Peyster Jones so markedly so as to make one shudder. Mrs. Buckle is a good deal of a philosopher, as may be seen by her answer to Anne's question if she thinks life worth living. "'You won't be askin' it long, I'll bet,' she chuckled. 'Let a girl get a holt of a steady beau an' she knows life's worth livin' all right.'"

It is a pity that Mrs. Buckle should be made to speak a perfectly impossible jargon compounded of Yankee dialect and a cockney lack of "h's."

It would be interesting to know how far this book is the result of personal experience; whether, like some recent writers, Mrs. Kingsley has had the courage to find out for herself something of the life of the working woman. The chapters describing

her life at Mrs. De Peyster Jones' sounds like the genuine thing; those dealing with her boarding-house experience are not quite so convincing. Be that as it may, the author has given us a very readable book, and one that may serve to cast some light upon that vexed, but ever-present question, "Why do American women of the laboring class decline, as a rule, to enter domestic service?"

M. K. F.

The Joys of Jiu-Jitsu for Women.

Japanese things are the fashion nowadays, and if the Mikado whips the Czar they will be more so. It is a case of

Sing heigh-oho, the little brown man,
and the question, "Where does Japan get
her muscle and pluck?" is a natural one
to the Western mind just now. One inter-
esting answer is given by H. Irving Hancock,
who writes enthusiastic books on
Japanese physical training. His last vol-
ume, "Physical Training for Women by
Japanese Methods," is one that will gain
wide attention among American women.
"One of the phrases that should be stricken
from the English language," he begins by
saying, "is 'the weaker sex.' After a
long experience in Japanese athletics, the
writer has no patience with women who
consider that merely because of their sex
they should be weaker than men. In Japan
the women are not weaker, and in this
country they have no right to be."

This is calculated to make the Gibson girl,
with all her athletic grace, sit up straight
and read on eagerly. Mr. Hancock goes
on to explain:

"From remote antiquity there has ex-
isted in Japan a system of bodily training
known as *jiu-jitsu*. Its age is established
by reasonably authentic records as being at
least twenty-five hundred years; undoubt-
edly the science is older than that. In
feudal Japan knowledge of the science was
imparted only to the *samurai*—and only
under the strongest oaths of secrecy. The
samurai were the men—and women—of the
privileged military class. The men did the
fighting, but the women, who were to rear
the sons of the next generation, were re-
quired to understand all the principles of
jiu-jitsu. In the initial stages of the train-
ing it was considered always advisable to
have a boy and a girl contestant who were

as nearly equal in age and height as was
possible, but the girls entered the arena
upon equal terms with the boys—and proved
their fitness to do so. Grown men and
women practised at *jiu-jitsu*, nor did any
woman find it necessary to take refuge in
her sex. She did not need to. Other con-
ditions being equal, she could show an
amount of strength that paralleled that of
her husband or brother.

"Ultimately, *jiu-jitsu* is a highly scientific
system of rapid and convincing attack and
defense. Before the stage of combat is
reached, however, much work must be
devoted to acquiring a knowledge of the
nerves and muscles of the body, such as
comes from well-sustained preliminary prac-
tice. This preliminary practice will strengthen
every portion of the body to its utmost,
and will give to any woman the greatest
strength of which she is capable."

The author gives a highly entertaining ac-
count of his first encounter with a feminine
student of *jiu-jitsu* in a school in Tokio.
He was in prime condition, and the little
Japanese woman "was fully six inches
shorter than I, and at a great disadvantage
in point of weight.

"Surely you don't want me to struggle
with her?" I asked my instructor.

"Oh, yes; try," came the smiling an-
swer. "Don't be 'fraid. She one of my
old pupils. She what—what you say?—
hard as board!"

"The little woman stood at some distance,
still smiling, while the spectators looked on
with interest. There was no help for it. I
bowed, and we backed off a little way,
then approached each other sinuously, each
looking for an opening. There was a clinch
that lasted, as nearly as I could judge, about
five seconds. Three seconds later I was
compelled to pat the floor in token of sur-
render. There were five bouts in all, of

which I secured the distinction of winning one."

Afterward, however, by learning more *jiu-jitsu* than she had mastered, the tables were turned, and he won, in the end, a dozen bouts from his fair antagonist. Mr. Hancock is careful to explain, though, that *jiu-jitsu* is not mere wrestling, or a test of comparative strength. Under the best teachers, it is the science of the resistance of one muscle to another, and this is often best attained by deciding in advance which one shall win, and that the chosen loser shall "resist just enough to all but prevent the winner's victory. Even if the winner be the stronger, she should be careful, at all times, to employ just enough strength to overcome the loser's resistance. This matter cannot be emphasized too strongly." In this way two persons of unequal strength can yet pursue the exercises without difficulty. Indeed, *jiu-jitsu* may be practised by oneself, if, at the same time that the muscular force is exerted in any direction, there must be also, at all times, "conscious, but inferior muscular resistance. For instance, when making a turn to the right, always resist by employing the muscles in such manner that the turn is rendered difficult. In turning to the left, always employ a counteracting resistant pressure to the right. The resistance must be great enough to all but defeat the victory of the muscles that are employed in achieving victory. This may seem like lifting

oneself up by one's own bootstraps, but it is good *jiu-jitsu* doctrine, nevertheless."

Jiu-jitsu is intimately allied with deep breathing, which the Japanese consider, we are told, "the most vital function in life." Food is not as important, though it is necessary. Much water-drinking, loose clothing, plenty of sleep (except for stout women), and plenty of outdoor exercise are also urged. One of the most interesting points is *jiu-jitsu* as beneficial for children from infancy.

"At or before the age of one year it should be possible to swing the child by one ankle and to lift it by a grip under either shoulder. The mother who is at all anxious on this subject will be surprised at finding out how much the healthy child enjoys the exertion. The sickly babe must be handled with more care and gentleness than is necessary with the healthy one; but the very fact that a child is sickly shows the necessity of physical training."

Mr. Hancock's book is profusely illustrated by photographs of a pair of feminine practitioners of *jiu-jitsu*, in every conceivable lock, hold and clinch, and so "'appy, 'ealthy hand 'earty" as to rouse the most languid reader to a desire to go and do likewise. Physical culture is a good thing, and *jiu-jitsu* appears to be its top and crown. The immemorial East has a good many secrets to teach the progressive West, after all—and *jiu-jitsu* seems to be one of them.

Priscilla Leonard.

Middle-Class Girl Life in Germany.

When Fate is propitious German girls pass through four stages of life, being winsome as children, interesting as marriageable lasses, homely as housewives, and then unlovely in second childhood. They owe most of what they have to Nature, a good deal of what they are to the example of their elders, and relatively little to the schools. A good place to study them during the first phase of development is the street. Before seven o'clock on a summer's morning, or at a quarter to eight in winter, they march along in twos and threes like little hunchbacked amazons, owing to the knapsacks fixed on their backs under their dark blue mantles. Knapsacks like soldiers! And rules and regulations as strict as those of the barracks, which every scholar is scrupulous to observe. Obedience to authority becomes ingrained in this way.

A German child will go to class fasting rather than arrive there late, so deep has the lesson of punctuality sunk into her heart. To her the director's wrath is far more terrible than any chastisement which her parents can administer, while his approval is to the full as sweet. But in spite of the rigor of the discipline she is fond of school, with its large lightsome rooms, its interesting lectures, and its melodious songs, sung by herself and comrades. When she leaves it, at fifteen or sixteen, she has the sentiment of respect for authority well developed, and has the architecture of her brain elaborately decorated with a mosaic of interesting scraps of information, gathered from the domain of history, geography, literature, and Holy Writ. But compared with her brother in the grammar school or with the Russian girl

of her own age and station she is an educational failure. For the programme of the girls' high schools is half a century old, and was drawn up in the days when all Germans held, as indeed, most of them still hold, that the proper sphere of women and stoves is the rooms of the dwelling-house. But now that conditions are changing, a movement has sprung up among Germans in favor of making girls independent of marriage and self-supporting. The idea is as yet in its infancy, but is fast making headway. Hitherto after a girl left school, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, she put in her time taking lessons in cookery, dressmaking, and music, reading romantic novels or milk-and-watery books on esthetics, getting ready for the next ball, and helping her mother at home. Frank, self-supporting work was tabooed, as lowering the status of the self-respecting young lady. Yet, after all, it could not with truth be said that the girl thus trained was much better equipped for life's struggle than her English sister. Thriftier she certainly was, for she had been taught economy by the severe struggle for existence going on before her eyes at home. But beyond this she possessed few, if any, of the much-vaunted qualities of a *Hausfrau*. They, too, were developed later on during her own desperate endeavors to balance her household and make bricks almost without straw. 'Eat your fish fresh and marry your daughter while she is young,' is the proverb which serves as a maxim. Hence, every other consideration is made subservient to that. As all roads used to lead to Rome, so all a girl's education and technical pursuits, all her social accomplishments, converge upon the matrimonial market. And most of them stop there. The search for a life-partner is the one serious business of a German girl's life, and to succeed in this she has to strain every nerve, mobilize every gift of mind, display every quality of heart. This is the only period of her existence when she departs from the national standard which decrees that a man must be strong in doing and weak in suffering, while a woman should be feeble in action, and mighty in enduring. But once she has scored success her ordeal of patience begins, and, like Jacob, she may have to wait seven years—an engagement sometimes lasts that length of

time—before she is finally united with her mate. . . . The German man is as keen to marry as the girl is, and it is to the credit of both that lack of money never stands in the way. On the contrary, a good, thrifty housewife is looked upon as among the best assets a struggling male can have. Love in a cottage is the ideal, and a family of four or five, with an income of two or three hundred a year, the concrete fact which one finds even in the general run of middle-class families. There are said to be 150,000 families in Berlin alone which balance their annual budgets on less than £300 a year. And it is while watching their mothers turning over every penny before it is spent, cheese-paring and utilizing every scrap of meat, every crumb of bread, that the daughters learn the value of money. . . . The German girl's first fondness—generally for her teacher—is of a platonic nature; she idealizes him, writes pretty things about him in her diary, and she cherishes his image in her tender heart. Later on she feels attracted by the gallant lieutenant, who is perhaps looking out for an heiress to a million, who wants to be loved for her own sake alone. A few sobering words from the mother cause the girl to draw a sponge over her heart and try again. This time she may be drawn toward a prepossessing young fellow, who has just finished his studies at the university, and expects a place in a Government department or a school. He, too, soon undergoes the idealizing process, and becomes her hero. But he has long to wait for a situation, and meanwhile a gloomy-looking, bald-headed, bespectacled merchant or lawyer enters the matrimonial net, and mamma points out to Gretchen what a worthy man he is, and what a desirable husband he would make. His polished head is a dome of wisdom, as much a trophy as the scars on the cheeks and forehead of the red-faced student; his status would afford a very desirable position for his wife, and his income is enough to make the couple comfortable as things go. And after all Gretchen quickly sees the matter with her mother's eyes, the betrothal takes place, and the marriage is duly solemnized upon earth, if it is not made in heaven. Fiction is the domain of poetry, reality the realm of prose. *London Daily Telegraph.*

Recent Notable Poems

The Flag Goes By*

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Henry Holcomb Bennett.

The Reign of the Muse.....*Metropolitan*

When Life was dewy and in morning mood,
Then was, indeed, the Muse's golden reign;
When gods and heroes stept from sculptor's brain,
And perfect with a great perfection stood;
When poets saw the world that it was good,
Worthy a noble and a limpid strain
And secret Night, and the unravished
main,
Kept holy their mysterious maidenhood.

*POEMS THAT EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW.—
Edited by Mary E. Burt. New York. Doubleday, Page & Company, 1904.

O happy singers of that vernal day!
Fled is the simple bounded world ye saw;
These gods that never dashed the soul
with awe,
Sunny Imaginations, fled are they;
And on Olympus, blind and ruthless Law
Holds unadored his adamantine sway.

William Watson.

Thanatos Athanatos (Deathless Death). *The Century*

At eve when the brief wintry day is sped,
I muse beside my fire's faint-flickering
glare—
Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening
hair—
Of those who, dying young, inherited
The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.
I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial air;
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh
and fair
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;
And soldier boys who snatched death's
starry prize,
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless
lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality;
Their memory hold in death's unyielding
fee
The youth that filled them to the finger-tips.

John Hay.

Serenade.....*The Idler*

Sleep, dear one, sleep,
While sweet hours creep,
And the night croons her song to the willow—
Sleep, dear one, sleep.

Dream, dear one, dream
While bright stars beam,
And the wind is at rest on the billow—
Dream, dear one, dream.

Wake, dear one, wake,
While rose-clouds break,
And the sun leaves behind his soft pillow—
Wake, dear one, wake.

Maurice Birkryne.

The Tortured Millions. McClure's
 The cry of the tortured millions rises to me
 Like the cry of a glacial river in its gorge.
 And the smoke of their suffering surges upward to me
 Like the mighty clouds of the twilight valley lands.
 I shut my lids in the dark and I see them toiling,
 The burdened backs and the glazing eyes
 and the fettered hands.

They are dying that I may live, the tortured millions,
 By the Ohio River, the Euphrates, the Rhône.
 They ring from the rocks my gold, the tortured millions;
 Sleepless all night they mix my daily bread;
 With heavy feet they are trampling out my vintage;
 They go to a hungry grave that I may be fed.

They do not know my face from a million faces,
 Nor have I ever beheld those poor oppressed.
 I only hear the sound of their groans in the valley,
 The hiss and the grind and the heat of their torture-wheels,
 Engine and oven and murderous flying loom,
 Poison of dust and faces sheet-white in the gloom.

I do not demand their service, no, not I.
 They are my slaves whom I wish to be free and happy.
 But I may not free them or thank them or mercy cry.
 Hunger and thirst and cold and aching bodies,
 This is the priceless price that buys my health.
 Emptiness, hopelessness, pitiful wickedness this,
 This is the stuff I sew for the purse of my wealth.

What shall I do for my slaves who work without hire,
 What shall I do, I who have asked them not?
 Shall I fold my hands on my mountain-peak in silence?
 This is the natural order, this is the common lot.
 I will call to them, I who am one, but they are many,
 To cease their toil; but no, they obey me not.

I warm my hands at the fires of ruining houses;
 On a dying mother's breasts I sink my head;
Last night my feet were faint from idleness,
I bathed my feet in blood her children shed.
Oh, thou eternal Law, I wish this not to be.
Nay, raise them from the dust and punish me.

Florence Wilkinson.

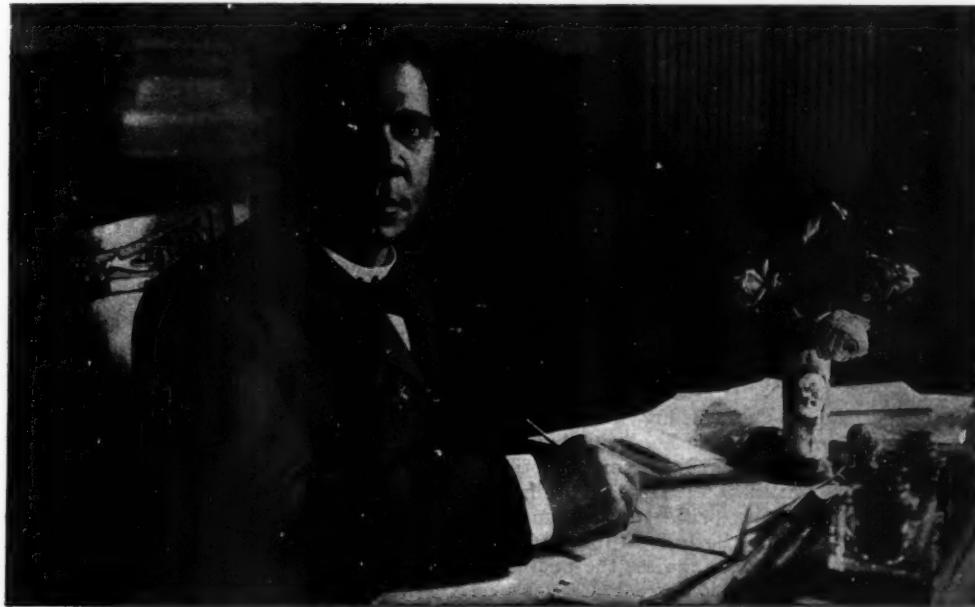
Love in the Scotch Express. Leisure Hour
 Through peaceful English woods and leas,
 By Scottish moor and heather,
 In modest luxury and ease
 We travel, sweet, together.
 Steam's mighty force exerts its power
 With rhythmic law and order;
 At sixty breathless miles an hour
 We fly across the border.

Long gleams we pass of sea and shore,
 In summer sunshine glowing;
 Lone hamlets, towns where evermore
 Life's busy tide is flowing:
 Until, as evening wanes to night,
 Soft mists and shadows blending,
 We, half-regretful, must alight,
 At last our journey ending.

Life's journey knows no Scotch Express,
 No cushioned corner-places;
 Ofttimes the End we cannot guess,
 Nor choose the sunny spaces.
 But, sweet, the burdens we would share,
 Nor dread the cloudy weather,
 If you and I might always fare,
 Like this, each day, together.

Mary Farrah.

Working with the Hands



MR. WASHINGTON IN HIS OFFICE AT TUSKEGEE

MR. WASHINGTON'S new book has been written, he informs us, in response to various requests, coming from widely separated parts of this country and Europe, for some detailed account of his methods of industrial training. The principal emphasis of what he has written in reply to these requests is in two points: First, that "mere hand-training, without moral religious and mental education, count for very little. The hands, the head, and the heart together, as the essential elements of educational need, should be so correlated that one may be made to help the others." The claim is made for Tuskegee that it has brought this to pass. The second point particularly emphasized is that "The effort to make an educational industry pay its

way should not be made the aim of first importance. The teaching should be most emphasized. Our policy at Tuskegee is to make an industry pay its way if possible, but at the same time not to sacrifice the training to mere economic gain." The fact is, the industrial educator is all the time working on raw material. The student who has acquired the ability to build good houses, or make good implements, takes his ability to the outside world, while a new set of raw beginners are taken in hand and brought forward.

There is one aspect of the Tuskegee and all similar work on which Mr. Washington does not dwell with sufficient emphasis. It is that when Tuskegee reaches the limit of its need for new buildings the young Othellos' occupation will be gone, so far as the building trades are concerned. Mr. Washington does not argue this critical aspect, but his general optimism and his particular faith in agriculture as the ideal labor of his race assure him a degree of confidence that is not

*WORKING WITH THE HANDS. Being a Sequel to "Up from Slavery," covering the author's experience in Industrial Training at Tuskegee. By Booker T. Washington. Illustrated by photographs by Frances Benjamin Johnston. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 1904. \$1.50.

warranted by the actual situation. The practise of his students in the building trades has been, heretofore, an extremely important element in their industrial education. The elimination of this factor, moreover, would add much to the force of the objections brought by Professor DuBois and others to Mr. Washington's program, namely, that it tends to bind the negro down to the soil and convert negro labor into a special caste. Mr. Washington has at least a partial answer to this objection. It is that the agriculture which he contemplates as the main feature of the negro's industrial future, is not to be a matter of unskilled labor. Mr. Carver, director of the agricultural department at Tuskegee, has taken land on which the average yield of sweet potatoes has been thirty-seven bushels to the acre, and made it yield two hundred and sixty-six bushels, and thinks he sees the way to making an acre yield five hundred bushels. Clearly, it requires something more than "tickling the ground with a hoe" to make it laugh after this fashion. The farmer's fertilizers must be mixed as Mr. Opie mixed his paints—"With brains, sir!"—to bring such results to pass. Now, the agricultural future to which Mr. Washington invites the [people of his color is an extension of Mr. Carver's sweet potato patch to the length and breadth of negro agriculture in the South—everywhere the same intelligent methods to be applied to whatever work the farmer finds to do.

"The weak point in the past has been that there has been no attempt to bridge the gap between the negro's educated brain and his opportunity for supplying the wants of an awakened mind. There has been almost no thought of connecting the educated brain with the educated hand. It is almost a crime to take young men from the farm, or from farming districts and educate them, as is too often done, in everything except agriculture, the one subject with which they should be most familiar. The result is that the young man, instead of being educated to love agriculture, is educated out of sympathy with it."

In the simplest possible, but most engaging manner, Mr. Washington tells the story of his own initiation in the love of fruitful labor. Of all his helpers, not even General Armstrong excepted, a Mrs. Ruffner, who expected good work of him and got it, takes the highest rank.

But all this we had in his "Up from Slavery." His present book depends much less on what is personal to the writer than upon the aims and methods of the Tuskegee School and the steps by which from small and crude beginnings it has attained to its present marvelous degree of efficiency and influence. "The first and hardest difficulty was to conquer the idea that a school was a place where one was expected to do nothing but study books; where one was not expected to study things, but to study about things. Least of all did the students feel that the school was a place where one would be actually taught to *do* things." Besides, and very naturally, the students had very generally the idea that work with the hands was disgraceful. Very naturally, because their ideals were shaped on the ideas of the old régime. They paid the old-time "Massa" the fine compliment of esteeming him the measure of attainment. Their business was to be like him, and he didn't work. Mr. Washington has a chapter on "The Eagerness for Learning," which shows that "book-learning" has really been the bait by which he has drawn most of the fish into his net. To get this his young men and young women have worked faithfully with their hands, some of them part of the week, many of them the whole week, long in the day-time, doing their study in the evening hours. In the event they have frequently made good in their experience the saying of Jean Paul Richter, "It is not the goal but the course that makes us happy." They have come to respect and love the labor of their hands.

It is made plainer than ever by the pages of this book that Mr. Washington is not indifferent to the higher education. The work of Tuskegee could not be carried on for a day without the aid of highly educated men and women. "Now and then," he says, "my advocacy of industrial education has been interpreted to mean that I am opposed to what is called 'higher' or 'more intellectual' training. This distorts my real meaning. Mere training of the hand, without mental and moral education, would do little for the welfare of any race. But while I do not propose that every individual should have hand training, I do say that in all my contact with men I have never met one who had learned a trade in youth and regretted it in manhood." Admirable chapters are, "A Battle against

Prejudices," "Building up a System" and "Making Education Pay its Way"—*i. e.*, the student's work for his schooling, not the school its expenses by the profit of its student industries. One of the prejudices confronted was the idea that Mr. Washington's methods would "spoil the negro farmhand." He says, "As our department of farming grew from month to month, I was not afraid to let it be known that I felt certain that one result of any proper system of hand training was to spoil, or get rid of, the ordinary farmhand. The individual has too long controlled the agriculture of the South. . . . Such a man is too ignorant to know what is going on in the world of progressive agriculture. He is without skill to such an extent that he knows nothing about setting up and operating labor-saving machinery." To replace the old time farmhand of the South with something better is one of the ends toward which Mr. Washington has looked with steady patience and encouraging success.

In one chapter, "The Tillers of the Ground," the interesting and instructive story is told of those conferences which have brought to Tuskegee farmers from all the region round about reporting on their work. Another, "Lessons in Homemaking," describes a part of the Tuskegee work which can hardly be of less importance than any other. It consists in the instruction of girls in every art that makes for a healthy, decent, comfortable and attractive home. There is a "practice cottage," in which these arts are made specially prominent, but the whole ordering of the dormitory and the common table are made to serve the ends of a homemaking purpose. In no respect is the curriculum at Tuskegee a more vivid expression of Mr. Washington's personal predictions than in respect to his outdoor work for women. His own love of outdoor work is immense, and he cannot bear to think that the women of his race are to be excluded from a sphere in which his own enjoyment is so intense and pure. A careful study assured him that the climate of every Southern State was peculiarly adapted to outdoor work for women. Acquaintance with a women's agricultural college in England confirmed his opinion

that such work was an indispensable desideratum. Several years of trial have made his assurance doubly sure. The range of study and practice is through dairying, poultry-raising, horticulture, floriculture, market-gardening, stock-raising, agriculture.

Not strictly a part of the school work, but closely allied with it, is that described in the chapter, "Helping the Mothers," a work of which Mrs. Washington has been the inspiring soul. Her object has been to instruct and to influence the mothers whose homes are in the town of Tuskegee. From small beginnings, she has built up a system of considerable extent and great practical utility. President Eliot's doctrine of "the joy of work," to which some exception has been taken, finds only confirmation in Mr. Washington's personal experience. There is much too, of the personal equation in a chapter on "The Experimental Farmer." It is evident that, if Mr. Washington had not taken to educational work, he might have been one of the most successful scientific farmers of our time. The fortunes of Tuskegee students in various fields of activity are followed in a chapter called "Some Tangible Results," and the diffusive influence of the school is celebrated in another chapter, "Spreading the Tuskegee Spirit."

Mr. Washington's tone is seldom controversial, but it is measurably so in a concluding chapter, "Negro Education not a Failure." Governor Vardaman's name is not mentioned, but opinions of his stamp, hostile to negro education as injurious to negro character and usefulness, are squarely met and effectually overthrown in a series of skilful tactical formations. In this chapter we have the conclusive answers to eleven questions sent out by Mr. Washington to persons of intelligence, experience, and standing in different parts of the South. The answers are a splendid confirmation of his habitual faith in the advantages which will accrue to his people from a sound system of education. This book, as a whole, enhances one's appreciation of the man and of the work he has in hand. In the history of our country no more providential man has yet appeared.

J. W. C.

Extracts from Working With the Hands

[As a supplement to Dr. Chadwick's review we reprint herewith a budget of paragraphs describing various phases of the life and study at Tuskegee which will give the reader a taste of the quality of Mr. Washington's book.]

The visitor, therefore, who wishes to inspect the Tuskegee Institute is met at the station by a carriage built by the students, pulled by horses raised on the school farms, whose harness was made in a school shop. The driver wears a trim, blue uniform made in the school tailor-shop, and shoes made by student class work. The visitor is assigned to a dormitory designed, built, and furnished by the students. His bath-room plumbing, the steam heat in his room, and the electric lighting were installed by students. The oak furniture of his room came from the shops. The young woman who takes care of his room is a student working her way through the Institute. After supper, she will change her wearing apparel to a blue uniform dress and a neat straw hat, all made in the school. The steam laundry sends over to know if the visitor wishes some washing done, and girl students send it back, proud of the snowy polish of shirts and collars. The visitor is asked to be a guest in the teachers' dining-hall. The guest will discover that the ham, roast beef, vegetables, corn-bread, sirup, butter, milk, and potatoes are products of the school farms, raised, cared for and produced by student labor.

Throughout these varied fields of industrial and productive activity, the following objects are kept constantly in view, and their relative importance is in the order of their enumeration:

To teach the dignity of labor.

To teach the trades, thoroughly and effectively.

To supply the demand for trained industrial leaders.

To assist the students in paying all, or a part, of their expenses.

* * * * *

My own experience in outdoor life leads me to hope that the time will soon come when there will be a revolution in our methods of educating children, especially in the schools of the smaller towns and rural districts. I consider it almost a sin to take a number of children whose homes are on farms, and cage them up, as if they were so many wild beasts, for six or seven hours

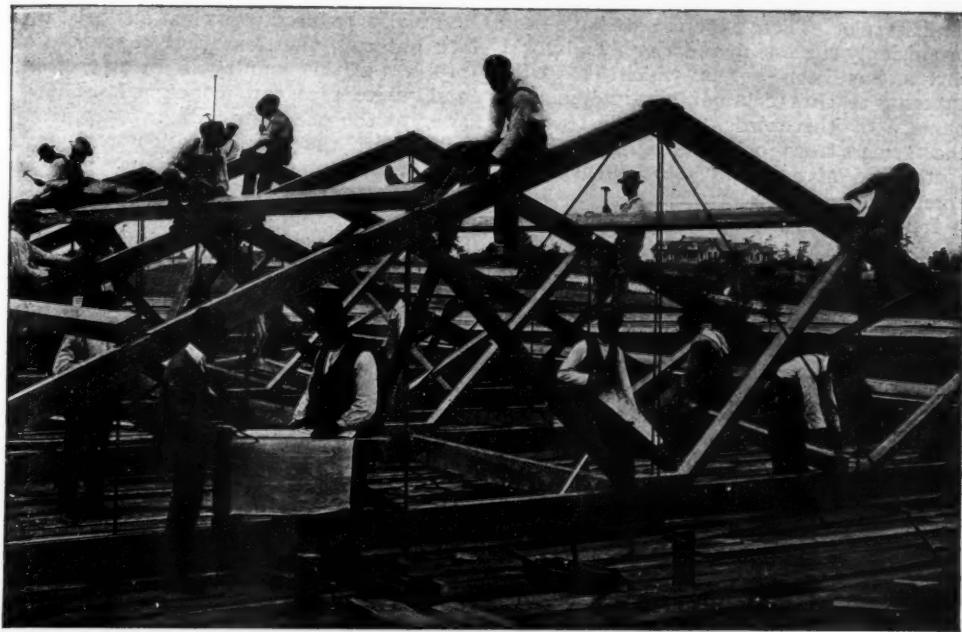
during the day, in a close room where the air is often impure.

I believe that the time is not far distant when every school in the rural districts and in the small towns will be surrounded by a garden, and that one of the objects of the course of study will be to teach the child something about real country life, and about country occupations.

I am glad to say that at the Tuskegee Institute we erected a schoolhouse in and about which the little children of the town and vicinity are given a knowledge, not only of books, but of real things which they will be called upon to use in their homes. Since Tuskegee is surrounded by people who earn their living by agriculture, we have near this schoolhouse three acres of ground on which the children are taught to cultivate flowers, shrubbery, vegetables, grains, cotton, and other crops. They are also taught cooking, laundering, sewing, sweeping, and dusting, how to set a table, and how to make a bed—the employments of their daily lives. I have referred to this building as a "schoolhouse," but we do not call it that, because the name is too formal. We have named it "the Children's House." And this principle holds true for children of a larger growth, and is especially true of the training of the negro minister who serves the people of the smaller towns and country districts.

* * * * *

The purpose most eagerly sought by the Agricultural Department of the Tuskegee Institute is to demonstrate to the farmers of Alabama, first of all, that with right methods their acres can be made to yield unfailing profit, and that they can win in the fight against the deadly mortgage system. In many of the Western and Northwestern States cheese-making has led the one-crop, wheat-growing farmers to independence. The South has felt that this industry was beyond its reach, and has set small store by the dairy business. At Tuskegee, not only has it been demonstrated that cows can be made to yield from 50 to 150 per cent. on the money invested, but also that every farmer can, at moderate cost, make his own



STUDENTS FRAMING THE ROOF OF A LARGE BUILDING

cheese, with a good supply for the market. Not long ago, the graduate of the Institute who is directly in charge of the cheese and butter departments sent to my home specimens of six kinds of cheese made at the school—Tuskegee Cream, Philadelphia Cream Cheese, Neufchâtel, Cottage, Clubhouse, and Cheddar. These were as fine grades of cheese as can be found in any other creamery.

To find out what corn, grasses, pease, millet, etc., are best suited to the Southern climate and soil is the work of several years of earnest labor. At present, experiments are in progress with ten varieties of corn, with vetch, clovers, cassava, sugar-beet, Cuban sugar-cane, eight kinds of millet, the Persian and Arabian beans, and many other food and forage plants. Fifty-five acres of peach orchard are sowed in pease, besides three hundred acres of corn land utilized for this second or auxiliary crop. The vegetable garden covers fifty acres, and there is hardly a day when this garden fails to help pay the table expenses of the school.

Stock raising is carried on more extensively each year. To get the best hog, sheep, cow, and horse for this region of the country is the chief aim. We cannot quit cotton, but we must raise our stock and our

meat. The hen and the bee are great wealth-producers, but not more than one in three hundred Macon County families raise bees, and few of them give any special care to poultry. Therefore, the school trustees spend a large sum of money each year in teaching the practical lessons of these industries.

Statistical data show that the average yield of cotton per acre throughout the South is 190 pounds, an astonishingly low figure, and, except when high prices rule, below the paying point. Every acre of cotton in the South can, and should, be made to produce 500 pounds of lint. Should the cotton grower add the trifling increase of five pounds of lint an acre, it would mean for the Cotton States a total increase of 240,000 bales, based on the crop reports for 1902, with a value of nearly \$15,000,000, according to the prices realized on the crop of 1903. The experimental station at Tuskegee has appreciated the tremendous possibilities pictured by such statements as these, and the Director, Mr. Carver, has demonstrated the value of scientific cultivation by raising nearly 500 pounds of cotton on one acre of poor Alabama land. In addition he has taken up the problems of crossing varieties of cotton to increase the quality of the up-

lands staple. These experiments have been promisingly successful, and already a hybrid cotton has been grown which is vastly superior to that commonly raised in Alabama. In other words, Tuskegee is teaching the farmers how to raise a better grade of cotton and more of it without increasing the acreage planted.

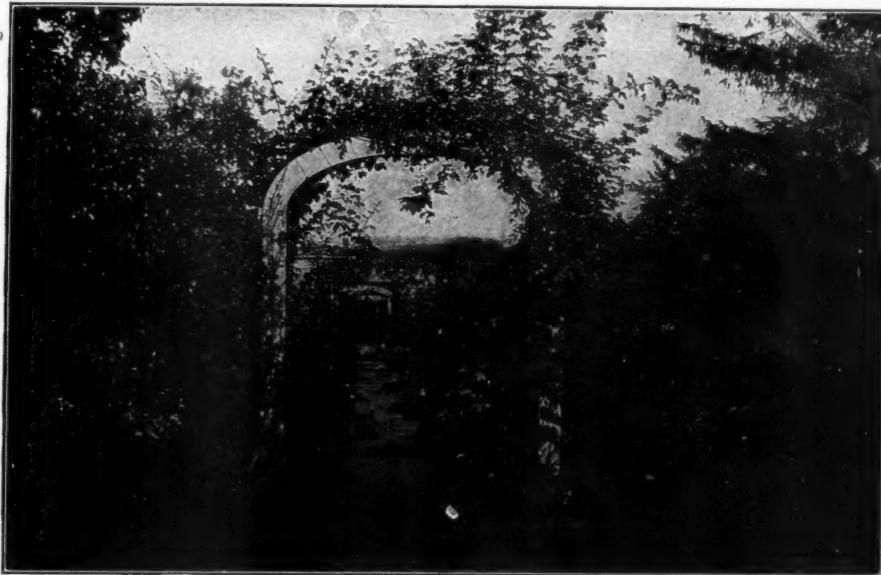
It now seems settled that the great body of our people are to reside for all time in the Southern portion of the United States. Since this is true, there is no more helpful and patriotic service than to help cement a friendship between the two races that shall be manly, honorable, and permanent. In this work of molding and guiding a public sentiment that shall forever maintain peace and good-will between the races on terms commendable to each, it is on the negro who comes out of our universities, colleges, and industrial schools that we must largely depend. Few people realize how, under the most difficult and trying circumstances, during the last forty years, it has been the educated negro who counseled patience and self-control, and thus averted a war of races. Every negro going out from our institutions properly educated becomes a link in the chain that shall forever bind the two races together in all the essentials of life.

Finally, reduced to its last analysis, there are but two questions that constitute the problem of this country so far as the black and white races are concerned. The answer to the one rests with my people, the other with the white race. For my race, one of its dangers is that it may grow impatient and feel that it can get upon its feet by artificial and superficial efforts rather than by the slower but surer process which means one step at a time through all the constructive grades of industrial, mental, moral, and social development which all races have had to follow that have become independent and strong. I would counsel: We must be sure that we shall make our greatest progress by keeping our feet on the earth, and by remembering that an inch of progress is worth a yard of complaint. For the white race, the danger is that in its prosperity and power it may forget the claims of a weaker people; may forget that a strong race, like an individual, should put its hand upon its heart and ask, if it were placed in similar circumstances, how it would like the world to treat it; that the stronger race may forget that, in proportion as it lifts up the poorest and weakest, even by a hair's breadth, it strengthens and ennobles itself.



CULTIVATING A PATCH OF CASSAVA ON THE AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT PLOT

American Renaissance A Review of Domestic Architecture



AN OLD-TIME GARDEN

M R. Dow's book* may properly be called an appeal for the expression in architecture of the home instinct. Its keynote both in the letterpress and in the illustration of his own and other homes is domesticity, individual expression, home love. Style, well enough in its place, and fashions in houses hold no plan in his scheme of things architectural. Simplicity, atmosphere, the adaptation of the best in the past to the conditions of modern life, are the principles which he upholds in his work. With what success he has achieved his ends in practise, the reader may observe in the illustrations of Mr. Dow's own work shown in the book. One needs only to study his "Eastover," "Princessgate," "Silvergate" and the Mitchell Cottage, to realize that here is a preacher who practises what he preaches. One makes a mental memo-

randum—"when we build—consult Dow—see Eastover," etc. For in each and all of these houses one instinctively feels the refining and refined home influence which is as far as possible removed from the house which represents, however creditable, pure style. Says Mr. Dow in his introductory chapter, entitled "Ethics": "Civilized man, and especially one of Anglo-Saxon descent, is a home-loving creature. To him the dwelling-place stands for his most important institution. The arts, sciences and traditions he pursues mainly as they are to minister unto it, and its fruition is the goal of life. About this dwelling-place, then, there must be a very great deal to be said, indissolubly associated as it is with everything in life worth having—one's childhood, parents, children, wife, sweetheart, and next to these one's own personal comfort—one's hours of leisure and recreation. Therefore, just so much as domestic architecture departs in an impersonal, artificial way from

*AMERICAN RENAISSANCE: A Review of Domestic Architecture. By Joy Wheeler Dow. William T. Comstock, New York. \$4.00.



THE WITCH HOUSE AT TOPSFIELD, MASS. 17TH CENTURY

whatever relates to or reflects these associations, just so much does it err—does it fail. It will be obvious, upon a moment's consideration, that any cold-blooded practise or discussion of academic formulæ, alone, looking to the development of American domestic architecture, is hopelessly inefficient."

Following his introductory chapter the author handles the question of Art and Commercialism without gloves and deplores the conditions of affairs to which the commercial spirit has brought us. Then begins the actual subject of the book—the review of American Domestic Architecture from Colonial Times to the present day.

"By American Renaissance" he writes, "I allude to no 'American eclectic style.' That term 'eclectic style' which so frequently crops out in treatises upon architecture, were you to follow it up, would be found to signify, as a rule, merely American nonsense and aberration. And I suppose there is no nation which may show such an imposing array of architectural nonsense as the United States during the last fifty years of their independence. Certainly no nation has evolved a national style of architecture, intentionally, as is constantly urged upon American enterprise. Such a thing could have no historic value, while it could not

escape being vulgar and monotonous. Characteristic architecture is of very slow development, and although there have been building epochs of remarkable activity, in none is the progress appreciable from year to year. American Renaissance differs from that of other countries only as it has been affected by the local conditions and requirements of America. Good Renaissance—I regret there is a sight of building that is bad—is like good-breeding, pretty much the same the world over, differentiated only by local color or custom.

"The predominart local color which distinguishes American Renaissance has been given to it by what has been our great national building commodity, *i. e.*, wood. The Greeks and Romans built of stone when they had the money to pay for it, as does everybody else; otherwise, people in new countries fall back upon a less expensive material. Our less expensive material was wood."

This review is accomplished in six chapters of which the titles, more or less illuminating, are the Ancient Régime and—Andrew Jackson, the Humble Beginnings of a National School, The Grand Epoch, Early Nineteenth Century Work, The Transition Period, The Reign of Terror—Its Negative Value. In addition there are chapters on

Fashion in Architectural Adaptation and Concerning Style.

The temptation is strong to quote at length from the author's consideration of these various periods, but we may take one or two passages only.

To any lover of good architecture who has ever felt the charm of the old Dutch farm-houses in the Hackensack Valley or of the old stone houses of Germantown and thereabouts, the following passage will strike a responsive chord:

"We shall see that in New York State and in New Jersey the Dutch influences prevailed in the early architecture, and in Pennsylvania the German. It is all good architecture, however. The Dutch hoods are habitually at the eaves, while the German hoods which separated the first and second stories were often carried around the entire building, as flounces upon a skirt. The hoods are all fascinating, thoroughly architectonic, yet how little have they been studied and developed in modern design! The niceties of their application and use are little understood by the average architect, who, ordinarily, would think he was wasting his client's money to exploit anything of the kind. You see, he forgets that his client has spiritual needs as well as physical ones.

The gambrel roofs of the Dutch houses have come to be commercial commodities and are continually resorted to—no, are continually parodied, I mean to say—by modern builders who cannot tell what this immutable art principle we are talking about may be. They are simply magnificent, the roof lines of the old stone house at Hackensack, N. J., shown in Plate XXV, yet they are not good enough for the modern inventor, he must try some fancied improvement in the way of a grotesque pitch, for which he racks his brain. Of these same fancied improvements, I could supply examples *ad infinitum*, but they could only pain the reader, however great a favor I might be doing American commercialism.

"And now I must pause again for the present, because I am come to the doorway of Wyck at Germantown (Plate XIX), and before it the architectural critic prefers to linger in silent admiration—to fold his arms as the musical critics used to do when Patti was at the zenith of her powers, but while thoroughly enjoying every fine artistic *nuance* of the performance, a disturbing premonition reminds him—warns him that if paid to criticize and not to praise he will, in all probability lose his employment. They have no bit of architectural detail in England that the Germantown doorway



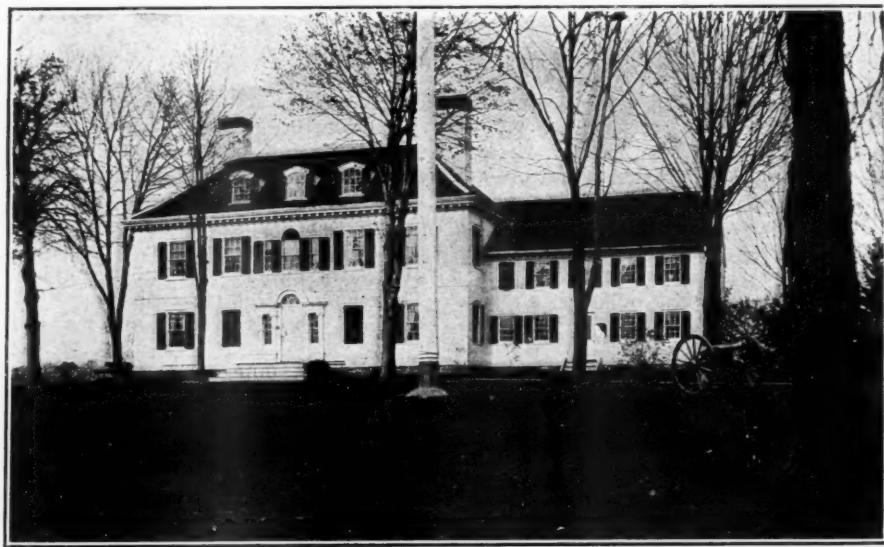
OLD DUTCH HOUSE AT HACKENSACK, N. J. EARLY 18TH CENTURY

need be afraid of. Of course you will go into ecstasies over it; I do. But you will experience difficulty in finding an architect capable of grasping the idea sufficiently well for you to incorporate the charm of it in the new house you are planning to build. The modern dwelling-house is conceived so differently, plotted so differently, with unsympathetic T-squares and triangles, and is governed so strictly by materials milled, and easily nailed in place by the carpenter, as to put that element of graciousness which signifies so much to our lives and happiness—that 'charm not deducible by mathematics,' that makes us think, and whereby we eventually become better men

class under obligations to no one—but an *aristocracy* whose *noblesse oblige* vouchsafed the encouragement of architecture in common with other arts and refinements. And if there remain to us, yet fairly intact, a representative town of this aristocracy that we may go to look at, to-day, to see what it was like, I should say it was Anne Arundel town (Annapolis), the ancient capital of Maryland.

* * * * *

"But no writer upon American Renaissance can afford to slight the subject of Annapolis in the letterpress of his work, for its didactic value is immense. The very



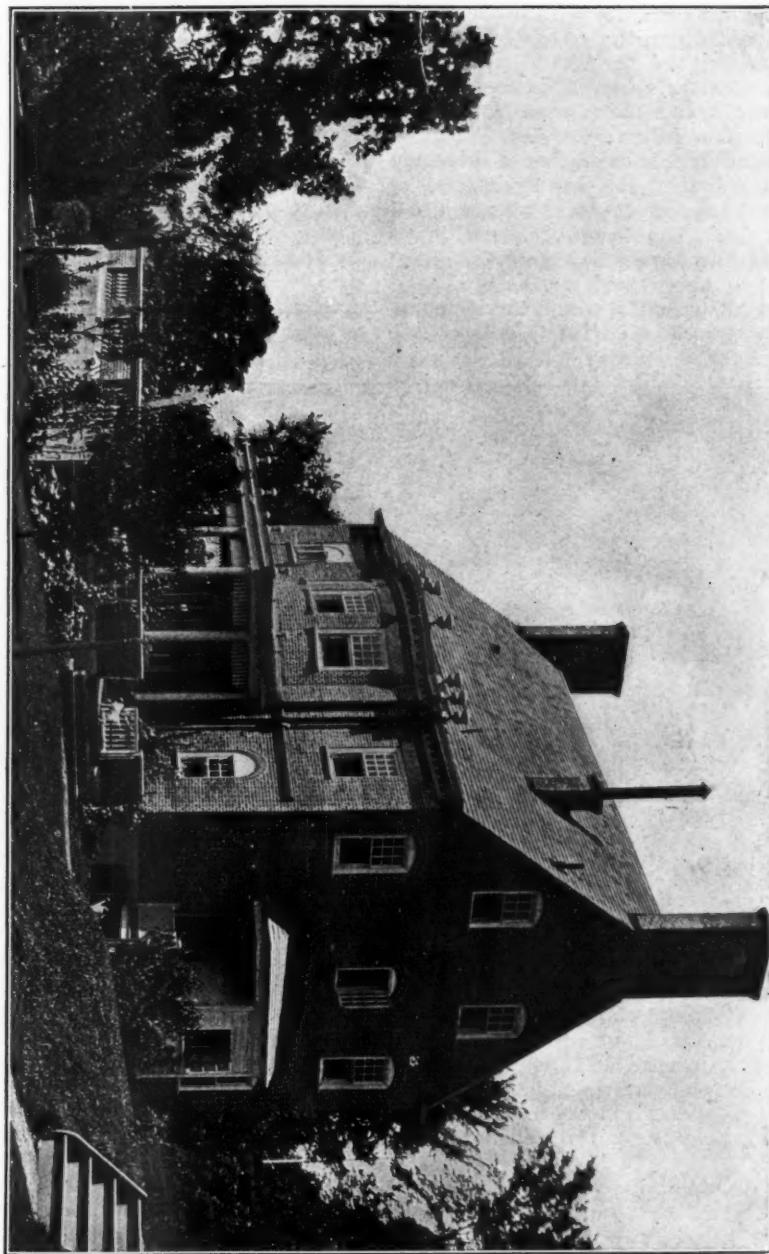
FORD MANSION, MORRISTOWN, N. J. 18TH CENTURY

and women in the world, absolutely beyond the pale of realization."

The chapter entitled *The Grand Epoch* is one of unusual interest and it makes the reader regret, in the pictures of old-time stateliness and elegant hospitality which it evokes, that "the old school," both of manners and of mansions, should have passed so thoroughly beyond recall. Here is a glimpse of the period and of the author's valuation of its architecture.

"Then there came a time when the legitimate development and prosperity of the colonies produced, not what the forcing box of commercialism has produced—a *moneyed*

plan of its streets was formulated according to the principles of art uninfluenced in the smallest degree by America's ubiquitous ogre, commercialism, which was here relegated by municipal ordinance, to certain extremely restricted sections of the city, beyond which it trespassed at its peril. The relation these patches of territory bore to the whole equaled, perhaps, one-fourth. In other words, the Annapolitans looked upon commercialism as the mere machinery of their household, and the idea was to sacrifice no more room to its offices than was absolutely necessary. Commercialism during the grand epoch was essentially a



EASTOVER. THE GARDEN FRONT

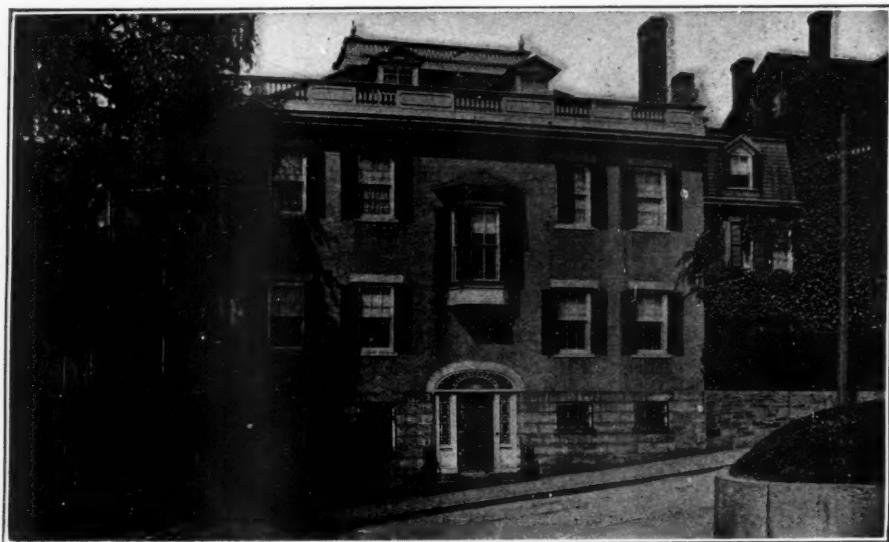
A modern development of Annapolitan architecture under the Colonial régime in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. Time of George II.

steward's department, and the Annapolitans would have been the last people in the world to tolerate its meddling with architecture.

"Moreover, Annapolis stands for the supreme moment of the grand epoch. It was here that the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was formally ratified in 1784, and here Washington went through the ceremony of returning his commission as commander-in-chief of the army to the august power whence it had come to him. The Constitution itself owes its first glory to Annapolis, where the initial proceedings were held. Annapolis and American Renaissance are, therefore, indissolubly associated. You speak of one

yet every student of American Renaissance should contrive to make, at least, one pilgrimage thither during his lifetime to gain, if possible, a better idea of the most characteristic development his national school of architecture has seen."

One hears often in these days the complaint that modern architects are merely adapters of the work of bygone periods and styles, that they lack originality and the genius to cope with modern problems. These charges have been made repeatedly by architects themselves who have dropped into print. It is worthy of record, therefore, that among the writing brotherhood of architects here is one who utters a plea



HOUSE ON BENEFIT STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

and the other follows as a natural consequence. The amplification of the American dwelling-house was here carried to a higher degree of excellence and refinement than has been elsewhere attained, before or since, for Annapolis was practically finished by 1770, and, happily for this generation, has stayed so.

"It is disappointing that there should be no good place to "sup and lie"—to resuscitate, a rather poetical archaism—in Annapolis, no snug old tavern with the king's arms upon a sign-board still swinging over its door. And Annapolis, besides, is most inaccessible and expensive to reach;

for adaptation instead of condemning it. He points out the fact that the history of architecture may in a sense be called the history of adaptation, and adds: "I should say without qualification that adaptation—let us call it so until we discover a better term—is the soul of architecture, presupposing the highest kind of talent, most extended education, and artistic susceptibility."

However, the reader may agree or disagree with Mr. Dow in this or in others of his conclusions, he will find the book stimulating and interesting and well worth a place among the reference-book shelves of his library. *Samuel A. Chapin.*

Natural History—or Imagination?

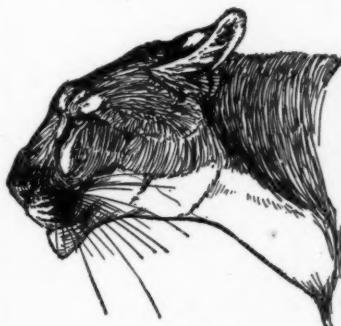
In the Prefatory Note to his most recent book, "The Watchers of the Trails,"* Mr. Roberts refers to the fact that "a very distinguished author" has accused him of ascribing to his animal heroes "human motives and the mental processes of man." Presumably, the "distinguished author" is Mr. John Burroughs, and the reference to his "Atlantic Monthly" article, wherein he called to account particularly such writers as Mr. Seton and Mr. Long, on the score that they were taking all kinds of liberties with natural history while professing to stick to the truth. As to ascribing to animals mental operations beyond their capacity, Mr. Roberts says:

"The fact is, however, that this fault is one which I have been at particular pains to guard against. The psychological processes of the animals are so simple, so obvious, in comparison with those of man, their actions flow so directly from their springs of impulse, that it is, as a rule, an easy matter to infer the motives which are at any one moment impelling them." And elsewhere in the Note, Mr. Roberts makes this flat declaration: "The stories of which this volume are made up are avowedly fiction. They are, at the same time, true, in that the material of which they are moulded consists of facts—facts as precise as painstaking observation and anxious regard for truth can make them. Certain of the stories, of course, are true literally. Literal truth may be attained by stories which treat of a single incident, or of action so restricted as to lie within the scope of a single observation. When, on the other hand, a story follows the career of a wild creature of the wood or air or water through wide intervals of time and space, it is obvious that the truth of that story must be of a different kind. The com-

plete picture which such a story presents is built up from observation necessarily detached and scattered; so that the utmost it can achieve is consistency with the truth."

Mr. Roberts cannot complain if his stories are examined in the light of these declarations. Take "The Truce," for example. Here we are told how a trapper (who happens to be armed only with a hunting-knife) is chased by a bear. Naturalists and hunters agree that a bear will invariably flee from a man, unless he is cornered, or thinks he is cornered. Mr. Roberts evidently is aware of this, for he says of this particular bear that "at almost any other time he would have taken the first whiff of that ominous man-smell as a signal to efface himself and make off noiselessly down the wind." But Bruin, in this instance, is trying to dig a chipmunk out of a decayed tree, and, as he is very hungry, the interruption promised by the "man-smell" so angers him that he sets off after the cause thereof. (This, we assume, is what Mr. Roberts would have us consider "obvious animal psychology.") There is a long chase, and the hunter is so hard pressed that he is obliged to throw away his pack, which con-

tains bacon and sugar. But the hungry bear pays no attention to these delicacies, and continues his relentless pursuit, so wroth is he at having been disturbed in his hunt for the chipmunk. (Is this, too, "obvious animal psychology"?) The upshot of the chase is that, as a result of the sudden breaking up of the ice on a river which the pursued and the pursuer are attempting to cross, they find themselves stranded on a small island just above a thundering waterfall. The hunter got there by leaping from one cake of ice to another, and then, filled with admiration for the determination of the bear, he pulls Bruin from the water as he is being swept by toward certain death. As might have been ex-



HEAD OF PUMA

*THE WATCHERS OF THE TRAILS. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Livingston Bull. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.

pected of such a bear, gratitude to his preserver quite overcomes his wrath at having had his chipmunk hunt interrupted, and when the hunter makes his way ashore on a timely ice jam, Bruin follows and very meekly disappears in the woods.

Then there is another bear story, "The Return to the Trails," in which Mr. Roberts gives us an elaborate study of complicated animal psychology and spasmodically atro-

when he was a cub, and through having spent five years or so with a traveling circus as a trick bear, in which capacity he was treated kindly, or cruelly, by the various people who had to do with him. All this psychology is described in considerable detail by Mr. Roberts. "Instinct," prompted the bear to knock his keeper down and take to the woods, when the circus happens to come again to the region where he was born; and presently he had made his way back to his ancestral mountain, intent upon resuming his natural life. But once again in the woods this same "instinct" plays him false when it should be his surest guide. He blunders around in the forest making so much noise that woodchucks, squirrels and other small animals have an easy time avoiding him. He doesn't know the difference between food and poison, and consequently eats a poisonous fungus which "gave him excruciating cramps." And—the final and fatal flaw in his instinct—he wakes up in the middle of winter, and goes roaming half starved through the woods. But, prompted by recollections of the *kind* treatment he had received from man, he at last follows a human trail into a lumber camp, where he is shot.

Such are a few of this bear's adventures, based upon "facts as precise as painstaking observation and anxious regard for truth can make them," and of such are his "obvious psychological operations," which are "well within the limits of safe inference."

Scarcely less remarkable is the story of "The Rivals of Ringwaak"—the "ri-



WATCHING FOR PREY

phied instinct. To begin with, this bear receives a series of confused and contradictory impressions about mankind, through having seen his mother killed by a dead-fall,

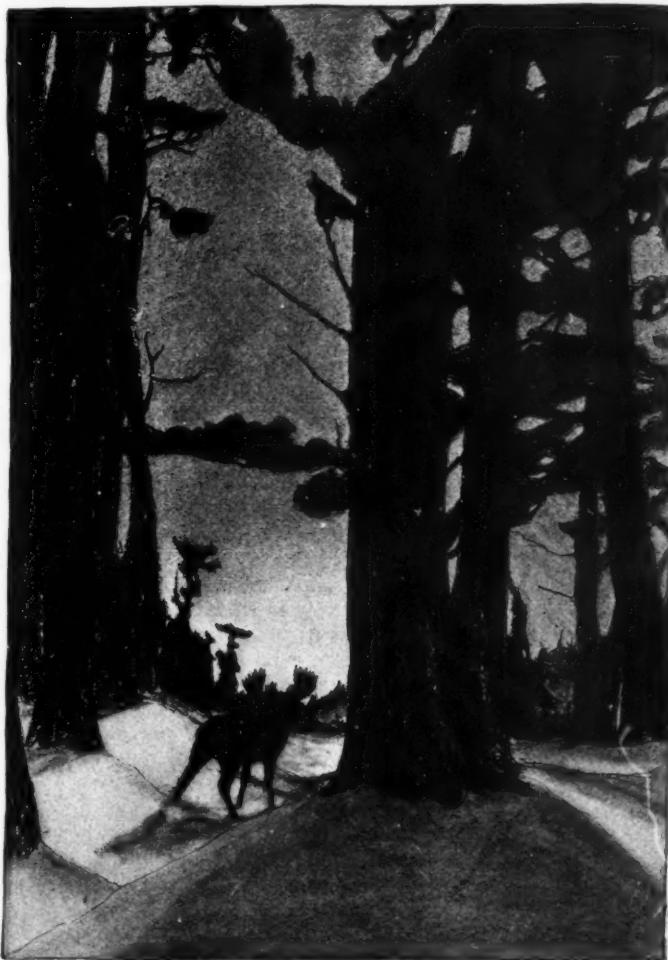
"rivals" being a "catamount" (puma?) and a lynx. The catamount's psychological states include wrath because lumbermen have come into his country with their screeching saw-

mills, and have driven the fish away with their sawdust. Wherefore the catamount takes revenge upon the lumbermen by chewing up their dog. (Here we have an impulse to take vicarious revenge, as "obvious animal psychology.") The lynx's psychology likewise includes wrath, because he finds the marks on a tree of the catamount's claws, two inches higher than he can reach. Then the two animals meet and have a duel in which the catamount is killed. On this subject of duels to the death between animals, Mr. W. T. Hornaday, in his "American Natural History" (which was reviewed in CURRENT LITERATURE for July), says: "A fight between two wild animals is usually a very brief event—so say reliable men who have seen them in the wilds—and unless there is an accidental death-lock of antlers, the vanquished party usually shows his heels long before he is seriously wounded."

Mr. Roberts' birds are no less intellectual than his quadrupeds. "The Decoy," for example, is the story of a wild goose, captured alive after having had its wing broken by a hunter's shot, and used by the hunter as a stool. But the bird, after seeing two of its kind shot as the result of having responded to its call, refuses to be a party to any further deception. Then there are a pair of kingbirds, of very complicated psychological processes, who have a series of exciting adventures, including the fighting off of a black snake, whose "fangs" they manage to avoid—although a black snake is a non-poisonous serpent, and as such has no fangs.

As we have said, there would be little, if any, reason for the implication connoted by these quotations, but for the declarations

which Mr. Roberts is at pains to make concerning the natural history of his stories. And the same would be true as to the criticisms of the stories of Mr. Ernest Thompson



MOOSE IN WINTER WOODS

Seton and the Rev. William J. Long. But, although Mr. Roberts presumably may be convinced of the essential accuracy of his stories, he cannot blame some of his readers if they smile politely and at the same time fail to conceal their incredulity as he describes the psychological operations of his animals. A man's study of "trails" may have extended no further than the scrutiny of the trail of a North River ferryboat, but he may, at the same time, have a sense of

humor, and this sense may arouse the suspicion that Mr. Roberts' authenticated animals—like Cassius—"think too much"—altogether too much. Obviously, it is this kind of writing to which Mr. Hornaday refers when he says: "The tendency of the present is to idealize the higher animals, to ascribe to them intelligence and reasoning power which they do not possess, and in some instances to 'observe' wonderful manifestations that take place chiefly in the imagination of the beholder." And again: "The virtues of the higher animals have been extolled unduly, and their intelligence has been magnified about ten diameters." And yet again: "You and I may spend years in the forests and fields, observing and collecting wild creatures [Mr. Hornaday *has*], and see only a very few of the acts of the wild folks which we can call wonderful. But then, somehow, our animals have rarely been as large, or as well educated, as those of some other observers." ("The American Natural History.")

Whether any actual harm is done by such stories is a question which will be considered seriously or otherwise, according to the temperament and the point of view of the reader. That many of the tales of Mr. Seton and Mr. Long and Mr. Roberts which excite the ridicule of naturalists as such, are interesting and cleverly written, cannot be denied. And that they do good to the extent that they inculcate a friendly attitude toward animals, is also true. On the other hand, that they spread much misinforma-

tion about animals is becoming more and more apparent. A young naturalist acquaintance of the present writer says that, in conducting a series of nature classes, he occasionally has much difficulty with those of his pupils, juvenile and adult, who have followed in good faith such "trails" as Mr. Roberts describes. He finds that, in not a few instances, such pupils have a point of view which makes them almost unwilling to accept plain facts of natural history. The question which naturally arises, therefore, is whether the entertainment furnished by these stories, and the kindness toward animals which they prompt, are overbalanced by the actual amount of misinformation which they spread.

As to Mr. Roberts' literary style and general form of presentation, candor compels the further criticism that, in this volume, at least, neither is of a kind calculated to enhance the plausibility of his stories. His tendency to multiply unessential details—to over-explain—and a more than occasional floundering in the bog of verbosity, bespeak the lack of careful editing.

For the artistic effectiveness of the wash drawing illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull, a word of unqualified praise should be spoken. Mr. Bull has evidently studied with care, and to good purpose, the tone values of Japanese art. And, from the more technical point of view, the publishers should be credited with having produced an unusually handsome book.

George Gladden.



The Drama

Edited by Eckert Goodman

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Dramatist

A NOTHER play by Mr. Shaw has appeared in print. It bears the elusive title of "Man and Superman."* Again have the reviewers and critics devoted great space to its author. Again have the qualifying adjectives—long grown trite—been heaped upon him. Again have we heard of the "brilliant," the "original," the "striking," the "remarkable," the "unusual" Mr. Shaw. Again from the opposite camp has come the howl of abuse and censure. It is all quite the usual proceedings attending a new offering from this gentleman's pen, intensified at this time by the fact that a recent and indeed present vogue has placed Mr. Shaw very much in the public mind. What a delight all this must be to him! What were his words, written in the preface of his "Three Plays For Puritans"? "I first caught the ear of the British public on a cart in Hyde Park, to the blaring of brass bands, and this not at all as a reluctant sacrifice of my instinct of privacy to political necessity, but, because, like all dramatists and mimes of genuine vocation, I am a natural-born mountebank." And a little farther on: "In England as elsewhere the spontaneous recognition of really original work begins with a mere handful of people, and propagates itself so slowly that it has become a commonplace to say that genius, demanding bread, is given a stone after its possessor's death. The remedy for this is sedulous advertisement. Accordingly I have advertised myself so well that I find myself, whilst in middle life, almost as legendary a person as the Flying Dutchman." *Ipse dixit.* Far be it from us to cavil.

Mr. Shaw is quite right too in saying that he is "almost as legendary a person as the Flying Dutchman." Among all the men writing to-day not one is more difficult to place. If we might see the expression to the eye or the curve to the lip instead of reading

those exasperating, fascinating prefaces, perhaps some light might be given us. For it has been those prefaces which have caused the greatest trouble and which, while seemingly laying bare their author's innermost thoughts, have proven tantalizing puzzles, as if the writer were testing and trying you. It is their frankness or apparent frankness that proves the snare. Take this sentence from his latest volume: "I assure you that I sometimes dislike myself so much that when some irritable reviewer chances at that moment to pitch into me with zest, I feel unspeakably relieved and obliged. But I never dream of reforming, knowing that I must take myself as I am." And there you are. You never know whether Mr. Shaw is fooling himself or you—or both. If you take him seriously he trips you up and laughs at you. If you take him humorously you find him shooting truths at you with the directness and swiftness of a rifle and the bull's-eye keeps ringing in your ear. He has the deep insight and love of philosophy of the German—or Norwegian; Italian poetry and art keep bobbing up here and there; combined with these are the Frenchman's cynicism and the Englishman's bluntness and cold-bloodedness; but over and above all he is an Irishman with all the keen wit and brilliant temperament and clarity of intellect that only an Irishman can have. Thus it is that you read his prefaces and you wonder if he be in earnest. At first the great mass of "I's" all but overwhelm until you discover that under all this he is aiming at *you*, is throwing hard cold facts at your head to see you dodge, and that it is merely in the garnishings, not the essentials, that he is joking. And it is seriously or not at all that Mr. Shaw must be considered. For stripped of his tricks—see *mountebank* above—he is a writer of unusual power and cleverness carried to the Nth degree, and a dramatist of high worth. And if his plays are about to come into the popularity

*MAN AND SUPERMAN. By George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, New York and Paris. \$1.25.

which seems probable from the success of "Candida" last year, their influence upon the modern stage may be great indeed.

If I read Mr. Shaw aright—and I wish to confess frankly my own misgivings—and if his purpose be serious, his work may best be considered by regarding it in comparison with that of another man for whom he has shown a marked admiration—Ibsen. At first glance it may seem that no two writers could possibly be more diverse and farther apart than Ibsen and Shaw. And yet at the bottom I believe that there is a marked similarity. Read carefully the three volumes of Shaw's plays and also this last one of "Man and Superman." In all these there is no situation, no character, no speech that could in justice be said to have had foundation in the plays of the Norwegian. Hardly an influence can be traced. Nevertheless, when you put down the last book you have the feeling of Ibsen, perhaps of Ibsen a long way off and differentiated by condition and place, but still somehow, Ibsen. The idea is absurdly puzzling—for you can in no way justify it, until you stop to consider what both men are in the main aiming their plays at. At one thing Ibsen has thundered persistently and has struck with all the power of his powerful pen, and that is hypocrisy—the lie. In nearly every play that he has written you can trace the author's scourge-mark upon this vice. So too in Shaw. It is hypocrisy and the lie in almost every case that his plays are centered about, whether the hypocrisy of modern "idealism" or the hypocrisy of modern "romance." Both men have seized upon this great vice in modern society and have dared—for it took daring—to point it out. For the hypocrisy at which they strike is not the apparent hypocrisy of double dealing with your neighbor, but the self-hypocrisy—the hypocrisy of the inner life and the hypocrisy of the social body as a whole. It is just because there is this great purpose, conscious or unconscious, behind the work of these two men that they are lifted, one to the highest rung, the other to a conspicuous height.

As soon as this similarity of purpose is expressed, however, there comes the first great differentiation. Both men are first and foremost sociologists, perhaps socialist would be the better term for one; but Ibsen with his tendencies toward mysticism and symbolism approaches rather the metaphysicians, while Shaw is the pure psy-

chologist. Nothing can better show Shaw's methods than the character of Marchbanks in "Candida." Marchbanks is really little more than a psychological question-mark thrown into the snug contentedness of the Reverend Morell. Though he is the whole motive-force to the play, he is at the same time quite outside it. Given any cause for quarrel between Candida and her husband, and March banks might sit upon the edge of the stage and comment upon the psychological phases of each person in the play. He is really a psychologist, and the manner in which he vivisects emotions to see their possessors squirm is worthy of the laboratory.

Just here another phase of Mr. Shaw must be mentioned. This may best be explained in his own words showing how he got, as he says, "a clue to my real condition from a friend of mine, a physician who had devoted himself specially to ophthalmic surgery. He tested my eyesight one evening and informed me that it was quite uninteresting to him because it was 'normal.' I naturally took this to mean that it was like everybody's else; but he rejected this construction as paradoxical and hastened to explain to me that I was an exceptional and highly fortunate person optically, 'normal' sight conferring the power of seeing things accurately, and being enjoyed by only about ten per cent of the population, the remaining ninety per cent being abnormal. I immediately perceived the explanation of my want of success in fiction. My mind's eye, like my body's, was 'normal'; it saw things differently from other people's eyes and saw them better."

Taking Mr. Shaw at his word, let us note what this "normal" seeing means. First and foremost that the stage has grown impossible. "One of the worst privations of life in London for persons of intellectual and artistic interests is the want of a suitable theater. The existing popular drama of the day is quite out of question for the cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains," he writes. So the easiest way to correct this state was to write plays, plays that would dare to break down old conventions and obsolete codes and give truth. It is "idealism" that Shaw hits at first. "Idealism which is only a flattering name for romance in politics and morals is as obnoxious to me as romance in ethics and religion." And when he mentions the

word romance he uses it with an intensity. "My view of romance is the great heresy to be swept off from art and life as the food of modern pessimism and the bane of modern self-respect." Here you have in a nutshell Mr. Shaw's originality. He has dared to disregard the sentimental "fixed" ideas of romance which each year follow one another with sickening repetition upon the stage. As a critic he must have felt the weariness of seeing certain set forms of emotion. As a consequence he goes Ibsen one step better into the realm of naturalism. The cheap heroics of the "stage" soldier have been replaced by the soldier who prefers to have a bit of chocolate to eat than cartridges for his revolver. The diffident, shy maiden, innocent even to a criminal degree, blushing at the first accents of love, becomes a woman perfectly schooled in the knowledge of her sex and using all her power and charm to reach her purposes. It would be interesting to trace how many of Shaw's women characters propose, or at least do the wooing. The sentimental view of filial piety and affection even he has dared to call into question. In short, above everything else, and whether serious or not, the plays of Shaw are the greatest arraignment against the modern popular drama that has been put forth. Conforming in bare technique, they break down almost every other "convention." They are side-lights upon the maudlin sentimentality which we have listened to. And what Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" was to the hot-house sentimentality of Richardson's "Pamela" and "Clarissa"; what Cervantes' "Don Quixote" was to the florid romance of its period; what Fletcher's "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" was to the Elizabethan swash-buckling drama; such the plays of Bernard Shaw might be considered in regard to the "popular" plays of to-day. As to Mr. Shaw's theories about woman, and the sex problem, and all the rest, let those who will and can discussit. In showing the absurdity and trashiness of what we have listened to, he has done a great service; and if, as said before, he come into

popularity, his influence for just this reason may be tremendous.

This will depend of course greatly on what he will do in the future. If he is to continue with plays like "Man and Superman," of course, he will prove well-nigh impossible for stage purposes; but the man who wrote "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell," yes, and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is distinctly a man of great dramatic ability and a man who can, if he will, write a great acting play. The trouble is that he is so brilliant, so witty, so clever, that one is apt to suspect his sincerity. He creates acting parts such as cause craving in an actor's breast. If he is not strikingly original in his stage-craft, yet he is not commonplace. If he will but follow out his own words at the end of his preface to Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant, he is like to prove one of the greatest dramatic forces of the century:

I can no longer be satisfied with fictitious morals and fictitious good conduct, shedding fictitious glory on over-crowding, disease, crime, drink, war, cruelty, infant mortality and all the other commonplaces of civilization which drive men to the theater to make foolish pretenses that such things are progress, science, morals, religion, patriotism, imperial supremacy, national greatness and all the other names the newspapers call them. On the other hand, I see plenty of good in the world working itself out as fast as the idealist will allow it; and if they will only let it alone and learn to respect reality, which would include the beneficial exercise of respecting themselves, and incidentally respecting me, we should all get along much better and faster. At all events, I do not see moral chaos and anarchy as the alternative to romantic convention; and I am not going to pretend that I do to please the less clear-sighted people who are convinced that the world is only held together by the force of unanimous, strenuous, eloquent, trumpet-tongued lying. To me the tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals suggested to our imaginations by our half-satisfied passions, instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history. And with that hint as to what I am driving at I withdraw and ring up the curtain

And there can be no better statement upon which to ring down the curtain upon this short appreciation of the plays of Mr. Shaw.

Science and Invention

Briquettes Coming into Favor

With the increasingly high price of coal, there are few questions of greater domestic importance than that of fuel. E. W. Parker, who is the coal-mining expert of the Geological Survey, reviewing in the Post the manner in which the price of fuel has risen, says that "four hundred patents had been issued on artificial fuels before 1902, none of which became a demonstrated success commercially up to that time, so far as I am aware. In the last two years there have been about forty patents, mostly on briquette processes, such as:

"For making briquettes with binder obtained by boiling seaweed.

"Compressed fuel made from peat, without any other binder.

"Smokeless compressed fuel made from slack or fine coal, and a binder obtained from sago-yielding plants.

"Briquettes made from comminuted coal, coke, or other combustible, with molasses for binding material.

"Fine coal with a binder of pitch which has been treated by carbonic acid.

"Briquettes made from slack or culm mixed when heated with paraffin residuum, borax, antimony, acetic acid, oil-cake meal, clay, crude potash, and salt.

"Process of making artificial fuel from sawdust, coal dust, peat, and various forms of waste or earthy matter, with mineral oil.

"Smokeless briquettes made of fine divided coal or other carbonaceous material, and a binder made from butchers' waste.

"Compressed artificial fuel, consisting of a mixture of coal ashes, sawdust, sand, paraffin wax, and sodium nitrate.

"Artificial fuel, consisting of coal dust, screenings, or waste, sawdust, rosin, sour beer, and molasses, compressed.

"Composite peat block, consisting of a core and shell, the shell being formed of pulverized peat and containing less moisture than the core."

Continuing, Mr. Parker discusses the briquette and its coming importance and value:

"We shall be using briquettes on a large scale in this country within a very few years. This is an industry which, although it has no foothold to-day, is bound to come to the front. Conditions which have been unfavorable for it in the past are rapidly changing. In Germany one-third of the entire coal mined is lignite, nearly all of it being briquetted before use. Briquettes are retailed there by count instead of weight. A German friend of mine recently told me that when he was at school he used to

buy eight or ten briquettes each morning, put them into a porcelain stove, and close the draught tight. They would thus burn all day long.

"For domestic purposes the briquette offers an exceedingly economical method of using coal. With lignite, or with the fine coal produced as the result of the mining industry, or even with very dry bituminous—as those coals are called which do not fuse when thrown on the grate—efficiency is greatly increased by this process. Lignite goes all to pieces under combustion, and with the other kinds that I have mentioned a large share of the combustible material is lost through the grate bars. If these were made sufficiently small to hold everything in, the air supply would be insufficient. But when these coals are manufactured into briquettes they hold together in that form until consumed. Everything burns to an ash and without clinkers.

"From letters I receive I am convinced that the era of the briquette is rapidly approaching. Experiments are in progress in many quarters. A manufacturing concern in Chicago is putting up a model machine which will be exhibited at St. Louis, while several concerns elsewhere are attempting the same thing. German and English manufacturers have been looking over this country with a view to establishing plants here; they think the market not quite ripe, I understand, but I believe they are mistaken."

Recent Progress in the Study of Radioactivity

The history of research into the phenomena of radioactivity since Roentgen discovered the X-rays in 1895 has been one of unparalleled interest. Early in 1896 Professor Becquerel, of Paris, found that salts of uranium emitted rays which affected the photographic plate. To these were almost simultaneously added salts of thorium by Professor Schmidt and Madame Curie. Then Monsieur and Madame Curie discovered those salts of radium which have perhaps been responsible for more sensational statements in the public press and more extravagant prognostications and hopes than any discovery since chemistry became a science. There is very little probability that radium will cause any industrial convulsion. It may, probably will, be a powerful therapeutic agent in the hands of the physician. That it may be the means of revising our theories of matter is now quite within the lines of probability. The "Popular Science Monthly" for March has some interesting words on this subject:

The dream of the alchemists had without

doubt a strong philosophical foundation, and although the desire to accomplish transmutations of the elements has lost all power as an incentive to the study of natural phenomena, one cannot help noticing the small amount of reverence modern physics has for the identity of the atom of the chemical element. The electronic theory of matter set forth by Sir Oliver Lodge holds that there is no more difference between the atoms of the different elements than between houses of different shapes and sizes but built of the same kind of bricks, the little electrons being the bricks of which the atoms are built, although the structure of an atom is more like that of a planetary system than that of a house. Confidence in the stability of this structure in the case of ordinary atoms has not been shown to be misplaced, but in the case of the radioactive substances—elements they are by the usual tests—evidence of atomic disintegration continues to accumulate. Their radiations consist chiefly of projected particles, far smaller than the atoms of the radioactive elements, and, as Professor Rutherford and Mr. Soddy have shown, the radioactive matter passes successively through a series of unstable forms. The final product of this atomic disintegration must be stable, and therefore not radioactive, and since the gas helium is found in all radioactive minerals it is suggested that helium is one of the stable residues left by the heavy and unstable radioactive atoms.

During the summer of 1903, Professor Ramsay, the discoverer of terrestrial helium, and Mr. Soddy followed up this suggestion with experiments, and came to the conclusion that helium is continuously produced by radium. The experiments consisted in examining in a spark tube the spectrum of the radioactive gas, or emanation, given on dissolving in water fifty milligrams of nearly pure radium bromide that had been in the solid state for some time. This radioactive gas is not stable, but decays in a geometrical progression with the time, the rate being about half in four days. Of course the most careful precautions were taken to free the spark tube from foreign gases, especially hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon dioxide. When first prepared the tube gave a new and hitherto unknown spectrum, probably that of the radioactive gas. After four days the lines of the helium spectrum began to appear, growing brighter for several days, while the new spectrum observed at first disappeared. The supposition is that the helium is the product of the atomic decomposition of the radioactive gas. It may be argued that the experiments only prove that radium is not an element, but only a compound of staple elements. On the other hand, the production of the radioactive gas is not influenced by changes of temperature, which is true of no chemical process, and is accompanied by radioactivity, which is not a phenomenon of chemical changes.

Remedies for Rusty Stove-pipes.

Many a householder has been puzzled and annoyed at the way in which the stove-pipe has rusted out before the "reasonable wear and tear" has been gone through. John M.

Blake, in the "Scientific American," gives an explanation of the process which goes on, but the remedy proposed is such that, probably, the majority of persons will take things as a matter of course and count the rusting of the stove-pipe among the "un-avoidables."

The ruinous rusting of stove-pipes is a matter that is often forcibly brought to the attention of users of anthracite-coal stoves. Pipes which have been in use for two or three years will sometimes become so eaten by rust that little metallic iron is left, and the pipe will crush in the hand. This destruction is more rapid and complete than with the ordinary weather-rusting of sheet iron.

The cause is generally attributed to the sulphur in the coal. There is not much doubt that the destruction of the mortar in chimney-tops is due to the sulphur acids; but some experiments made by the writer a number of years ago resulted in showing that the sulphur has little to do with this injury to pipes. The true cause is the production of ammonia compounds during combustion. Both the chloride, or sal-ammoniac, and the sulphate are formed in the pipe, and mix with the ashes and soot. It remains harmless during the dry, cold weather, but readily absorbs moisture by contact with damp air as warm weather comes on, when its action begins, and continues so long as the cause remains. The effect of sal-ammoniac to induce rusting in iron is well known. It is also well known that bituminous coal gives off ammonia when distilled, the supply obtained at the gas works being considerable. We would hardly expect anthracite coal to produce an appreciable quantity; but when the writer mixed a little slaked lime with some dust taken from flues or pipes a strong smell of ammonia was developed, thus practically demonstrating that this salt is produced in quantity sufficient to cause injury.

Two ways seem to effect the removal of the ammonia salt from the pipes. First, by immersing and thoroughly soaking the separated sections for several hours in water—running water, if possible; and second, by roasting the pipes over a fire to a red heat. In my experiments both methods were tried, with equally satisfactory results. The pipes, however, in the second method, must be heated to a dark red to completely drive off the ammonia compounds. A stove that could be heated throughout by a brisk wood fire just previous to removal for storage might be made immune—as well as its pipe—so far up as the intense heat had reached; and it has been found of advantage to soak and wash the removable parts of a kitchen stove before leaving the same unused for the summer.

The accumulation of ammonia salts seems to be slow. Just a few fires in a stove do not appear to leave the destructive element in serious quantity. The rusting effect on cast-iron furnace flues is to form a scale to a limited depth every summer, which gradually thins the cast iron. Under the same conditions, wrought-iron pipes or flues would be penetrated, unless of good thickness. The dust from furnace flues has considerable value as a fertilizer.

Medical Questions of Popular Interest

Oysters and Typhoid Fever

IT may safely be said that the aim of modern medicine is as much the prevention of disease as the cure of it after it has attacked the human frame. In pursuance of this end every avenue by which disease may attack man is carefully investigated by watchful observers and trained intellects in the hope that, sooner or later, all diseases due to false conditions of living may be swept from the earth. One of the most evasive of such diseases, up to the present time, has been typhoid fever. The "Medical Record" of May last remarks that the chief causes of typhoid fever in most American cities are obvious, and point to contaminated water supply, impure milk, and inefficient sanitary arrangements. There are, however, sporadic cases which cannot be easily traced to these sources. Seeing that in England "the case against shell-fish as a conveyor of typhoid infection has been proved to the hilt, . . . it is only reasonable to lay to the charge of infected oysters a certain proportion of the cases which occur." In accordance with such reasoning as this, the Department of Health of the city of New York has lately caused the sources of the oyster supply of the city to be inspected.

In the words of the New York Independent:

The oysters are stored before shipment for several days, as a rule, in oyster houses, the lower floor of which is below the level of the water, or in oyster floats, through which the water is allowed to find its way. These oyster houses and floats are usually placed some distance up various little streams. It has been found that if the water that flows over the oysters is not entirely salt, the shell-fish become plump, and are somewhat bleached, thus looking more inviting to the untrained in oyster lore. This process is called fattening.

Speaking of the locality of these oyster houses and floats, the same authority says:

Along the Sound shore of Long Island, or of Connecticut, or in Staten Island, or in New Jersey, oysters after gathering are exposed for some time to contamination by being placed in the waters of little streams that run out into the salt water and carry down with them the sewage and drainage of neighboring villages and of various factories and farms along the banks.

In most of the streams the ebb and flow of the tide prevent even that carrying away of floating material common in ordinary country streams.

If we turn to the consideration of the question whether or not such infection thus acquired can be conveyed, we find that at a meeting of the Medical Society of the County of New York:

Cyrus W. Field, Assistant bacteriologist, Department of Health, told of the work carried out at the Aquarium, where oysters were supplied to determine two points: first, whether oysters carried the typhoid infection, and, second, under what conditions and how long a time. Oysters were placed in large tanks containing brackish water which was infected with typhoid bacilli. At the end of twenty-four hours the oysters were removed, and it was found that the typhoid bacilli could be isolated from the oyster as late as the ninth day; in other words, it was shown that the oyster could carry the typhoid bacilli alive for nine days. Again the infected oysters were placed in salt water, and it was found that the typhoid bacilli could be isolated up to the eighth day, but from the ninth day on no organisms could be obtained alive. When the tank was first infected there were found 20,000 organisms to the cubic centimeter, and at the end of twenty-four hours they had dropped to 10,000, or 50 per cent, and at the end of nine days none were found. It was shown that the death of the typhoid bacillus in oysters was brought about by the salt water, and again by dilution. He said that Cook of New Haven, in 1895, had come to the same conclusion or results, that the typhoid bacilli were destroyed in oysters at the end of the ninth or tenth day, but he also found an interesting thing. If the oysters were cooled he was then able to isolate the typhoid organisms at the end of from four to six weeks. Further experiments showed that many oysters die in transit to the market, and that the typhoid bacilli in dead or dying oysters make a very favorable culture medium for the organisms to increase.

The Mortality of Pneumonia

"American Medicine" says that it is believed by many physicians that pneumonia is increasing both in frequency and fatality. Statistics from Baltimore show the following situation: Deaths from pneumonia, per 100,000 population, have increased from 35.5 in 1850 to 253 in 1900. Dr. Pleasants states that the Baltimore pneumonia curve fairly represents the general condition throughout the country, and calls attention to the fact that the

period 1850-90, during which the increase was gradual and steady, was not one in which influenza could be considered a contributing cause. At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City the subject was treated by Dr. E. F. Wells, of Chicago, who spoke of the increase in prevalence and mortality of pneumonia.

The increase in virulence of the pneumococcus is probably largely at fault, he said, as this change can be demonstrated to take place. This organism is present in many individuals supposedly healthy, it being found in the respiratory passages of 45 out of 135 persons. In some instances it was found in all the members of a family, and in these was usually obtained the history of the pneumonia in one or more members. This fact points to a reasonable hope of a successful prophylaxis against pneumonia. The organism is disseminated by coughing, sneezing and expectoration of the people who harbor it. It is taken into the body by inspiration and possibly by the blood from the upper respiratory passages. Tables, made from statistics collected during several years, show the increase of mortality from pneumonia, and out of 465,020 cases there were 93,110 deaths, at the rate of over 20 per cent. Death in the vast majority of cases is due to toxemia. As regards treatment, he believes that the people are well enough instructed to cooperate with physicians in an effective prophylaxis. All sputum from pneumonia patients should be destroyed before it becomes dry, and it would even be well to destroy all sputum. Rooms of pneumonia patients should afterward be disinfected the same as in the case of diphtheria.

Efficient Disinfection

Disinfection, however, is a matter too frequently pushed aside by the householder. In fact, it is often regarded almost as an infringement upon his personal liberty, and yet any one with ordinary common sense can see that what the commonwealth demands in some cases is to the advantage of the individual in all cases. The time may possibly come when every case of every infectious disease will be reported and the Commonwealth step in for the protection of its citizens, but until that day it behoves all who lay claim to common sense to take such measures as that somewhat rare endowment dictates. For such the following quotation from the "Medical World" will have a value:

Disinfection is only efficient when complete; like antisepsis, it is valueless if any detail of technic be omitted. If death occur in a case of virulently contagious disease, the room is generally disinfected; but attendants and body are often allowed to escape. This is a flaw in the method which makes it a question whether

any actual good has been done. To make matters actually safe, it is wise to insist upon thorough disinfection of the room, of the body, of the attendants, and their clothing; and though the patient be living, of the body also.

Clothing is best disinfected by immersing in water in the room; it may then be safely carried to wherever it is most convenient to boil, steam, or treat by chemical disinfectants. Carbolic acid is perhaps the best and cheapest all round disinfectant. The room cannot be satisfactorily disinfected while occupied with a living patient. If the patient can be moved, the room may be disinfected, and the patient returned. Otherwise it is advisable to await recovery or death. After the completion of the case, all our readers know the proper use of sulphur and formaldehyde, of carbolic acid, and corrosive sublimate.

Disinfection of the living patient and of the attendants is quite important. An infected patient is disinfected by a bath of corrosive sublimate or carbolic acid, and a complete change of clothes and bedding. Corrosive sublimate is only to be employed where a porcelain-lined bath-tub is available. The disinfection of the patient improves his comfort and safety, and it protects, in a measure, those who attend him. After the first thorough bath and disinfection, it is often advisable to employ antiseptic sponging at frequent intervals. If an exposed person will submit to such treatment, and don a complete change of clothing, he may be released from quarantine, but should be kept under supervision. Naturally he must remain away from the possibility of reinfection until the known period of incubation is passed safely.

Increase of Suicide in the United States

It is a serious commentary upon our civilization, a stigma upon our sanity and moral courage, an index, possibly, of our inability to bear the strain of modern life, that suicide is on the increase. While it is the province of the psychologist and the physician to investigate the causes which lead to suicide, the maintenance of a high standard in the meaning and responsibilities of life, and the removal of the influences which destroy the sense of its sacredness, are duties of the world at large. The passage following, taken from "American Medicine," is one to make the reader think and shudder:

According to statistics presented by George P. Upton, of Chicago, the number of cases of suicide is rapidly increasing in the United States. He shows that in the past 13 years 77,617 people have committed suicide in this country, an average of nearly 6,000 per annum. It is further noted that during the 13 years there were 41 suicides among physicians, which is more than the number of suicides of those belonging to any other profession. Previous to 1894 most of the suicides were committed by the use of firearms, usually the revolver; since that time most of the deaths have resulted from various poisons, carbolic acid being most frequently used.

In the World of Religious Thought

Edited by Owen R. Lovejoy

Religion and Religions

The proposed union of the Northern Presbyterians with the Cumberland Presbyterians, and the conferences recently held by the Congregational, United Brethren and Methodist Protestant bodies, looking toward organic union of these denominations, have rendered the subject of church unity the leading topic of the day in religious circles. The predominant sentiment expressed, both by the religious press and by leaders in the various Protestant churches, is clearly in favor of a closer affiliation, if not indeed an actual union, of the divided forces. That there is a growing indifference to doctrinal standards is evident, and if this means a "good-natured, complacent, almost jaunty willingness on the part of many Protestants to let others do their thinking for them—others who do not know just what they think—or who do not care," as the former moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, Dr. Minton, believes, it is a matter of serious consideration.

Many of the denominations which are looking to a closer union are not, however, divided upon theological dogmas, but are essentially agreed upon all important features of doctrinal belief. Even in case of widely differing theological views the difficulty of union would not seem to be insurmountable. "It should not be forgotten," says Rev. Jas. E. Clarke, editor of the "Cumberland Presbyterian," "that neither Calvinism nor Arminianism are religions; they are philosophies, though apparently looked upon by many as religions and practically adored as fetishes by some." The chief causes of present division in the Protestant world seem to be a loyalty to the traditions and histories of the several organizations, together with an unwillingness to surrender details of administration, time-honored names, and positions of official honor and trust, which must follow the denominational "merger."

Whether the time is ripe for organic union may be doubted, though the recent General Conference of the Methodist Protestants adopted a plan, without a dissenting vote,

for union with the United Brethren and the Congregational churches, and other indications prove the trend of the day. While doctrinal agreement in details cannot be expected in any body of thinking Christians, as Dr. Gladden affirmed in his address before the Conference, substantial unity in belief is essential to harmony. And this substantial unity of belief becomes increasingly possible as the pre-eminence of the metaphysical is succeeded by an emphasis upon personal and social righteousness. "He that doeth his will shall know the doctrine" appears still a sound principle. There are many in all denominations who will join in the sentiment expressed by the New York State Conference of Religion, which "affirms the supremacy of the moral interests of religion, the obligation of all religious men to co-operate religiously for these interests, and the unity of the religious spirit." Repudiating "toleration" as an insult to intelligence and earnestness, this Conference adopts the motto, "There are many religions, but Religion is one." Representative men of a score of denominations have agreed in defining this one religion as "The life of God in the soul of man."

In a notable address recently delivered before the State Conference and later published in the "North American Review," the Rev. R. Heber Newton laid bare the causes which perpetuate division—long after the worthy principles which gave rise to the division have been settled, and no issue remains—and suggested the possibilities of religious affinity which shall be both natural and spiritual. We give the readers of CURRENT LITERATURE this paragraph, as possibly the most discriminating word which has been spoken on the subject:

In the recognition of this revelation of our age (that religion is the life of God in the soul of man)—the revelation coming to us at the hands of the suspected angels whom we call Science, Comparative Religion, the Higher Criticism and a host of other spirits of bad repute in the heaven of the churches—in the recognition of this revelation, we become conscious of the shame and sin of the divisions which break up Christendom into sects and denominations, not as the natural groupings of spiritual affinities, freely inter-

changing and co-operating to mutual advantage, but as the unnaturally attempted monopolizations of the truth and the life which are the common heritage of the children of God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the light of this truth, we see the folly and the wickedness of the standing apart from one another which emphasizes the minor matters on which we differ, rather than the essential matters on which we are at one; . . . which places on the green of our New England villages a row of competing churches, each one-half starved, with a poorly paid parson and a poorly equipped plant, and which turns the energies of the struggling churches of our great cities into all sorts of wretched devices for making both ends meet, and for filling the empty places in the needlessly duplicated buildings, mechanicalizing, materializing, and mammonizing the religion ostensibly served; which leaves the business world to learn the secret of success in concentration and co-operation, reserving for the supreme institution of humanity—the Church—to blunder along in the obsolete methods of an outworn civilization, a survival of competition in the age of the trust. The first moral of the truth that religions are many while religion is one should set our Christian churches to pray that prayer of their dying Master—"that they all may be one"; to pray it as men who can themselves bring down the answer from God whenever they will to know their oneness in Him and to live it forth.

Andover Touches Life

The latest departure at Andover is fully as significant as was the revolt from the accepted theological standards which brought the seminary into such prominence about fifteen years ago. While theological thought has been steadily setting in the direction of the principles for which Andover contended in the famous "controversy," it is also true that the institution, as such, has failed to reap any of the rewards of the transition in thought. For several years the problem of the future success of the seminary has been growing more perplexing, by reason of the tendency of theological students to gravitate to institutions of learning in the large cities, and from other obvious causes.

But as Andover, in the former event, touched the ethical imperative in the human mind, so now she has met the demand for practical application of her treasures and opportunities. Recently about forty pastors of Home Missionary Congregational Churches came together for a two weeks' sojourn on Andover Hill, occupied the students' rooms in Bartlett Hall, enjoyed fellowship with one another, and attended the lectures and seminary classes with the regular students, and profited by special

courses of lectures arranged with a view to the immediate needs of their rural and mission church problems.

While this event is important in itself, it is less important as an event than as a sample—suggesting a large field of possible usefulness open to such institutions throughout the country. Against the growing complaint that the typical theological seminary insulates the student, teaching him the mysteries of books, while he forgets the mysteries of human life, is it not possible that these institutions may reply by opening their doors to such practical purposes as were served in this new Andover movement? Why, the public asks, may not all these institutions—seats of learning and centers of sacred and inspiring traditions, built up at an enormous sacrifice of talent and money—become sociological and educational clinics, to which the perplexed and overworked pastors of difficult and discouraging parishes may come together and co-ordinate all the best that their varied experiences have evolved, to have these in turn interpreted in the light of such historic and theoretic wisdom as is available at such educational centers? Perhaps the theological seminary, long accused of fitting men for the "clerical office" rather than for human "ministry" may vindicate its right to exist by adapting and extending this latest venture of old Andover.

Christianity in Japan

"The Church Standard" makes this compact statement of the present hold of Christianity upon the Japanese Empire.

An estimate of the progress of Christianity in Japan, as made by a German missionary who has long lived in that country, contains points of considerable interest. The actual number of Japanese Christians is by no means large. In 1902, it was estimated at 129,134, of whom 46,634 were Protestants of various denominations, 26,680 were Greek (Russian) Orthodox, and 55,834 were Roman Catholics. Adding to these the children not included in Protestant reports, the whole number may be reckoned at about 200,000 in a population of 45,000,000. The rate of increase appears to be about 4.5 per cent. per annum, while the population grows at the rate of only 1.5 per cent. We gather, however, that nearly all the Christian churches are really missionary establishments, in which the native Christians have taken, thus far, only a subordinate place and share in the direction of the missionary work. If the education of the Japanese in the arts of civilization had been conducted in that manner, the nation would not have sprung, almost within a single generation,

to its present position of power and dignity; and we have faith to believe that, when the propagation of the Gospel shall have been committed in good faith to the Japanese converts themselves, the world may again be astonished at the spectacle of a Christian nation born as in a day. Meanwhile the gains of Christianity are much greater than the number of its adherents indicates. For many of the most prominent public men of the empire are Christians, and their influence is both wide and deep, so that the very language represents an absorption of Christian ideas which has been going on almost unobserved, and therefore most surely.

International Peace and Christian Brotherhood

A broadening conception of the Christian faith is conspicuous in the utterances of men in prominent political positions. While "institutional religion is not in its best estate," as affirmed by "The Congregationalist and Christian World," the appeal to apply religious principles to life grows strong and clear. Excerpts from recent addresses of two leading statesmen are types of this growing spirit.

The first is from the address of the Hon. Joseph H. Choate before the British and Foreign Bible Society, and is an appeal for peace among the nations:

How far is it possible to make these two great nations, England and America, policemen to keep the peace of the world? Some rely upon armies, and on navies, upon armaments, and gunpowder, and lyddite, and dynamite, as the best guarantees for the preservation of peace, but sometimes these things explode when least expected. Others rely upon the slow and tortuous processes of diplomacy. But diplomacy sometimes fails, as we have had illustrations lately. I believe

that the only sure guarantee of peace is the moral influence of public opinion. Let each nation and the people of each nation who are behind the government of a nation give their governments to understand that they are for peace, and there will be no war. I believe if these two nations which you and I represent were

to set the example, the other Christian nations would follow. Nothing could withstand such a weight of public opinion based upon this Book, which says nothing to the world but peace and good-will—peace on earth, good-will to men. I believe in co-operation in good work—in every good work possible—between the people of our two countries. Why should we not co-operate in all good work, when we have one God, one Bible, one language, and one destiny?

In the same spirit of discriminating hope, the Hon. John D. Long spoke in a commencement address at Lasell Seminary of the possibilities to be realized when the day comes in which Christianity is really applied:

There is nothing in modern civilization more inspiring than the increasing volume and unity of effort along every line of Christian beneficence and brotherhood. Here all distinctions of creed or sect pale, in the richer glow of the expression in actual word and deed and temper of the Sermon on the Mount. I use the word Christian because in this respect we all look with concentrated gaze on the blessed Master as the embodiment of our interest and work, and whose religion we profess. The real fact is, not that the world has outgrown the simple but exalted precepts of Jesus, but that it has never reached them in their height and breadth, though it has mocked them in the excesses of the ascetic and fanatic. We have never yet completely attained to the perfect practice of the simplest Christian rule. To love those who hate us, to love our neighbor as ourselves, especially to be poor in spirit, are household phrases; but our practical comprehension and living of them is utterly inadequate, distorted and dim; so that, lying far above the level of our lives, the Sermon on the Mount is to us like the pinnacle of the Alps to children in Swiss valleys, whose eyes are familiar with its shape as something near at hand, but who never conceive of its inaccessible height or of the everlasting purity into which it rises. The principles of Christianity for the direction of human conduct are, I may not say, eternal; for how do I know that? But they are, I do know, so pure, so lofty, that nineteen centuries of civilization still fall below their standard. We have not outgrown the Christian measure; we have never attained it.



Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

The Dislikes of Animals.

Every one who has taken the slightest interest in animals has noticed that they have likes and dislikes fully as pronounced as those which characterize the human species. If a blue jay ventures to come into my orchard, every bird within the precincts immediately raises the "hue and cry," and the poor wretch is not allowed a moment's peace until he has returned to the seclusion of the woods. If my neighbor brings his collie with him, as he generally does when he visits me, my cat takes no notice of the dog, even when he attempts to "pass the time of day" in dog fashion, by "touching noses." But let a strange cur show his face within the fence and Tom's tail at once assumes gigantic proportions and the hair on his back stands up like porcupines' quills. Numberless other instances could be given which fall within the experience of most persons, but the subject is treated so fully in the New York Evening Post that there need be no hesitation in quoting:

Not only is it true that animals, both domestic and wild, show decided preferences for certain persons, and a strong dislike to other individuals, but whole races of creatures often show a universal hatred toward other species.

Perhaps the most interesting cases of dislikes are those which are inherited, fear of the natural enemies of a certain weaker species being so strong that even the young just born may experience it. All herds of cattle hate dogs instinctively. Can we not trace this to the time, long centuries ago, when the wild herds were always in danger of being attacked by wild dogs or wolves, which slunk about on the outskirts of the herd, and watched with hungry eyes every chance to cut out and pull down a helpless calf?

To fight like "cats and dogs" has become a proverb, and we must admit that there is abundant basis for its truth. In domestic cats this is doubtless an inherited instinct, which in one of its larger relatives we can verify to-day. In India the tiger is king, almost. Deep in the jungles the tigress makes her lair, and the cubs have few enemies indeed. Bear or tiger-cat, when they inadvertently come across the lair trail of the great striped one, back-trail, and rapidly too. It is doubtful if even the great python would disturb one of the little furry kittens. But the packs of wild dogs are without fear, and would kill and eat the cubs and defy the parent when she returned. Well she knows

this, and also that although she might slay a dozen, yet the others would pin her down, care less if they died or no. So a tiger in captivity will scrutinize a wolf without much show of anger, but pity the dog which ever comes within reach, and if she cannot get at him, her wrath of memory will vent itself in howls and fierce endeavors on the bars of her cage.

A leopard which lives so much among the trees and could so easily escape the attacks of wild dogs, has no instinctive hate, although a dog is a tidbit which would be by no means despised. This fact is well known to dogs, which show their fear of these arboreal felines, while they will mob tigers and other terrestrial cats. Pumas come under the same head as leopards, and are held in as great respect by dogs.

In zoos the animals generally show a dislike to children and cripples; in the first instance, doubtless, because they are teased by the youngsters, and in the second place because of the strange horror and hate which many animals show of the abnormal or conditions out of the usual, for discriminating between which they have remarkable ability.

Monkeys hate negroes, but this dislike of dark-skinned men is not confined to the above-mentioned class of animals. It is said that when Mr. Hagenbeck's Somalis were at the Crystal Palace they were invited one Sunday to see the zoo. There was nothing to which the most sensitive European could object to in the appearance of these free, half-Arab tribesmen, but when the dark men entered the lion house there was an uproar. The animals were furious; they roared with rage. The apes and monkeys were frightened and angry, the antelopes were alarmed, and even the phlegmatic wild cattle were excited. They recognized their natural enemies, the dark-skinned men who had hunted them for centuries in the jungles and the bush, and with whom their own parents did battle when they were captured and carried off captive in the Nubian deserts.

Animals, such as cats, dogs, birds, and even bees, seem to know what persons are in sympathy with them. Some persons will be attacked even by pigeons and doves, and it is impossible for some to have anything to do with horses and other animals.

The Protective Resemblance of Insects.

Those who are familiar with the chapters of Wallace's "Darwinism" will appreciate an article by Percy Collins in "Knowledge," quoted by the "Scientific American Supplement" of June 4, on the coloration of insects. There are few, if indeed any, phases of the study of nature more fascinating than that

of the origin and use of coloration in the animal kingdom. Mr. Collins says in part:

The simple protective resemblance of an insect may be either general or special. That is to say, the protection may originate in the mere likeness of an insect's surface coloring to that of its customary surroundings, or it may consist in an actual reproduction in both form and color of a certain object with which the creature is commonly associated throughout life.

Instances of general protective resemblance must be familiar to observers in all countries. The numerous moths which are accustomed to rest for hours together upon rocks or tree trunks are oft-cited examples. Conspicuous among them is the whole genus *Catocala*, the various species of which are widely distributed in the Palaearctic region and elsewhere. These moths have brightly colored hind wings, the usual tint—which has given them their popular title of "Red-underwings"—being some shade of crimson or pink. When they are on the wing they are sufficiently conspicuous, and are liable to be snapped up by a hungry bird. But when at rest upon a tree trunk in their customary attitude of repose, the soft gray or brown color of their fore wings produces a general effect so well in keeping with the rough surface of the bark that they are extremely difficult to detect. Their color pattern alone constitutes a most effectual hiding.

The same may be said of countless other moths, especially of the great *Noctua* group; and it is interesting to trace how closely the color of the fore wings in a given species corresponds to its habitual resting-place. The appearance of all kinds of bark, of mossy twigs, and of lichen-covered rocks is faithfully reproduced. Many butterflies, especially of the group *Nymphalinae*, possess—in the tints of their under side—a general resemblance to the ground upon which they habitually settle. Moreover, many species seem to have acquired the trick of inclining their folded wings out of the perpendicular, by this means covering, or minimizing, their own shadow, as well as bringing the protectively colored under side into more prominent view.

When flying in the full sunlight, the wings of the butterflies of the genus *Kallima*—"leaf butterflies," as they are popularly called—flash with color, but directly they come to rest upon a twig they are, to all appearances, brown and withered leaves. This sudden transformation is made possible by the tinting of the under surface of the wings, and by the curiously erect attitude which the insect is able to assume—its wings drawn upright over the back and its head and antennae concealed between their anterior margins. When we consider the marvelous accuracy of the color imitation, the uncommon shape of the insect's wings, and its unusual pose, the leaf butterfly must still be ranked as one of the most amazing instances of protective resemblance yet recorded.

A family of insects remarkable above all others for the almost universal protective resemblance of its members is the *Phasmidae*. Unlike their near relatives, the *Mantidae*, or "praying insects," which are voracious insect eaters, the *Phasmidae* are exclusively vegetari-

ans, feeding greedily upon the leaves of the plants which form their resting-places. In movement the phasmids are extremely sluggish, and many of the species—being apterous or possessing, at the most, only rudimentary wings—are incapable of flight. Thus they are exposed to the attacks of birds and other insectivorous creatures. This persecution might be supposed to foster any variation in shape or color likely to be of protective value. And, as a matter of fact, the whole of the *Phasmidae*, almost without exception, have undergone striking modifications in the direction of special resemblance.

As a rule, the bodies of these insects have become greatly lengthened, while the legs are long and slender. Those known popularly as "walking-sticks" are generally of a uniform brown tint. Many of the species have curious knotty tuberances, even prickles, upon their bodies and legs, this, of course, adding much to the stick-like aspect of the insect. After examining a dried specimen of a stick phasmid, one does not need the assurance of foreign collectors to believe that these creatures are practically invisible when at home among the branches of their native shrubs.

Other *Phasmidae*—fairy-like creatures with exquisitely colored wings—resemble grass rather than twigs when at rest. Their bodies, legs, antennæ, indeed, every part of them, with the exception of certain portions of the wing area, is green. Their first pair of wings is rudimentary; but their hind wings are ample, gauzy and fan-like in their manner of folding. A narrow strip at the anterior margin of each wing is thickened and green in color, contrasting strangely with the gauzy area, which is usually bright pink. Under this narrow cover the whole of the bright, flimsy portion of the wing is packed away when the insect comes to rest. And so closely are the wings folded that the casual observer imagines the creature to be apterous. It is, indeed, the exact counterpart of a crumpled or slightly thickened grass blade, while its legs and antennæ are too slender to attract much notice.

Perhaps the most remarkable genus of the *Phasmidae* is *Phyllium*, whose members—unlike the majority of their allies, which we have seen to be slender and lengthened—have the body and legs flattened into leaf-like plates. In some instances this design of leaf resemblance is carried out with amazing accuracy and attention to detail. Every portion of the insect seems modified to the one end. Its body is flat and leaf-like; its wings and wing-cases, where present, look like leaves; while the legs even are flattened and fitted with leaf-like appendages. To crown all, the color of these insects, when alive, is the brightest and freshest of vegetable greens; so that, when crawling among herbaceous foliage, a species of *Phyllium* is, to all appearance, not an insect at all, but just a moving mass of leaves.

Bird-Lists

Every student of natural history knows the advantage of keeping a note-book. Especially is this valuable in making a list

of the birds to be met with in our own neighborhood—a thing that every lover of nature ought to do. We may not all be as fortunate as Gerald H. Thayer, who gives in "Bird-Lore" a list of birds observed, in company with a friend, on a single morning in May, 1900. The list comprises eighty species, and is a good instance of the pleasure of observation and the value of noting down what one sees. I cannot lay claim to any such good fortune, but it will not be out of place to say that in a secluded part of the State in which I live I noted, in a single summer, no less than eighty-four species on a small farm of a few acres, with a good orchard and some detached bits of woodland. These eighty-four species were carefully observed with an opera-glass and the nesting habits of most of them ascertained. A summer holiday in the country will be enjoyed all the more if we take up such an object as the making of a list of birds for the end of our rambles and strolls. Mr. Thayer says:

Mr. Louis A. Fuertes and I had the good fortune to spend most of the spring of 1900 together, in a particularly favorable locality, at Scarboro, on the east shore of the Hudson River. This place, which is part of the ground made historic for ornithologists by the researches of Dr. Fisher, had the peculiar advantage of being within the overlap of the newly settled Carolinian and the loitering birds, and at the same time full in the track of the great northward migration of Canadian species. In the rich, luxuriant spring of that warm, alluvial land, where already in mid-May the landscape wore the garb of summer, and the southern birds, such as the Kentucky, Hooded, Blue-Winged, Prairie and Worm-eating Warblers, Yellow-breasted Chats, Louisiana Water-Thrushes, Orchard Orioles, Acadian Fly-catchers, etc., were settled on their breeding grounds, it was indeed strange to hear the soft, chattering call and clear "bleat" of White-winged Crossbills, which still climbed about our Norway spruces in twos and threes. Two at least, and I think three, of these birds were still in the region when I left on May 29. Furthermore, they were to all intents and purposes settled in the Norway spruces about my home, rarely straying from them, and had been in this chronic state for weeks, so that they doubtless lingered on well into June at least. There is no reason to believe, however, the birds were nesting. Red Cross-bills and Siskins were also present throughout May, and Redpoll Linnets were seen on April 29.

Altogether we found over a hundred and forty species within two or three miles of our house, in the course of two months. Thirty-two of these were Warblers—all the Warblers nominally possible to the region, with the exception of the Orange-crowned, Connecticut, Cerulean, Brewster's and Kirtland's—birds so unlikely to occur there at that season as to be hardly worth

considering in this connection. Thirty of these Warblers were found on the small homestead.

A list of eighty species seen on a single forenoon gives an idea of the wonderful diversity and richness of the temporary avifauna. With very few exceptions, these birds were all found on a single hillside homestead of about six acres, containing grass-land, bushes and brambles, as well as many fruit and evergreen trees. Our only excursion beyond these limits was a walk across lots to the river, a distance of half a mile, and only two or three species (among them the Rough-winged Swallow) were added by this trip. Fuertes and I were almost constantly together, so that we had scarcely any advantage over a single observer. Considering the limitations of time and area, this list seems to be a very large one. Extending our field half a mile to the eastward would have added at least four species, among them the Kentucky and Worm-eating Warblers.

There is no necessity for giving the list, but the passage is offered as a specimen of a useful note, as a good instance of a walk with an object, as a valuable contribution to a natural history journal. Nature study is yet in its infancy, and if nature lovers would make notes such as this and send them as correspondence to our journals, the cause of natural history would advance rapidly.

Inoculating the Ground

It is less than half a century ago that Hellriegel, a German agricultural chemist, discovered that leguminous plants enrich the ground by supplying nitrogen which they assimilate from the atmosphere by means of their root-tubercles, and that myriads of a peculiar bacterium were present in these tubercles. This strange instance of symbiosis stimulated investigation, and now modern science is able to utilize this action of bacteria for the purpose of enriching soil from which the nitrogen, so necessary for plant life, has been removed by too severe cropping. The following brief article from the "National Geographic Magazine" will be read with interest in this connection:

To inoculate sterile ground and make it bring forth fruit in abundance is one of the latest achievements of American science. Some of man's most dread diseases—smallpox, diphtheria, plague, rabies—have been vanquished by inoculation, and now inoculation is to cure soil that has been worn out and make it fertile and productive again.

The germs that bring fertility are mailed by the Department of Agriculture in a small package like a yeast cake. The cake contains millions of dried germs. The farmer who receives the cake drops it into a barrel of clean water; the germs are revived and soon turn the water to a milky white. Seeds of clover, peas, alfalfa,

or other leguminous plants that are soaked in this milky preparation are endowed with marvelous strength. Land on which, for instance, the farmer with constant toil has obtained alfalfa only a few inches high, when planted with these inoculated seeds, will produce alfalfa several feet high and so rich that the farmer does not recognize his crop.

It has been long known that repeated crops of wheat and grain gradually exhaust the nitrogen in the soil. Now, as all plants must have nitrogen, which in normal condition they absorb through their roots, this constant drain of nitrogen from the soil has so alarmed some persons that they have predicted a "nitrogen famine" to occur in 40 or 50 years, and they have very graphically portrayed the possibilities of such a catastrophe. This view of the situation is greatly exaggerated, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that the main reason of once fertile lands becoming unproductive is loss of nitrogen in the soil.

The difficulty has been to get the nitrogen back into the ground. Fertilizers are expensive and not satisfactory; but there is an inexhaustible supply of free nitrogen in the air if it can be captured. The problem of how to utilize this free nitrogen has now been solved.

It was discovered some time ago that leguminous plants—clover, alfalfa, peas, etc.—were able to put back nitrogen into the soil, and thus fertilize it. This is the reason why a wheat field after a crop of alfalfa will yield a much heavier harvest. The plants absorb the free nitrogen by means of bacteria tubercles growing on their roots, the tubercles varying in size from a pin-head in the case of the clover, to large clusters. Clover and beans possessing these tubercles will flourish in quartz sand after it has been heated to a red heat in order to drive out all the nitrogen, while these plants without tubercles will not grow unless there is some nitrate in the soil.

It was Dr. George T. Moore, of the office of Pathological and Physiological Investigations of the Department of Agriculture, who devised the method by which these bacteria might be cultivated artificially in such form that their nitrogen-fixing power should be increased and be permanent and not evaporate. The process has been patented by him, and has been by him generously deeded to the American people.

It must be clearly understood that only seeds of leguminous plants can be benefited by the nitrogen-fixing bacteria. Where the soil is rich and fertile, the crop is not appreciably increased by the use of the inoculating bacteria, but where the soil is poor, the harvest is increased many times.

A Flower Show on the East Side, New York

In the "American Botanist" for May there is an article by Pauline Kaufman, which gladdens the heart by the way in which it describes the bringing of the pleasures of nature into the crowded streets of the city. Flower Shows of this kind are worthy of being multiplied indefinitely, not only in cities, but in country towns and villages.

Usually the "Flower Show" is only a collection of the finest products of the gardens of rich amateurs and of professional florists, assembled for the purpose of furnishing a parade of fashion; but in the instance here reported there was a genuine providing of pleasure and instruction. Nature study would indeed mean something if it were emphasized by such exhibitions as this:

The great spring opening took place at school No. 7, corner of Christie and Hester Streets, New York, from May 18th to the 21st, 1904. Every effort was made by the ladies of the National Fruit and Flower Guild to make it a great event. Being the first affair of the kind ever given in this populous neighborhood where a flower is indeed rare, was it a wonder that the thirty-five hundred children should become frantic with delight, for did not their elders, accustomed to seeing masses of flowers, get just a little wild, too?

The playground was turned into a bower of beauty. Stairways, windows, pillars and doors lost their identity in palms and branches of dogwood. Every spot was in bloom. One corner was filled by a beautiful tree, reaching the ceiling and spreading on all sides branches bearing chimes of the daintiest white bells with long clappers of greenish white and red. Aptly was this named the snowdrop tree (*Halesia*). Very interesting, too, was a small model of a maple-sugar outfit, and the explanation of the process of making the sugar delighted the children.

On the table representing a swamp grew various mosses, hepaticas, equisetums, ferns (royal, cinnamon, and interrupted, maidenhair, sensitive, rattlesnake, oak and many others), marsh marigold, buttercups, *Clintonia borealis*, Jack-in-the-pulpit, which were naturally great favorites, and the resurrection and pitcher plants. Every group of children asked why that is called resurrection plant, and listened eagerly when told that the plant curled up into a dark-brown dry ball when deprived of water, to uncurl, flatten out and become gradually green as the water was supplied, and that this proceeding could be repeated as often as desired, and that the pitcher plant invites flies and other insects into its pretty red parlor, where all that enter leave hope behind, losing their lives by drowning in the water with which the pitcher is filled.

A division of the swamp table was devoted to the native orchids. Having received what I considered an abnormally large blossom of *Cypripedium pubescens* from Virginia Hot Springs, I took it to the school to exhibit. Imagine my chagrin at finding a vase containing a dozen of equally large blossoms which had been gathered quite near the city. The showy orchis, the smaller yellow cypripedium, and the stemless pink one, completed the list. The pupils were told that the cypripediums were fairy slippers or Indian moccasins, but indeed they were large enough to make the name "ladies' slippers" seem almost appropriate.

Central and Bronx Parks sent a cartload of flowering trees and shrubs.

Educational Questions of the Day

The Batavia Experiment.

The New York "Independent" has an editorial in the issue of June 23 which ought to be read by every school director in the cities of this country. For many years it has been charged against the public-school system that the clever, bright children "set the pace" to the loss of the weaker ones. If the plan eulogized by "The Independent" be universally adopted, with such modifications as circumstances demand, there will, undoubtedly, be a change for the better in our primary education.

Grading in our modern schools has proved as disastrous in one direction as it has been favorable in another. The weaker and slower have been compelled to compete with the physically stronger and the intellectually more rapid workers. John Kennedy, superintendent of the schools at Batavia, N. Y., found this problem crowding for solution. He proposed to the Governing Board to put an extra teacher in every room, whose office would not be to hear recitations, but to give personal counsel and aid to any pupil falling behind in his class. It was to be purely a work of sympathy, requiring a person of fine tact. The experiment was tried in a single room, but the result was so marked in both pupils and teachers that what is called the Batavia Experiment is now spreading through the better class of schools in the whole United States. The value of the experiment cannot be too often reiterated. The recitation teacher is stimulated to do less nagging, while released from goading. The pupils, on the other hand, are relieved from trying to go beyond their strength and ability. Superintendent Kennedy says: "Schools may be administered to death; they may be ministered into life." The president of the board says: "This method of meeting our problem is not only a revelation; it is a revolution. It is of more than local importance." The effect on the health of the children was as marked as that on their scholarship. Children found it no longer necessary to take books home for night study—indeed, were forbidden to do so. A mother, rejoicing over a boy restored to health and intellectual vigor, declared it to be "a new phase of Christianity." As many as six times the number of pupils remain to graduate from the high school. This seems to be due in part to the fact that school life is more attractive, and in part to the better health of the pupils. Perhaps there is nothing new in the idea of this experiment, but there is something new in the method. It is a realization of the Pestalozzian idea, that each pupil has a right to be personally educated for what he can best achieve. It is apparently a solution of one of the most anxious

problems of modern life. We cannot afford to break down our young people in the process of preparing them for citizenship.

The Education of the Feeble-Minded.

The education of the feeble-minded has long been a problem for philanthropists. Probably no institution engaged in this charitable work is or has been more successful than that located at Vineland, New Jersey. The following remarks, taken from the annual report of the physician-in-charge, Dr. Charles W. Wilson, well illustrate the spirit which should rule in all such attempts to relieve the burdens of the human lot.

One of the most frequent questions that we are asked is: What can be done in a school for the feeble-minded to make that child more useful or nearer a normal child? In the first place, much depends on whether the child is an idiot, a high- or low-grade imbecile, or a backward child. It is easy enough to distinguish an idiot from a low- or high-grade imbecile, but to distinguish a high-grade imbecile from a backward child is not always so easy, and may require some diagnostic skill.

We endeavor to be candid with the parents of these children, and give them a frank reply to the best of our knowledge, for this affliction is a sad one. But when they see their child improving, how pleased and contented they are in knowing that it is being taught to the extent of its ability.

An idiot will always remain the same. His habits may be somewhat improved, but we can expect but little besides. A low- or middle-grade imbecile may become more tidy, useful, and better mannered, and in a number of ways show an improvement, but, unless under constant training, he soon falls back and, if neglected, will rapidly retrograde where he was before he came under constant training. The high-grade imbecile or the backward child is the one that responds most to treatment.

It is a pleasure to be associated with children who show such an improvement. More especially does this hold true of backward children. They are so closely related to the high-grade imbecile that perhaps they have not been detected, but considered feeble-minded until entering an institution for defectives. But there they sooner or later show that they are as superior to the other children as they were deficient among the normal children at the public school. We cannot change a defective to a normal child, for the gray matter of the brain cannot be supplied, but we strive to train judiciously and to the utmost such as remains, with the hopes of making an individual who shall be useful, happy

and as nearly self-supporting as is possible, but he will always need direction and guidance.

As manual training and gymnastics are essential in developing dormant faculties, they form a most important part of our work. They are "education by doing." We must not try to develop a single set of muscles in simple or complex movements, but develop to some extent the entire muscular system, for the defective child's entire body must be stimulated, and in that way we reach the brain areas, as the motor centers are the special avenues to the higher cerebration.

All children, both normal and abnormal, have physical and moral habits, either good or bad. Not only habits of body and of mind, but cleanly and methodical ways, conduct at table, at rising, at lying down, in the training room, at assembly, at play, at work, at day school, if capable of it, at kindergarten, if capable of it, at manual labor, if capable of that, must be inculcated. We must teach these children self-control, and unless we can overcome bad habits in the younger years, there is little hope after they become fixed. And so we are responsible more or less for good and bad habits formed, and the child's progress may be measured to some extent by the influence we exert.

The Best College: What Is It?

In "Education" for June there is an article by Edwin G. Dexter, University of Illinois, which attempts to answer the above question. The standard, the reasoning, and the conclusion are open to controversy, but it is worth while to read what the writer says.

It is, of course, impossible to give here the whole discussion; but a summary cannot fail to interest all who may have cause to consider the question involved. Mr. Dexter uses the term "college" as defining an institution granting the bachelor's degree in arts and sciences, under whatever name. The question resolves itself into five headings: the large or the small? the denominational or the non-sectarian? the coeducational or that for a single sex? the one in the large city or the small town? in what part of the country do the colleges seem the best? The standard he uses is "Who's Who in America" for the year 1900. This particular volume contains the names of 8,602 Americans alive at the beginning of that year, and of these 3,237 were shown to be college graduates. These come from nearly 200 colleges, but from only 144 of these could the writer obtain available figures.

With regard to the question as to size, it is found that of those educated in colleges with less than 500 students, 1.40 per cent. obtained the distinction of being mentioned in "Who's Who." Of the colleges with from 500 to 1000 students, .94 per cent. obtained the honor, while of those above 1000 only .86 per cent. were mentioned.

The difference between sectarian and non sectarian colleges is sufficiently marked. Of students in non-sectarian institutions, 1.12 per cent. are distinguished, while only .78 per cent. of the sectarian alumni reached the goal.

The third point, in which sex is concerned, is, perhaps, the one in which most issues are involved, for the conditions are so difficult to estimate that the conclusions would always be under suspicion. They are, however, worth noting. Out of students attending a college for males exclusively, no less than 1.60 per cent. reached "Who's Who." The coeducational colleges only supplied .58 per cent. of the names, and those for females exclusively the meager proportion of .03 per cent.

There is very little difference when we take the size of the town into consideration; for those colleges which were situated in cities with a population of over 30,000 yielded 1.06 per cent. of distinguished names, while those in cities of less than 30,000 supplied .99 per cent.

The fifth heading is one which revives the contention of East and West in a remarkable degree. The New England colleges have to their credit no less than 2.08 per cent., while the Middle States have to be content with .97, the Southern with .68, the Central with .59, and the Western with .54 per cent. respectively. Mr. Dexter's conclusion is that "the best college seems to be the small, non-sectarian college for males in the New England town of more than 30,000 inhabitants." He very rightly adds: "I do not, however, expect any one to take this as the final word in the matter. I do not myself." In fact, the whole issue lies in the other question, whether culture, adequate and true culture, necessarily means admission to "Who's Who."

C h i l d * V e r s e

Susie Smith's Back Yard . . . Youth's Companion

Around our house the trees are tall,
The flower-beds prim and neat,
The paths are graveled, all of them,
There's one hard, rustic seat.
And James, the gardener, says, "Look out!
You shouldn't play so hard."
'Tis then we scamper off, and stay
In Susie Smith's back yard.

You never saw such nice, long grass;
A big old hammock, too;
An apple-tree with spreading limbs,
A barn that's almost new.
The finest swing, that goes so high,
And sends you down all jarred.
The loveliest place in all the town
Is Susie Smith's back yard.

I hope the Smiths won't move away,
And take their chilrden, too;
I wouldn't know just where to play,
I wonder what I'd do?
No park could be like that, I know,
Policemen all on guard;
I'd like to stay ill I grow up
In Susie Smith's back yard.

Alix Thorn.

The Tale of Pollywogg . . . Youth's Companion

Oh, a pollywog lived in a little glass tank,
With a goldfish or two and a snail;
And his body was fat and covered with spots,
But he sported a monstrous long tail.

He wriggled and twisted the livelong day,
And grew, this fat pollywog;
But never once did it enter his head
That he was akin to a frog.

Along in his sides, down next to his tail,
He had a bad feeling one day,
And before the next morning two legs had ap-
peared,
To help him along on his way.

With his gills disappearing, he couldn't breathe
well,
And two more funny legs came to light;
He stretched them all out and wiggled his toes,
And tried to make believe 'twas all right.

Four legs and a tail for one pollywog
Seemed so funny he wanted to laugh;
And then one night he happened to see
That his tail was shorter by half.

And it faded away—a little each day—
Till hardly a bit could he see;
Then it all disappeared, and pollywog found
A gay little froggy was he!

Then somebody put him in a little tin pail
And carried him down to the brook;
And all that I've told you you may see for your-
self
If you'll just take the trouble to look.

Clara E. Atwood.

"Teacher's Pet" . . . From the Milwaukee Sentinel

Eight years old and goin' on nine,
Teacher says I'm doin' fine.
Git my lessons every day,
Hardly ever have to stay
After school fer being' slow—
Ain't so very happy though,
'Cause the fellers laugh at me
All but Johnny Baker, he
Takes my side. He knows all right,
I ain't strong enough to fight,
'Cause I hurt myself one day
Fallin' off a farmer's sleigh,
And the doctor cut my side
Awful deep and ma she cried,
And since then I'm awful thin
And, gee whiz! it hurts like sin
When I try to jump and run;
So you see it ain't no fun
When the fellers laugh and say:
"Fraidy-cat, you dassant play!"
And my eyes git kinder wet
When they call me "Teacher's Pet!"

Gee! They never talked that way
Till I tumbled off the sleigh;
Wunst I licked three kids so quick
That it made 'em good and sick,
And I uster dodge and run
Jes' as fast as any one.
Now when recess comes along
I jes' wait to hear the gong
Call us back to work a lot,
'Cause that's all the fun I've got.
When the kids play "one-old-cat."
I jes' set and hold the bat
Wishin' I could cork the ball
Like I uster do las' fall.
Yesterday when Reddy Lee
Seen me settin' there, says he:
"Fellers, look at 'Teacher's Pet!'
He's afraid to play, you bet,
'Cause he knows I'd smash his face
All around this whole darn place!"
Johnny Baker seen me cry
And he blacked old Reddy's eye
And he made his nose bleed, too.
Gosh, I wisht that I could do
Somethin' good for Johnny; he
Allers does so much fer me
Maybe 'twon't be very long
Till my side gits good and strong.
If it ever does, I bet
They won't call me "Teacher's Pet!"

The Library Table

The Psalms in Human Life*

In "The Psalms in Human Life," by Rowland E. Prothero, the English historian, a truly substantial contribution is made to general as well as religious literature. The author attempts to trace the influence of the Hebrew Psalms upon the individual and social life of the Christian centuries, and, in doing so, gives a graphic and sometimes dramatic sketch of general history. It is the claim of the author that "the book of Psalms contains the whole music of the heart of a man, swept by the hand of his Maker. In it are gathered the lyrical burst of his tenderness, the moan of his penitence, the pathos of his sorrows, the triumph of his victory, the despair of his defeat, the firmness of his confidence, the rapture of his assured hope. In it is presented the anatomy of all parts of the human soul; in it, as Heine says, are collected 'sunrise and sunset, birth and death, promise and fulfillment—the whole drama of humanity!'"

Beginning with a general survey, the author weaves into the story of the past nineteen centuries strains of music from that poetry which alone has "known no limitation to a particular age, country, or form of faith. In them the spirit of controversy and the war of creeds are forgotten: . . . over the parched fields of theological strife the breath of the Psalms sweeps, fresh and balmy. In them have been expressed, from age to age, the devotion and the theology or religious communions that, in all else, were at deadly feud."

The early centuries of the Christian Church are briefly sketched, followed by a chapter on the Middle Ages—in which the portrayal of Charlemagne, Gregory VII, and St. Anselm is particularly graphic, while valuable light is thrown upon the origin and personnel of the leading monastic orders. The student of history will also be grateful for the picture of the early days of Russian national life, in the comments upon Vladimir Monomachus.

*THE PSALMS IN HUMAN LIFE. By Rowland E. Prothero. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

The field of scientific investigation is not overlooked. Here the author discerningly points to the fact that, while these beautiful poetic expressions have been an inspiration in the development of personal and national life, to the early efforts of science they stood in irreconcilable opposition. The static, or deposit theory of truth—a theory which is slowly losing its hold upon the popular mind, then ruled in undisputed sway. Thus a literal interpretation of the Psalms forbade practically every conclusion to which intelligent study has brought us. The earth could not revolve because "the world also is established that it cannot be moved." (Psa. xciii-2.) "Earthquakes were explained (Psa. cxxxv-7) by the winds being drawn from God's secret treasures, or by the motions of Leviathan, who, when his tail is scorched by the sun, seeks to seize it, and labors so powerfully that the earth is shaken by his efforts. The rise and fall of tides was explained by his drinking in and spew-ing out vast volumes of water."

The Reformation period "of fierce shock and collision," in which the militant qualities were so abnormally developed, also manifests the deeper currents of human nature sustained by the same fountains of life. "Among the 'green pastures' of the Psalms and beside their 'waters of comfort' men who in all else were at bitter strife refresh their weariness, renew their aspirations, recover their strength and courage. From the same pages, side by side, read medieval Reformers like Savonarola, heroes of the Protestant Reformation like Luther and Melanchthon, imperial champions of the Papacy like Charles V, discoverers of new worlds like Christopher Columbus; lights of the new learning like Sir Thomas More; leaders of the Roman Catholic reaction like St. Teresa or St. Francis Xavier."

The history is brought down to the present, closing with a discussion of the use of the Psalms by leaders in the Boer War. The use of the Psalms by modern scientists and philosophers like Humboldt and Sir W. Hamilton, and by the creators of English

literary classics, from Chaucer and Addison to Carlyle, Ruskin and Browning, and by modern preachers, missionaries, and philanthropists, will be found of especial value to students in these several fields. If one were to venture a criticism upon the book it would be that the pages devoted to the study of the use of the Psalter by such poets as Wordsworth, Tennyson, the Brownings and Matthew Arnold, are too few, while the author appears at some pains to explain the connection between some verse of a Psalm and one or another of the early or medieval characters, the origin of whose traditions is open to doubt. The justification is probably found in the fact that the

author desires to render the larger service by devoting more attention to portions of the field of history which have been too much neglected.

One cannot understand how, since the book has appeared, the student of classic literature, the teacher of history, or the teacher or student of ethics and religion can well afford to be without it. A feature worthy especial mention is the extensive bibliography to which reference is made. This is followed by a double index, carefully worked out and classified—a feature lacking in many otherwise valuable works.

Owen R. Lovejoy.

High Noon*

Hitherto Miss Alice Brown has been known chiefly as a writer of charming stories of New England life, truthful in their portrayal of the stern New England character, but also full of the grim humor that is no less typical of the race. It is, therefore, something of a disappointment to take up her latest book, "High Noon," and find in it an entire change both of topic and treatment, a change from the simple happenings of a rural community, described with humor and skill, to the emotional moments of life, depicted with intensity of feeling and fervor of style.

A quotation from the Persian on the title-page, "One instant only is the sun at noon," gives the central idea of this collection of stories; each one is supposed to depict one intense moment in a life, and it is obvious that the danger of such a scheme lies in its tendency towards an overwrought style.

There are twelve of these stories, almost all dealing with some crisis in the lives of a man and woman; some of them quite possible, and some, it must be confessed, bordering upon the absurd. Such is the one called "Natalie Blayne," in which an old lady, who has lived happily with a devoted husband for forty-one years, renews an old jealousy of one of her husband's early loves on learning that the lady in question has returned to the neighborhood to live, and takes to her bed, alarmingly ill, although the doctor says that there is nothing the matter with her. A niece, to whom she confides her feelings on the subject, manages to get

the obnoxious widow into the house, and is able to prove, by her uncle's behavior, that he has entirely forgotten his former feeling. This being "insensed," as the Irish say, into the old lady, she promptly recovers, and, although the doctor had pronounced her to be "slipping downhill," comes down to dinner that very night.

"A Meeting in the Market Place" is perhaps the best of the tales. A woman who finds she has not long to live permits herself the luxury of perfect frankness towards a man in whom she has become much interested, and, explaining the circumstances to him, asks him to come and see her occasionally, and let her know him better. He visits her frequently; her talk stimulates him, and the unusual situation allowing of entire openness between them, he becomes more and more interested in her as his knowledge of her increases. Then one day her mother tells him that her daughter is better, that there is a chance of her recovery, and in a flash he realizes his feelings towards her. "'Suppose,' he said at last, . . . 'suppose everything had been different? Suppose I had stayed with you, and you had loved me? Suppose now, this minute, you were my wife! What would this be to us then?' . . . 'Agony,' she said steadily, 'but heavenly agony compared with this. We should know what it means to say *Mine*. We should defy death.'" Then she tells him not to say anything then. "'I won't answer anything you don't say sanely. Go away and think. To-morrow you may want to come again!'" The next day he goes to

*HIGH NOON. By Alice Brown. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

her, convinced that there is no happiness for him apart from her. "Long before he got there, his eyes, keener than usual, like all his senses, detected the fluttering of a white ribbon from the bell. They had tied a bunch of violets there."

"The Map of the Country" is a bewildering account of a heart-to-heart talk between a man and a woman the night before they are to be married, in which the woman is so very emotional, and so exceedingly involved in her way expressing herself, that the

ordinary reader has considerable difficulty in making out what she is talking about.

On the whole, Miss Brown's earlier style is to be preferred. In "High Noon" one can trace the influence of Edith Wharton and those who deal with the elaborate feelings of the intense woman, but the charm of simplicity and humor, so potent in the author's earlier stories, is absent, and is poorly atoned for by an emotionalism which at times comes perilously near absurdity.

Mary K. Ford.

"Sir Mortimer"; or, A Romance of the English Court and the Spanish Main*

"The spacious times of Queen Elizabeth" have been fairly packed solid with historical novels. All the possible ways in which an Elizabethan romance can begin have long ago been pre-empted, and are as familiar to the experienced reader as chess openings to an expert. "Sir Mortimer," Miss Mary Johnston's new Elizabethan novel, goes back to first principles in its opening pages, and is as dull as Walter Scott ever chose to be. The tavern scene and the first love scene are hard reading, and the first third of the book, indeed, might be anybody's historical novel. After that, however, it is Miss Johnston's own—vivid, thrilling, full of delicate yet bold development of a most unusual central situation, and lit by that imagination which sets the reader bodily in the summer night of the tropic shore, or the court galleries of Whitehall. There is a unity, a sweep about the story, when it is once in full current, that makes it peculiarly hard to quote from; but here is one brilliant bit of description:

"Philip Sidney's low voice had been urgent, and the man who owed to him a perilous assignation made no tarrying. With his cloak drawn about his face, he passed swiftly along the gallery. It was too late. Suddenly the massive leaves of the great doors swung open, and halberdiers appeared—beyond them a confused yet stately approach of sound and color and undistinguishable forms. . . . The tide of color rolled through the great inner doors, down to the level of the gallery, and so on toward the river and the waiting barges. It caught upon its crest Philip Sidney, who, striving

in vain to make his way back to where Ferne was standing, had received from the latter a most passionate and vehement gesture of dissuasion. On came the bright wave, with menace of discomfiture and shame, toward the man who, surrounded though he now was by petty courtiers, citizens, and country knights, could hardly fail of recognition. He dropped his mantle at his feet, crushed the light mask in his hand, and waited.

"Past him, staring and murmuring, swept the peacock-tinted vanguard; then, Burleigh on one side, Leicester on the other, encompassed and followed by the greatest names and fairest faces of England, herself erect, ablaze with jewels, conscious of her power, and at all times ready to wield it, came the daughter of Henry the Eighth.

"Her quick glance singled him out from the lesser folk with whom he stood. She colored sharply, took two or three impetuous steps, then, indignant, stayed with her lifted hand the progress of her train. Ferne knelt. In the sudden silence Elizabeth's voice, shaken with anger, made itself heard through half the length of the gallery.

"What make you here? Who has dared to do this—to place this man here?"

There is no doubt of the power and beauty of the story. Whether the strange experience on which it turns is psychologically probable, and whether the ending, with its complete reversal of things, is artistic, are questions not likely to trouble the reader who wants a thrill, and gets it. But to the one who follows Sir Mortimer Ferne's spiritual problem with growing sympathy and interest, the sudden vanishment of it, the fact that it really never was there, is

*SIR MORTIMER. By Mary Johnston. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

disappointing rather than a relief. The climax is, of course, easy and obvious—and popular.

But what becomes of the idea, the character, round which the whole earlier book is built—the man who, with a hundred

noble virtues, fails in that one unforeseen place which ruins all life for him? Somehow, the chance of a greater book than "Sir Mortimer" seems to lie in its central pages, only to vanish before the end.

Priscilla Leonard.

The Grafters.*

Readers who like a story in which there is plenty of "action" will be pleased by this novel of Mr. Lynde's. For within the first fifty pages things have begun to happen, and thenceforward they keep on happening, sometimes with such abandon that the train of situations is in danger of being telescoped in the reader's mind. This, perhaps, is the chief of the general impressions left by "The Grafters." Another is likely to be that the novel is one with a *purpose*, and that this purpose is to prove that a corporation—a railroad corporation, for example—may be more sinned against than sinning in its dealings with the State; also that a candidate for office may call himself a "reformer," and yet turn out to be a "grafter." Perhaps these were no more than subliminal theses with the author, but the reader is likely to be conscious of a sort of *Hac fabula docet* overture as the theme develops.

Mr. Lynde has described the efforts of a Western governor and his chief political associates, elected as "reformers" on a Populist ticket, to run and ruin a railroad, of course, for their own pecuniary gain. David Kent, the hero of the story, is a young New England lawyer, and as the representative of the railroad company, fights the thieves at the capital with a zeal, shrewdness and stubbornness that are admirable. He is worsted repeatedly, and in very graphically described episodes, but he hangs on and finally defeats the plunderers in the

very eleventh hour by actually causing the governor and his gang to be kidnapped when they start out to sell the railroad they have almost ruined. The kidnapping is accomplished by carrying the would-be robbers out of the state in their special car, with an engineer in the locomotive cab who is in sympathy with the plot, and takes all sorts of exciting chances to carry it out. For, once over the line and in the adjoining state, the governor is taken in charge by a sheriff's posse for having murdered a woman.

Just how seriously these episodes, and the incidental love story, may be taken will depend a good deal upon the temperament of the reader. It is certain that the lawyers, anyhow, will have lots of fun with the book. For they will want to know, among other things, in what State of the Union (Mr. Lynde doesn't locate the State), an "amended petition" can transform an action for damages, which has never been tried, into a hearing which results in the appointment of a receiver for the railroad against which the original action was brought. This blunder is the more surprising in view of the many evidences that the author must have been at much pains to inform himself minutely concerning the railroad business as such. But there is more than a little literary art in the telling of much of the story, and it would be, indeed, unfair not to admit that it will make uncommonly good summer vacation reading.

George Gladden.

*THE GRAFTERS. By Francis Lynde. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.50.



Glimpses of New Books

Science

Modern Electricity. By James Henry, M.E., & Karel J. Hora, M.Sc. Laird & Lee, Chicago. \$1.50.

This is a very useful text-book for students aspiring to be electricians and an equally useful manual for the electrical engineer and artisan. The explanations are clear and practical, the rules terse and to the point, and there is an admirable series of questions and answers appended to each chapter of instruction. Various electrical appliances are dealt with very thoroughly, and, taken altogether, it is difficult to imagine a more trustworthy and efficient guide to both theory and practise.

Where Did Life Begin. G. Hilton Scribner. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

This readable little monograph was the first to state the theory that life began at the poles because they were the first habitable spots on the globe. Buckley had hinted in 1831 that northern latitudes were once tropical in climate, but this book had the honors of a pioneer on its first appearance twenty years ago.

Travel and Adventure

The Penetration of Arabia. By David George Hogarth, M.A., F.R.G.S. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.35.

This new volume of "The Story of Exploration" will be a surprise to many when they find how little is known about a country of Asia which has figured in history from its very dawn. It may not be as popular as the earlier volume on "The Nile Quest," but it is really more valuable, because it is an excellent compendium of knowledge the sources of which are not nearly so accessible to the average reader as are those on the exploration of the Nile Valley. Mr. Hogarth has done his work exceedingly well, and, even if the result is a revealing of a dearth of information about one of the dreariest spots on earth, it enables the reader to realize what a barrier to civilization is opposed by fanatic Mohammedanism. Arabia is just as much closed to-day to the spirit of exploration as it was in the days when the Roman legions attempted its conquest. The fanaticism of the population of the coastal regions, combined with the natural conditions, causes a striking blank in the map of the Old World even on the highway between Europe and India.

Princess and Pilgrim in England. By Caroline Sheldon. The Lucas-Lincoln Co., Washington. \$1.25.

This is the first volume of the "Familiar Guide Series," a set of books intended to supplement the "Baedeker" guide-books by adding to their systematic information an entertaining description of the principal places and objects of interest in the countries with which they deal. The present volume tells how two ladies, to whom the names "Princess" and "Pilgrim"

are given, made a tour through certain portions of England. As "Baedeker" supplies the itinerary, we suppose that it is intentionally omitted from this volume, and the book is devoted to remarks on what is to be noted at Chester, in the Lake District, at Lichfield, Oxford, in the Shakespeare country, in George Eliot's country, in London and Winchester. America is, of course, to Miss Sheldon, the greatest country on earth, and so she has a keen eye for all the deficiencies of English hotels and railroads, and a keen ear for the stock mistakes in pronunciation and grammar made by the English. These are certainly not to be found in Baedeker, and a love story is also added, for no tour could be complete without one, and there are none in Baedeker, or in the equally useful, but prosaic, Murray's Handbooks or Macmillan's "Highways and Byways."

History

The Journey of Coronado. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, by George Parker Winship. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.00.

Francisco Vasquez Coronado was a Spanish explorer who came to this continent about 1535. In February, 1540, he led an expedition intended for the conquest of "The Seven Cities of Cibola" which Friar Marco de Niza claimed to have discovered in the previous year. The expedition reached the chief city of Cibola, which has been identified with some extensive ruins a short distance from the Pueblo of Zuñi in New Mexico, but was a failure as to its main object. The narrative of the journey here presented was mainly the work of Pedro de Castañeda, a member of the expedition, and Mr. Winship's translation of this and other documents connected with it was originally published in the Fourteenth Annual Report of the United States Bureau of Ethnology. Even if that report had not long been out of print, it would be an advantage to possess so interesting a story of exploration as this in so convenient a form as it takes as a volume of "The Trail Makers." Nothing new can be said of Mr. Winship's excellent work except that this volume, revised and corrected in places, is doubly valuable to the student of early American history.

History of the Moorish Empire in Europe. By S. P. Scott. In three volumes. Philadelphia and London, J. B. Lippincott Company.

Of the seven centuries that the Moorish empire flourished on the scene of the Gothic, Roman and Carthaginian empires in the Spanish peninsula, there are but two periods of its history generally known, the conquest and the reconquest. These notable volumes are written to fill up this gap, to give the Moorish story of the invasion of Spain and to picture from Arab sources the peculiar civilization that in the darkest period of European history kept the lamp of learning bright and did so much

to join the culture of the ancient world to modern science and education. The story is told with freshness and spirit, and with a marked appreciation of the great qualities of the Semitic race that have left a permanent impression on the Peninsula and the south of France. The early history of the Arabs, the conquest of Africa, the changes of dynasty of the successor of Mohammed which gave rise to the Spanish Caliphate, the piratical excursions which showed the weakness of the Gothic Kingdom and the conquest itself are told with an attention to the main story that makes the books interesting reading. Its use as a book of reference will require a fuller index and some marginal dates. The bibliographical table furnishes a course of reading for twenty years, if a student were inclined to follow the author's course.

Biography

Cardinal Newman. By William Barry. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.00.

This volume of Scribner's Literary Lives Series is an admirable one. Although written, of course, from the Roman Catholic point of view, it presents a picture of Cardinal Newman which cannot fail to impress alike the student of religious movements and the student of philosophy. It is not a "biography" in the strict sense, but a careful study of the personality of one who was among the most remarkable men of his day. Dr. Barry's task in preparing the work was undoubtedly a difficult one, for the literary personality of Cardinal Newman was inseparable from his religious personality. "But although at times the author seems to pull down the scale on the side of his own communion in questions affecting the Church of England at the time of Newman's departure from it, there is evidently a strong purpose to present controversial matter as Newman saw it and not as Dr. Barry conceives it. The book is not a controversial one, but an examination of literary and philosophical merit. Whether or not we agree with the estimate: "The greatest English religious philosopher of the nineteenth century" (page 137); whether or not we see a key to the mental attitude of Cardinal Newman in his lines,

"I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me," there can be only one verdict about the present volume; that it is a very fair presentation of Cardinal Newman's claims to be a philosopher and a man of high literary merit both as a poet and a writer of prose. Had he written nothing but "Apologia pro Vita sua," he would stand among the classics of his day.

Letters from an American Farmer. By J. Hector St. John Crevecoeur, with a Prefatory Note by W. P. Trent, and an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.50.

This is a reprint of a book which created quite "a sensation" when it appeared in London in 1782. Hazlitt was charmed with it; Charles Lamb read it. Little is known of its author, a Frenchman, who came to this country in 1754 and settled in the State of New York. The simple rural life appealed to the man, and his culture and scholarship enabled him to idealize

conditions which might have been less attractive to a less refined nature. His descriptions of the life and surroundings of the colonist, of nature and of scenes are remarkably fresh and inviting, even when we recognize that they are tinged with the warm coloring of a French temperament imbued with Rousseauism, and it is a praiseworthy work to rescue the volume from the oblivion which has gradually crept over it. The letters will be read with pleasure by all who delight in unsophisticated life, while the author's picture of "An American" will be found peculiarly interesting. The Prefatory Note and the Introduction are very acceptable appreciations of the work.

Political Science

The United States and Porto Rico. By L. S. Rowe, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.30.

There is probably no question so embarrassing to the average citizen, if he desires to form a sound opinion unbiased by the platform cries of politicians, as the relations of the United States to those Spanish possessions which fell to this country in consequence of the late war. Foreign possessions which are not colonies were not contemplated by the Fathers of the republic, and their connection with the imperium is not explicitly covered by a Constitution drawn up without any anticipation of their existence. Our thanks are, therefore, due to Professor Rowe for the clear statement here presented of the facts of the case, the calm and judicial examination of the responsibilities of the Government, and the candid consideration of the difficulties in the way of immediate absorption with privileges of statehood or of greater concessions of home rule, which we find in "The United States and Porto Rico."

As Dr. Rowe has been a member of the commission to revise and compile the laws, as well as chairman of the Code Commission of Porto Rico, he has had not only every opportunity, but every inducement to study the matter thoroughly; and every one who takes the volume will acknowledge that, putting party considerations aside, it would be difficult to imagine a more impartial discussion of the situation than he here gives us. Probably no one, outside the ranks of professional students of international political science, would realize the differences in the legal status of Porto Rico under the two phases of military rule before and after the Treaty of Paris and under the civil government subsequently instituted. Dr. Rowe makes all plain. Equally explicit is he in the reorganization of the judicial system, the financial system, local government, and the civil service. The volume is indeed a valuable contribution to the literature of political science.

Wealth of Nations. New and Condensed Edition by Hector MacPherson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1

In a handy volume of 230 pages the editor has condensed all the vital principles in the monumental work of Adam Smith, omitting only such illustrations and historical references as have become obsolete by the lapse of time. Rare discrimination has been used in the elimination of local and temporary elements, and it is safe to predict that many whose knowledge

of Adam Smith has heretofore been at second hand, will now study his own words, which are as vital as when written a century and a half ago. The book contains an appreciative biographical sketch of the great economist by the editor and an exhaustive index by J. Kelso Kelly.

Religion

Note in the Curriculum. By Two Recent College Graduates. With an Introduction by Henry van Dyke. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 50 cents.

The secondary title of this brief work is very appropriate—"A Book of Friendly Counsel to Students." It would be well if a copy could be placed, as a matter of course, in the hands of every young man who leaves home environment for the less restrained college life. Dr. Henry van Dyke "commends the book heartily to the readers for whom it is intended, the older boys in the secondary schools and the men in the colleges and universities of America." The various chapters deal with practically every question which will present itself to the undergraduate—his relations to his college, his companions, his friends; his study, athletics and exercise; his ideals and his conduct; his religious life. The tone is manly, there is no false "sentimentalism," and rightly used the book will be a most valuable vade-mecum.

From Talk to Text. By Addison Ballard. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.00.

The author aims "to point through Nature an easy way to Faith," in a small volume of short analogies from the visible world and from the facts of human experience. When he adheres to the main purpose, to show from nature what the Kingdom of Heaven is like, he inspires with the beauty and reasonableness of his logic. This is notably true in the sketches "Without Observation," which is a parable of the changing seasons, and "Unity in Diversity," a study of snow crystals. But when he undertakes to prove, in "The Dial and the Wheels," that all the disadvantages and losses of the past are caught up by a speedy mechanical action toward the end of life, the grind of the wheels is jarring, and when in the closing essays he attempts to explain how the divine law is established by the most "powerful of all conceivable sanctions, the expiatory death of the Son of God," one feels that the illustration is unfortunate. In the light of the most recent and successful penological experiments the "expiatory" theory of the old theologians loses its force. The positive and effective principle of Christian ethics is clearly pictured in the essay "The One Thou Shalt," where it appears that the "brief comprehension of countless negations under a single positive precept is the beautiful simplicity and moral sufficiency of love."

Reminders of Old Truths. By Hannah E. Pipe. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. \$1.20.

The author writes this book, wishing "to greet once more the friends whom" she affectionately remembers "as girls, sending to them these reminders of old truths by way of God-speed and farewell." The book is in two parts, the second part being on "Domestic and Other

Relationships." The treatment of old and familiar truths is simple and pure, and adds to the suggestion of sound personal morality the wider view of social obligations. "Every lawful business has the sanction and the dignity of a divine commission." The teaching on sacrifice has the value of distinguishing between "Self-denial for the sake of self-denial," which is asceticism, and that self-sacrifice which justifies itself by an adequate aim. A criticism on the English school system will apply with equal force in America, where our representative government depends for success upon the development of original and accurate thinking among the people. "What we need above all things in secondary education is originality of initiative, freedom to make experiments, and a readiness to listen."

Nature

The Book of the Carnation. By R. P. Brotherton. John Lane, New York. \$1.00.

"The Book of the Carnation" is one of Lane's "Handbooks of Practical Gardening," and will be found to be extremely valuable both by the professional gardener and the amateur. It deals fully with the several species of the genus Dianthus, and gives clear cultural directions for Carnations, Pinks, Hybrids, and Sweet-Williams. Especially instructive are the directions for propagation, whether by seed, cuttings or layers, and equally so is the chapter on pests and diseases. It is difficult to imagine a more exhaustive treatise on this favorite flower.

The House in the Woods. By Arthur Henry. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

We have had several "Houses" in fiction—"on the Marsh," "on the Sands," "on the Hudson," and so forth—but this is not fiction. In it Mr. Henry tells how he made for himself a home in the woods on the mountainside. It is the story of a couple who give up city life for country life and choose to live "close to the ground." As far as the book deals with the spirit of country life, it is admirable and full of inspiration; but as a guide to similar proceedings on the part of others, we must doubt its value. The adventurers, for such indeed we must call them, were totally ignorant of the requisites of country life, and consequently "paid dearly for their whistle." In fact, it would have been more practical, as they were determined to manage the matter themselves, if they had studied an actual country home, made notes of all they wanted and hoped for, and then planned the whole from the very beginning, rather than have waited to plan piecemeal and execute haphazard. They spent much more than the majority of those who desire a country life could possibly afford, for the sums ultimately at the disposal of this magazine writer and his typewriter companion would be far beyond even the dreams of some. Mr. Henry's experience, in this way, will deter rather than encourage, and yet the persistence with which he met difficulty after difficulty, and the way in which he found delight under all circumstances, ought to encourage many to follow his example.

Fiction

Huldah. By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. \$1.50.

"Huldah" is described on the title-page of this story as "Proprietor of the Wagon-Tire House and Genial Philosopher of the Cattle Country." She is a widow who keeps a boarding-house and has a penchant for taking care of orphans. To her work of mercy everything else is subordinated and her goodness is exemplary. The story purports to be a description, not of the "strenuous life" of the Western Cattle Country, but of the undercurrents of its domestic life. As such it is a very enjoyable book, for "Blowout," as the town is called, has its comedies as well as its tragedies, and Aunt Huldah's genial philosophy has often a strain of genuine wisdom. It is well worth asking whether such books as this and others of like nature recently published, which show the native goodness of the commonplace toilers of city, plain and shore do not leave us in a better frame of mind than the more pretentious volumes which reveal the lurid light that beats upon the society world. The answer of the well-balanced reader is readily anticipated.

Rulers of Kings. By Gertrude Atherton. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

This is a clever story of Mrs. Atherton's, but, were it not well known that the American spirit is indomitable, it would be labeled as an incredible one. It has its point of humor in that a democratic American overrules all European notions of aristocratic exclusiveness and positively marries a daughter of the present Emperor of Austria. Mrs. Atherton does not tell us whether his sister also "landed" the Austrian count of ancient lineage with whom she carries on a flirtation.

Fessenden Abbott's father was worth four hundred millions of dollars, but he took his son to a mountain farm in the Adirondacks to be brought up as a poor lad, sent him to the Northwest university under the impression that he had to earn his own living, and not until his graduation did he reveal the true state of affairs. What wonder that the young man developed a masterful spirit! The daughter was sent to Europe and became the bosom friend and "mentor" of an Austrian Archduchess, daughter of Francis Joseph. Fessenden undertook to remodel South America in the interests of his native land, and entered into an alliance with the German Kaiser to change the map of Europe. Through his sister he became acquainted with the Archduchess, and can we be surprised that such a man makes nothing of the difficulties which lie between him and the object of his affections? Mrs. Atherton does not satisfy

us on a point of some importance—whether or not Newport Society addressed the bride as "Archduchess," or "Your Imperial Highness," or plain Mrs. Abbott. In view of such a contingency, this matter should have been decided.

It would be interesting to know the authority upon which Mrs. Atherton invariably spells "Theresa" as "Theresia." As the Archduchess is her own creation, she has perfect power over her name, but that of the Empress-Queen of days gone by should not be trifled with.

The Cost. By David Graham Phillips. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. \$1.50.

Mr. Phillips has given us a good novel which ought to have more than a mere passing vogue. The story opens with school-days and a boy-and-girl love-affair. The boy, however, is not a desirable individual, but the girl, not understanding even her own nature, persists in giving him her girlish affection in spite of her father's warning. She is sent to a coeducational college in the hope of weaning her from her folly, but the youth follows her and induces her to be secretly married. After the ceremony, she meets with a very noble-hearted fellow and learns something of the true meaning of a heart. In order to be true to her womanhood she goes home. The young husband having succeeded in throwing dust in the eyes of her parents, the supposed engagement is sanctioned, the marriage is openly celebrated, and she begins life as the wife of a successful money-maker and a secretly faithless husband. The college friend, sadly in love with her, after sowing some very "wild oats," gradually rises to be governor of his State, human even in the midst of his concealed affection, as a scene with his love's sister-in-law proves. The husband effects a great combination, piles up money, and lives a life of infidelity to his wife. At last she realizes his true character and leaves him to return to her own people. Scandal overtakes him, an attack is made upon his financial position, and he dies in the moment of a victory over the hostile operations in the stock-market.

The plot is not intricate, although many other characters and many other situations than those hinted at, as well as many phases of business, political and social life are introduced. Some of the situations are original and striking; the vanity of fashionable life and the solidity of a more normal existence are well contrasted and honesty and dishonesty of purpose are carefully opposed. Pauline and Gladys Dumont, Scarborough and Dumont, are characters such as are met with every day in actual experience, and the honor and dishonor pictured have their counterparts in every circle of our modern life. As a novel of to-day Mr. Phillips' work is thoroughly a success.

Among the August Magazines

In the "Century Magazine" for August John Burroughs continues his sensible and entertaining discussions of the intelligence of animals. The present article, "What Do Animals Know?" is a collection of anecdotes which Mr. Burroughs uses to demonstrate his thesis that the acts of animals reflect instinct, or the mere operation of the physical senses, rather than reasoning from experience, or any other phase of advanced intellect. For example, he says:

The coon knows when the corn is in the milk, gaining that knowledge, no doubt, through his nose. He knows enough, too, at times to cut off his foot when caught in a trap, especially if the foot becomes frozen; but if you tell me he will treat his wound by smearing it with pitch or anything else, or in any way except by licking it, I shall discredit you. The practise of the art of healing by the application of external or foreign substances is a conception entirely beyond the capacity of any mere animal. If such a practise had been necessary for the continuance of the species, it would probably have been used. The knowledge it implies could not be inherited; it must needs come by experience. When a fowl eats gravel or sand, is it probable that the fowl knows what the practise is for, or has any notion at all about the matter? It has a craving for the gravel, that is all. Nature is wise for it.

"Good Queen Bess" is the interrogatory title of an article by Martin Hume in the August "Harper's," which cannot fail to interest readers who have not been in the habit o' questioning the adjective as applied to Elizabeth. The author's point of view, based upon plausible interpretation of history, is suggested in the following quotation from his concluding paragraph:

In a forceful and unscrupulous age, and in a country youthfully self-conscious of the growing power which enabled the English nation to strike from the nerveless hands of Spain the scepter of the sea, this woman, by happy circumstance the Queen of the people in whom these new hopes were bred, was herself a concentration of the forces which gave to England the victory. Careless of the rights or feelings of others so long as her own end was served; supremely vain, violent, and greedy, and absolutely self-centered, yet steadfast in the pursuit of her objects, good and bad.

"Scribner's Magazine" for August is a fiction number, and contains much un-

usually good literature of that character. The leading story, "They," by Rudyard Kipling, breaks that writer's long silence so far as short-story production is concerned. The love of children is the theme, and it is handled in a characteristic manner. Other contributions are by Thomas Nelson Page, Edith Wharton, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Robert W. Chambers, Robert Grant, Henry Van Dyke, and the late Guy Wetmore Carryl, who left several unpublished short stories. The illustrations in this number are especially fine. There are pictures by Jules Guérin of New York's downtown "skyscrapers" disappearing in a fog, and some very striking drawings in black and tint by F. W. Taylor.

There is an article entitled "A Woman on the Trail," by Rena A. Phillips, in "Outing" for August which will interest women and amuse the mere man. The author's husband, it seems, is a hunter and a fisherman and, like all such irresponsible persons, was forever coming home from the woods late for dinner. His wife exercised her divine right to object to this sort of thing, but it appears that she doesn't object any more, for she has turned Nimrod herself. And this, in part, is her description of her costume for the woods:

I finally decided on a short skirt, an ordinary canvas hunting coat, a soft felt hat, a double-breasted woolen shirt converted into a blouse waist, a pair of trousers that were neither bloomers nor knickerbockers, cotton stockings with woolen bicycle stockings over them, and a pair of ordinary heavy shoes with sensible heels. For wet weather and for wading I have added a pair of boy's rubber boots and a feather-weight rain cape which can be folded up and put away in my hunting-coat pocket when not in use, as it only weighs about two pounds. The skirt is made of pepper-and-salt gray denim, which is hard woven and does not catch on burrs or briars, nor soak up the water to any great extent in case of rain or when walking through wet brush. In general make-up it follows the rainy-day style, except that it is not so long, for it reaches only just below the knee instead of to the shoe tops. It is a five-gore skirt with a four-inch facing finished with six rows of stitching at the bottom and gathered on the waistband at the back in preference to plaiting to get the fullness. The waistband is made about two inches wide, so that a belt is not necessary. The bottom can be finished with

even more rows of stitching because the skirt is not lined and the stitching gives stiffness which prevents the bottom from catching easily on snags; and it slips off easier in case it does catch, while it has the additional advantage of keeping the garment in proper shape. The trousers are made of blue serge and cut with fullness enough for comfort at the waist and knees so that they will not bind in climbing over logs and rocks. They are not as tight as knicker-bockers and not nearly as full as bloomers, which are so baggy that they catch on snags and are therefore liable to tear or cause a bad fall. I very frequently, after going to the woods, take off the skirt and put it in the big back pocket of my coat, so it will not be a source of annoyance on the trail. This leaves me as free in my movements as a man, and I slip the skirt on again before coming back to civilization. No woman knows, until she tries it, what a relief it is to travel in the woods without a skirt, and without big baggy bloomers to catch on everything.

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In a readable article in the August "Metropolitan," entitled "The Dramatic Devil's Advocate and Cynicism," Mr. Benjamin de Casseres writes:

The cynic always has the last word—he will have it here; he will have it hereafter. He alone dares to lift the veil. The world is grown crusty with its lies. We need a good dose of Ibsen, Shaw and Pinero, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Clyde Fitch and Mrs. Humphry Ward are the keepers of our little souls. The cynic, at least, has the passion for truth; in fact, he will lie in order to tell the truth. He will make statements that have no foundation in fact, if he can illustrate a fact that has no foundation. For, after all, facts are the mere shadows of things. A fact is the glitter on the surface of a soundless sea; a ray from a sun forever shrouded, and our most certain facts are only our best guesses. In the mental disordered order, scepticism must precede cynicism—that is, a man must first disbelieve in everything before he can puncture anything. He makes his prayer, but to a fane he knows is empty; he goes about his duties, but he knows they are but stop-gaps between disillusionments; virtue he believes to be a valuable asset, and honesty is nothing other than clever diplomacy. He is a poet who scratches his songs with his finger nails. His is a gay pain.

The cynic is a good rodent. He gnaws at our ideals and carries on a merry war against things as they are not. He walks through our palaces and flings fifth at the gobelins and slits our costly canvases with an epigram. He is forever examining the sub-bases of your room, and the color of your wall paper, though of glittering gold, he will see as but gilded drab. Your House Beautiful he concedes—but he examines the drain-pipes, nevertheless. He is the supreme critic of life—something apart, who dazzles us by his aloofness. He knows that life is not a progress from certainty to certainty, but from error to error—and emotional cramps are not spiritual crises, Clyde Fitch to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, in the August "Pearson's," treats of the Tweed Ring in his instalment of the Nast papers. He says:

The Ring itself was a curious assortment of incongruous natures—its single bond of unity being that of sordid self-interest and gain. Tweed, the leader, supervisor and commissioner of public works, etc., etc.—who had begun his public career as foreman of the Americus or Big Six Fire Company—was a coarse and thoroughly ill-bred ward politician, a former member of the "forty thieves" Board of Aldermen (1850)—a drinking licentious Falstaff, with a faculty for making friends. Sweeny, park commissioner, city chamberlain, etc., etc., was a lawyer of education and ability, somber and seclusive—a man who loved to control great multitudes, unseen, to direct legislation, unsuspected. Connolly, controller of public expenditures—a bank clerk who had early acquired the sobriquet of "Slippery Dick"—was a shifty human quantity without an honest bone in his body; while Mayor Hall—"Elegant Oakey," as they called him—was a frequenter of clubs, a beau of fashion, a wit, a writer of clever tales, a punster, a versatile mountebank, a lover of social distinction and applause.

Tweed was the bold burglar, Sweeny the dark plotter, Connolly the sneak-thief, Hall the dashing bandit of the gang. This curious assembly constituted the great central Ring. Other Rings there were, and Rings within Rings—each with its subsidiaries and its go-betweens—but all tributary to the motley aggregation of four whose misdeeds have been the one reason for preserving the record of their features and their lives.

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The August number of the "World's Work" might be used with complete satisfaction as a guide book to the World's Fair at St. Louis, so exhaustive is it of almost every phase of the great exhibition. To those who prefer to do their traveling and sight-seeing from a comfortable library chair it will serve also excellently well, for the richness and variety of the illustrations fill out the actual vision as the articles offer the mental pictures. It was in fact intended to be "a guide, philosopher and friend for those that go to see the World's Fair at St. Louis, and a faithful report of it for those who do not go." The articles and illustrations were written and taken by the members of the magazine's staff after a month's study. From Mr. Isaac F. Marcossen's article "Transportation as a Measure of Progress" we quote this interesting account of historic engines on view in the Transportation Building:

George Stephenson, whose name is associated with the first successful achievements in loco-

motive construction, and whose statue may be seen in the middle of the exhibit, built an engine in 1812 with rough wheels and a cog track. A model of this is shown. The prevailing idea was that smooth wheels could not draw a load over a smooth track. In 1814, however, at the Wytan colliery in England, by means of a heavily loaded truck, the weight being equally distributed, it was proved that smooth wheels adhere easily to the track and move loads more easily than rough wheels.

At the extreme northeast end of the historic exhibit stand models of the three engines that participated in the famous test from London to Manchester, England. These engines proved to England the efficiency of steam-power for transportation. The test was made by George Stephenson's "Rocket," Timothy Hackwerth's "Sans Pareil," and John Ericsson's "The Novelty." The "Rocket" made thirty miles an hour, and received the prize.

In America, however, before the London and Manchester tests, John Hedley had built an engine called "Puffing Billy" because of the puffing steam. It was made like a grasshopper, the legs of the steel insect moving the wheels of the truck. This model is one of the most ungainly of the group. It remained, however, for Peter Cooper to build the first locomotive to draw a car in the United States. It was called "Tom Thumb," and it ran over the Baltimore & Ohio tracks from Baltimore to Ellicott City, a distance of thirteen miles, in one hour and twelve minutes. Thus began railroad travel in the United States. The famous "DeWitt Clinton" train, consisting of an engine and three passenger cars, built like stage coaches and each carrying nine people inside and six outside, which is part of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad exhibit, was operated for the first time in 1831. The original train, which ran seventeen miles an hour, is to be seen, and alongside is the "Empire State Express," representing the perfection of modern railway speed and comfort, which has attained a maximum speed of one hundred miles an hour.

* * *

"You slept well, bishop, I hope," says the hostess.

Bishop Jones, who had passed a sleepless night on a strangely lumpy bed, murmured a few vague words of politeness. As he is speaking, an expression of horror dawns on the lady's face.

"Good gracious! Did I put you in the blue room? Why, all my silver is hid between the mattresses of that bed while the safe is being mended!"

This veracious tale was told me once upon a time by a venerable prelate, who added, with a sigh: "It wasn't a very comfortable bed, that's true, but I have slept in worse. One sees some queer sides of life visiting about as we are forced to do. - sometimes think I should edit a book

for the guidance of hostesses, on the lines of the complete letter-writer. It might do an immense amount of good. If I ever do write it, the first chapter will begin: 'All ladies who really care for the comfort of their guests should sleep at least one night a season in each of their spare rooms.' When I think of the suffering that would be avoided were this simple custom to become general, I am tempted to begin on that volume at once."

Thus begins Elliot Gregory's article on "Visiting in Country Houses" in the August "Century." It is excellent summer reading and has Mr. Gregory's usual charm of style and gentle satire.

* * *
Sincerity.

To be sincere. To look in the eyes
With calm, undrooping gaze. Always
to mean
The high and truthful thing. Never
to screen
Behind the unmeant word, the sharp
surprise
Of cunning; never tell the little lies
Of look or thought. Always to choose
between
The true and small, the true and large,
serene
And high above Life's cheap dishonesties—
The soul that steers by this unfading star
Needs never other compass. All the far
Wide waste shall blaze and mock its strain-
ing gaze.
Secure from storms and all Life's battle-
shocks
It shall not veer from any righteous ways.

Maurice Smiley in August "Leslie's."

* * *

The "grafters" of Illinois in general and Chicago in particular are considered by Lincoln Steffens in the August "McClure." The scope of the inquiry is suggested by this enumeration of the "classes" which were favored in Chicago:

The classes favored were: first, those who—like pickpockets, hold-up men, gamblers, and keepers of saloons and bawdy houses—wanted to break the law; second, those who—like tax-dodgers, railroads, and established big businesses—wanted to evade the law; and third, those who—like traction, gas, and other public utility companies—wanted to abuse general and procure and misuse special laws. In other words, boodle and graft, the "evils" happy pessimists speak of so lightly, had turned the city government of Chicago into an oligarchy of the worst citizens, of the enemies of the city.

Magazine Reference List for August, 1904

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

- Dramatic Devil's Advocate and Cynicism, The..... Metropolitan
 Ethnography of Art in America..... American Antiquarian
 Monuments of Primitive Pharaohs..... American Antiquarian
 Play as a Means of Teaching..... Munsey's

Biographical and Reminiscent

- History and Origin of California Names..... Overland Monthly
 Men Who Made the Fair, The..... Leslie's Monthly
 Ramona and Her Home..... Four-Track News

Educational Topics

- Italian with Grammar..... Harper's
 What is Education?..... Cosmopolitan

Essays and Miscellany

- Agricultural Conquest of the Earth, The..... World's Work
 America and Brescia, The..... Harper's
 At Home in Venice..... Good Housekeeping
 At the Strait's Mouth..... Metropolitan
 Cartoons and Their Makers..... Munsey's
 Contest with Commercial Restrictions, The..... Harper's
 Early American Wall Papers..... Good Housekeeping
 Early California Journalism..... Overland Monthly
 How Rulers are Guarded..... Munsey's
 How to See the Fair..... World's Work
 Husband and Wife in Modern Fiction..... Good Housekeeping
 Measure of German Progress, A.... World's Work
 Modern Manners and the Unmannerly Age..... Cosmopolitan
 Naval Officer's Troubles, A.... Overland Monthly
 Newspapers and the Philippines, The..... Overland Monthly
 People as an Exhibit, The..... World's Work
 Portraiture of Children, The..... Metropolitan
 Railroads Above the Clouds..... Cosmopolitan
 Recent Discoveries in Rome..... American Antiquarian
 San Francisco as a Convention City..... Overland Monthly
 Society's Writing Craze..... Munsey's
 Spellbinders..... Leslie's Monthly
 Suez Canal, The..... Overland Monthly
 Summer Splendor of the Chinese Court..... Century
 Transportation as a Measure of Progress..... World's Work
 Truth about Candida, The..... Metropolitan

- Wall Street's Wild Speculation: 1900-1904..... Cosmopolitan
 What Do Animals Know?..... Century

Historical and Political

- Affairs of the Congo State, The..... The Forum
 Civil Government in the Moro Province..... The Forum
 Colombian Army and Navy, The..... Overland Monthly

- Enemies of the Republic..... McClure's
 Ethics of the Panama Case..... The Forum
 Justice and Equity in Panama..... The Forum
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 National Politics Game, The..... Overland Monthly
 Philippine Peoples, The..... World's Work
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Religious and Philosophical

- Unique American Church, A..... Munsey's
 What the Christian Endeavor Society is
 Endeavoring to Do for the World..... Woman's Home Companion

Scientific and Industrial

- Electric Theory of Matter..... Harper's
 Great Industries of the United States..... Cosmopolitan
 Marvels of an Electrical Age..... World's Work
 Medical Science and its Enemies..... Munsey's
 Modern Mining and its Products..... World's Work
 New Epoch in the Use of Power, A.... World's Work
 Wonders of Modern Bridge-Building, The..... Woman's Home Companion

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

- Ascent of Mt. Baker, An..... Outing
 Bluefish and Blue Waters..... Outing
 Blue-Grass Country, The..... Four-Track News
 Dancing and Pantomime..... Cosmopolitan
 Dragon Boat Festival in China, The..... Overland Monthly
 Fish Stories and Fishing Stories..... Outing
 Glimpse of the Great Fair, A.... Leslie's Monthly
 House-Boating on Lake St. Clair..... Woman's Home Companion
 Last of the Breed of Platt, The..... Outing
 Life Among Thibetan Savages..... Outing
 Lombard Villas..... Century
 Maria, Mother of Ninety-Footers..... Outing
 Motor-Boating, A New Sport..... Munsey's
 New Coney Island, The..... Century
 New Sport of Hawking, The..... Outing
 New York's Lake Country..... Four-Track News
 Nub End of Canada, The..... Four Track News
 Old and Novel Sport of Archery..... Century
 Outdoor Horse Show, The..... Outing
 Paddling Your Own Canoe..... Outing
 Pilgrimage to the Home of the Tolstoys, A..... Woman's Home Companion
 Shell Heaps of the Lower Fraser River,
 British Columbia.... American Antiquarian
 Some Natural History Doubts and
 Conclusions..... Harper's
 Soo-ing the Soo..... Four-Track News
 Sport of the Steeplechase, The..... Munsey's
 Up Japan's Sacred Fujiyama, Overland Monthly
 Visiting in Country Houses..... Century
 When the Bees Get Busy..... Overland Monthly
 Why the American Race-Horse Deteriorates..... Outing
 Woman on the Trail, A..... Outing
 World's Fair at St. Louis, The.... World's Work

Newspaper Verse Selections Grave and Gay

A Philosopher *Judge*

'Long the railroad calmly doth he stray—
 Direct descendant of the line of Pan;
 The toothsome bill-board and tomato-can
His vermiform appendix keep o. k.
What school he springs from mortal cannot say—
 The Stagyrite's or Plato's? 'Tis his wan
 Indifference to things observed of man
Makes life to him a rose-embroidered way.
What's Hecuba to him or he to Hec-
 Uba? He wags his beard and does not dwell
 On battles, spoils, intrigues and things
 remote.
He climbs great heights and never risks his neck,
And is, as thinkers more advanced know
 well
 Our only true philosopher—the goat.

Increasing Circulation *Judge*

"Let us," said the ardent youth
 To the journalistic miss;
"Let us," shyly, "go to press,
So that we may print a kiss."

One edition soon was done—
 He knew what he was about.
"Our success is fine," he said.
 "We must get some extras out!"

Wanderlust *N. Y. Times*

I am longing for the seaward and the sunrise,
 And the wanderlust is deep and strong in me,
I am longing for the hills, when the sunset soothes
 and stills
 And the great white heart of summer pulses
 free.

What the spirit is that stirs, I know not,
 It has sung and it has lured for years untold;
West or East we little care, we must follow, we
 must dare.
 When the old chart of the vagrants is unrolled.

Every dawn breaks like the pealing of a trumpet,
 Every night the sunset loafers on the rim,
Something calls each vagabond to the land of
 the Beyond,
 For the great unknown is waiting there for
 him.

What the spirit is that stirs, I know not,
 It has sung and it has lured for years untold;
Go we East or go we West, careless are we of
 the quest,
 When the old chart of the vagrants is unrolled.

James Owen Tryon

The New Game *London Punch*

[The papers announce that the Thibetans
were to be seen "firing jingals from a jong into

our camp." Since reading this the writer has
lost all interest in other and simpler matters.]

Time was I cared for cricket, golf,
 Bridge, billiards, and ping-pong;
Cutting a ball to the ropes for four,
Doubling a spade to the sixth or more
 When things were going wrong;
But now I spend my evenings off
 In jingal-firing—from a jong.

Of old I had my hopes of bliss
 The coming years would bring:
Lunching at large with a peer or two,
Filling a page in the last "Who's Who"—
 You know the kind of thing;
But now my only joy is this—
 To fire a jongal from a jing.

Though editors despise my pen,
 And sixpences go bang,
Creditors seize my only chair
 Prison authorities cut my hair
 I do not mind a hang:
So long as, every now and then,
 I fire a jungle from a jang.

And when upon my life you see
 The final curtain rung,
With reverent head and on bended knee
This be the verse you grave for me:
 Here lies unwept, unsung,
All that is left of JONES—N. B.
 He fired a jangal from a jung."

The Gypsy Call *Madame*

They charmed me with the gypsy's art,
 The lure of woods and fields;
The gold that fills the daisy's heart,
 The wine the berry yields.

It makes a prison of a room
 When orchards are a-blown;
When spiders run the midnight loom
 And corn waves down the row.

To hear the voices of the spring,
 The winds across the lea,
The rush of blackbirds on the wing,
 Is food and drink to me.

Give me the gypsy's freedom, too,
 Since I his heart must know;
From April on the summer through
 Till pale witch-hazels blow.

When snows are drifting o'er the plain
 'Tis time for hearth and hall;
But now the yarrow in the lane,
 The ripened berries call.

Cora A. Matson Dolson.

Humor from Many Sources

A few of these "fables"** seem to be of the made-to-order sort, and as such are sufficiently wearisome; but now and again the conscientious reader will stumble on a sketch that will unfailingly arouse his interest by reason of the keenness with which it satirizes the "smart set," and because of its photographic pictures of certain American types. The humor is distinctively American and "up-to-date," and it requires a close knowledge of contemporary slang to follow "Mr. Ade in all his excursions into 'society.'" Most of us enjoy slang, however, when it is used artistically, and whether we enjoy it or not, it "goes." As an excerpt for light summer reading, we crave our more serious readers' indulgence for presenting the following example of Mr. Ade at his best—or worst:

The Coming-Out Girl and a few of Her Keen Guesses

"My daughter, we start for the Country next Week," said the elderly Society Bird to her little Chick. "Us to the Summer Hotel for a bang-up Suite at a Per Diem Rate that will put a large deep Crimp into Papa's Income for 1904. You are now at the Pin-Feather Period, and Mother must teach you how to Fly. I have been giving a lot of Hard Thought to the Man Game for, lo, these many Moons, and, without passing myself any fragrant Cluster of Green Peas, I think I am On. Every Woman of Experience has a private Rogue's Gallery. She can give you a Line on the whole Bunko Brotherhood from Sammy the Sophomore, who wears a Buckwheat-Cake instead of a Cap, up to the decrepit old Has-Been who wants to hold your Hand because you look so much like his Daughter. Taking the whole Outfit, from Seventeen to Seventy, I may add that they are the grandest bunch of Shell-Workers that ever operated. You are a Mere Child of 19, with a Baby Stare and a Simple Faith in Mankind, and you are due to be Strung unless you Copper about four-thirds of all that is said to you. There will be enough Hot Air wasted around that Hotel this Summer to keep a Flat Building

*BREAKING INTO SOCIETY. By George Ade. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.

nice and warm all next Winter. It behooves you to be Foxy, otherwise you will be engaged to so many at one time that you will get twisted in your Book-Keeping and overplay your System. You must not be chummy with any Gentleman until you have known him at least Two Days."

"No doubt I shall make many Miscues," said Isabelle, "and yet I am willing to Experiment."

"I suppose you understand that in order to be strong with the various Kinds that will be on your Trail you must learn to be a Quick-Change Artist," said Mother. "For instance, there is the Spring Lamb with the Stingy little Coat and Big Shoes. He is just home from College, and when he walks along the Veranda it sounds like a Team going over a Bridge. If one of those Squabs should begin to pursue you, what would you do?"

"I am so inexperienced I hardly know what to say," replied little Isabelle. "I think, however, that I would tie a large Can to him, unless there was a horrible Shortage in the Supply and I had to throw in a few Understudies. As a rule, the pink-faced Collegian is a little shy on Collateral, and more or less of a Dummy on any Topic except Himself. The way to make a Ten-Strike with him is to feel his Muscles and tell him how well his Clothes fit. If you jolly him up for three or four Days you may get a nice photograph of him, and then he will bone you for one in Return and nail it up in his Den and tell all the other Johnnies that you are crazy about him. The trouble with the Glad College Youth is that he has been plucked a little too soon. Besides, I don't think a Man starts in to be Good Company until he is past 25."

"And some of them have a few Points to pick up after they pass 55," added Mother. "You seem to be wise to the very Young Kind. How about the Bachelor with the Tremolo Voice who wants to sit about six inches away from you all the time and look you straight in the Eye and tell you that Life was a Desert until he bumped into you?"

"That's the Time to hang out the Red Light," replied Daughter. "I've been out

among 'em only two Seasons, but I've taken that Boy's Measure all right, all right. He's the kind that wants you to lean on his Shoulder and tell all your Troubles to a True Friend after he has known you about 20 minutes, and if you hang back he is Hurt, and seems to think that you do him an Injustice. He has got away with it so often that his Nerve is up; and as for the Hufty-Duftly Talk that he has learned by Heart, it is the Kind calculated to make a Girl ashamed of herself unless she starts right in and loves him with her whole Soul. He is a pretty dangerous Proposition. You can say 'Scat!' to Ferdie the Freshman, or else send him on an Errand, but Mr. Arthur Fresh, who is getting along toward 30, is so accustomed to the Throw-Down that he arises, dusts his Clothes, and comes back with a Genial Smile and treats the whole Incident as a Joke. Then, if you Repent and try to Square yourself, the Chances are that he will wait until you begin to act real Friendly and then he will give you the Toss and hike off after some new Geraldine. This kind likes to switch from a Blonde to a Brunette about every third day."

"Merciful Mayonnaise!" exclaimed Mother. "I don't believe I am qualified to sit on the Side-Lines and do any Coaching for you. You seem to be Next. Did they teach you all this at Boarding-School?"

"Don't give it away," said Isabelle, "but I'll tell you on the Q. T. that we have what is known as the Protective Order of Buds. The Trifler who goes up and down the Line springing the Guff about Love at First Sight is spotted and tagged in a Hurry. There are two ways of handling this Party. One is to spring his Record on him and kid him until he lets up. The other is to be-

lieve everything and let him String along. The Second Method is the one usually employed by all True Artists. The older the Bachelor the bigger the Cinch. Hold on to one of his Coat-Buttons and look up at him and ask him a lot of feeble-minded Questions about the Wicked World and he will talk for Hours at a Time. But the Minute the Sun goes down you want to yell for a Chaperon until you can be heard in the next Township. That will lead him to believe that he is a fascinating and dangerous Person. It is always a terrific Hit. I know two Girls who landed Good Things last Summer by sitting out in a Hammock and calling for Chaperons. They used to sit out until Midnight begging somebody to go for a Chaperon, and the Gentlemen had to talk to them for Hours in order to calm them and convince them that the Whole Proceeding was according to Hoyle; that is, as long as they were with Nice Fellows."

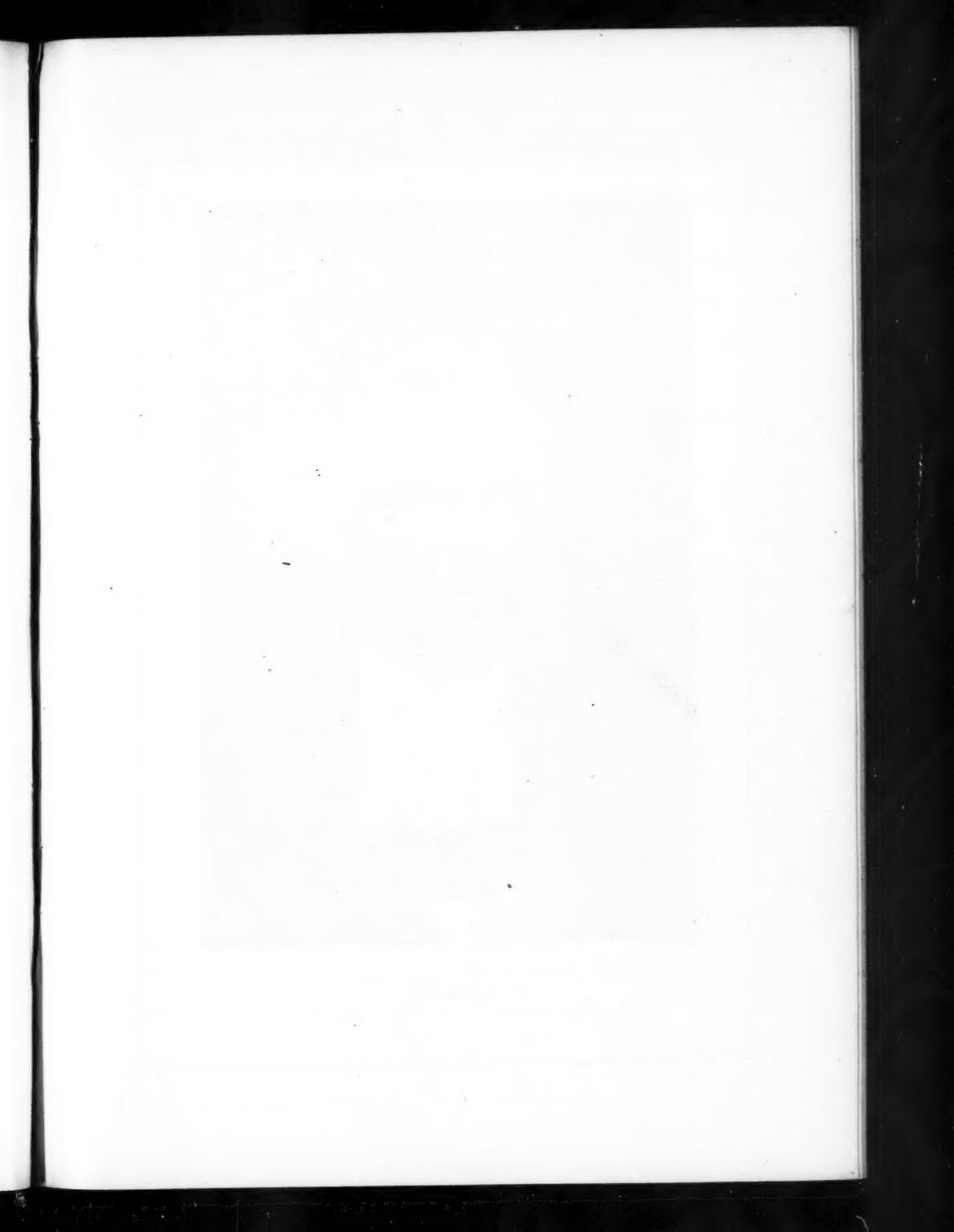
"I take off my Bonnet to you," said Mother, "You don't need to attend any Night School. There's just one other Variety. How about the Lonesome Married man?"

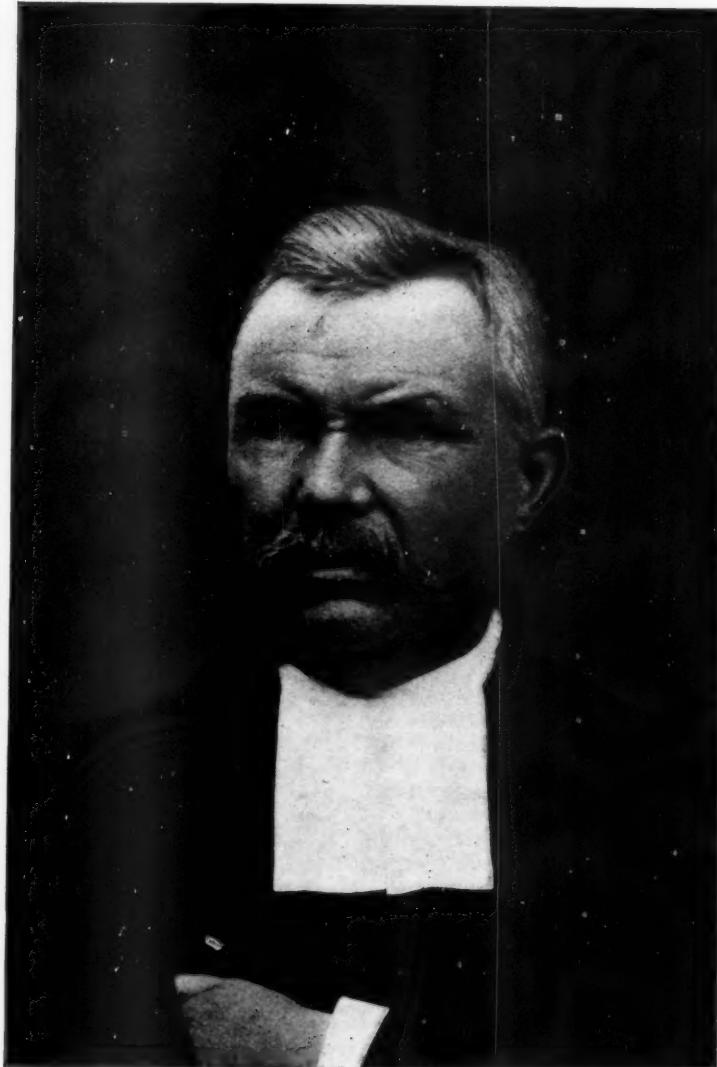
"You mean the Kind that wants to tell you how sorry he is that he didn't find you before he hooked up with a Woman who never seems to Understand him? He is a Sad Affair. He is trying to sneak a Return Trip on the Flirtation Route after he has lost his Ticket. As a Study he is fairly Interesting, but the Pursuit of him is barred by the Game Laws. The best way to quiet him down is to get friendly with his Wife."

"That settles it," said the elderly Society Bird. "Any time that I want a Hunch I'll hunt up the Young Lady of To-day."

MORAL.—It's a Wise Mother that can hand out any New Ones.







Courtesy of The Reader Magazine

CHARLES WAGNER

Author of "The Simple Life" See People in the Foreground